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SAYINGS AND DOINGS

CONCERNING

LUTHER.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

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PREFACE.

Of thirteen hundred and forty-three books and pamphlets written on the subject of Luther, as given in the last catalogue, not one partakes precisely of the character of this volume. The idea is new, and I have been surprised that it never has been carried out before.

I will not say from how many volumes I have gathered these facts; but everything within my reach, and it extends very far, has been consulted and ransacked. I have been all along reminded of what Moth says, in Love's Labor Lost, Act v. Scene 1: "He has been at a feast of languages, and stolen away the scraps." If, with me, it was not precisely a "feast of languages," it was of other "fat things;" and I here set the "scraps" before my readers, in a new and clean dish, and hope they may enjoy as much pleasure in devouring them, as I had in gathering them.

Some may think that I should have given my authorities and references; but as the book was not made for the learned, and as my facts are collected from four different languages, I did not wish to encumber it with the names of books, of which most plain readers have never heard, and the mention of which under each fact would only have interrupted the narrative, and been of no service.

JOHN G. MORRIS.

BALTIMORE, *November* 16*th*, 1858.

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QUAINT SAYINGS AND DOINGS

CONCERNING

LUTHER.

Predictions.

Dr. Sebastian, a professor of theology a short time before Luther's appearance, but who was banished for his reproofs of the abuses of the church and vices of the clergy, publicly declared: "The period is not very remote when the gospel will be read to you from a book. Some of you will live to see that period; to me the privilege is not allotted."

Dr. Andrew Proles, Augustinian prior, was often heard to say: "You have been told, how God's word testifies, that by grace we are what we are, and by grace we have what we have; whence, then, proceed such spiritual blindness and abominable superstition? O brethren! a thorough reformation is greatly needed throughout christendom, which, blessed be God! I now foresee to be near at hand." When his brethren (the monks) inquired why he did not commence the work, he replied, "that he was too far advanced in life to undertake such a mighty task; and, besides, he was not possessed of the requisite qualifications; but God

would shortly awaken, and endow with gifts, a master-spirit, who would be equal to the stupendous enterprise, and especially put within him a fearless heart, to resist the proud dignitaries of church and state."

John Hilten, a monk, who was much persecuted for his attempts to improve the morals of his monastic brethren, said: "A person will appear in 1516, who will, more effectually than I have done, assail the monks, and ultimately destroy them. Him you will not be able to resist, and he will abide in defiance of persecution."

Mathesius mentions, in his Sermons (No. 15) on the Life of Luther, "that it was a common saying in the court of Rome, that an Eremit would assault the triple crown." In accordance with this fact, Staupitz was heard to remark to Luther: "I thought the onset was to be made by one of the order of the Clausners or the Hermits, but now I perceive that he is to be of the Augustinian order."

Malthesius, in Sermon II., tells us that Dr. Fleck, a devout monk, declared, "that all christendom would be indebted to Wittenberg for knowledge." When he subsequently noticed Luther's ninety-five theses affixed to the convent at Steinlausig, and commenced reading them, he suddenly stopped, and with great vehemence exclaimed, "Aha! he is the man; he'll bring it about; we have been long waiting for him." He immediately wrote a very animating letter to Luther, and urged him "to go forward without fear, for he was in the right way: God would be on his side, and the prayers of thousands of captives in Romish Babylon would secure a triumph."

There was a saying prevalent in Rome, just before Luther rose, that "there are not wanting, even in our age, those who say that the time of Antichrist is at hand; and that, at a period not far distant, a teacher will be born, who shall introduce great changes in morals and laws."

The distinguished man, Wesselius, stated to M. John Ostendorpius, while yet a mere boy, that he (the latter) would live to see the day when the principles of the new theologians, such as Thomæ, Beneventuræ, and other scholastic philosophers, would be refuted, and absolutely ridiculed and condemned by learned divines. This prophecy was of course fulfilled, inasmuch as Ostendorpius lived till the year 1520.

Hieronymus Savannarola declared, in Italy, in the year 1483: "There is now one at the door — he is being born, who will aim a mighty blow at the pope's pate, and cause his crown to fall in the dust."

In the year 1531, the following couplet was found written on the wall behind the altar of the Augustinian monastry at Gotha, when the building was taken down:

MC quadratum, LX quoque duplicatum,
ORAPS peribit et Huss Wiclefque redibit.

(MC quadratum is MCCCC, *i. e.* 1400. LX duplicatum is LLXX, *i. e.* 120 = 1600. ORAPS is an abbreviation for *ora pro nobis*, pray for us.) The meaning is, that in 1600 praying to the saints will cease, and Huss and Wickliffe will again be recognized; or thus,

A thousand and four hundred years, twice sixty to that sum,
The *oras* will all perish — back Huss and Wickliffe come.

The Rev. George Spalatinus has confidently related a dream to me, Antonius Musa, which Duke Frederick, Elector of Saxony, had, at Schweinitz, on the night of All Saints, 1517. This was the evening previous to the day on which Dr. Martin Luther posted up at Wittenberg, with the intention of publicly defending them, his first theses against the pope and John Tetzel's sermons on Romish grace and the remission of sins. This dream his grace noted down, early the next morning, for the purpose of preservation, and mentioned it, in the presence of his chancellor, to his brother, Duke John of Saxony. He addressed him thus: "Brother, I must relate a dream to you that I had last night, and I would very much like to have it interpreted. I have such a distinct recollection of it, and it is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I think, were I to live a thousand years, I never could forget it; for it occurred to me three times in succession, and always improved in vividness." Duke John asked, "Is it a good or bad dream?" "I don't know — God alone can tell," was the answer of the elector. Duke John continued — "But, my brother, you need not trouble yourself about it; whenever I have a dream, I always pray a kind Providence to dispose of it for the best, or I endeavor to forget it as far as possible, since I cannot but remember that many dreams, both good and bad, have been verified, which, as I only discovered afterwards, generally had reference to petty difficulties. But tell me, what was your dream?" The Elector Frederick replied: "I will relate it. Last night, when I retired to rest, I was considerably exhausted and weary, so that I almost fell asleep over my prayers. I had slept sweetly for two hours and a half, when I awoke; and, as I became somewhat collected, I lay and reflected on various sub-

jects until about midnight. Among other things, I considered how I, together with my courtiers, would keep a fast and holiday in honor of all the dear saints. I prayed too for the poor souls in purgatory, and resolved to assist them out of the glowing fire. I prayed kind Providence for his grace, that I and my counsellors and my country might be directed in the spirit of truth and preserved in happiness; also, that he, in his omnipotence, would deliver us from all vagabonds who disturb our government. Occupied with such thoughts, I again fell asleep soon after midnight. Then I dreamt how the Almighty sent to me a monk from his august presence, the natural son of the blessed apostle Paul. He brought with him, by the command of God, all the dear saints, to testify to me that he was no impostor, but that he was truly a messenger of the Lord; and that God had instructed them to command me to grant the monk permission to inscribe something on my castle-chapel at Wittenberg. They promised me I should not repent it. I caused the chancellor to tell the monk he might write whatever he had been ordered, since God had laid such an injunction upon me, and since he had such powerful testimony in his favor. Hereupon the monk commenced writing in such large characters that I could distinguish them here at Schweinitz. He made use of a pen so long that it reached even to Rome; the feather penetrating the one ear of a lion in Rome, came out of the other, and extending itself farther, came in contact with the holy triple papal crown, and pressed so hard that it began to totter and was about falling off the head of his holiness. Just as it was falling it appeared to me that you and I were standing near, and I even reached out my hand for the purpose of helping to catch it.

In this sudden movement I awoke, and found I had my arm extended in the air; I was quite frightened, and felt angry too with the monk for not using his pen more cautiously. Upon consideration, however, I found I had only been dreaming, and as I was very drowsy my eyes soon closed again, and I fell fast asleep. Before I was conscious of it, the same dream returned; for I had to deal with the monk again, and I regarded him attentively, as he continued writing and forcing the feather of his pen farther through the lion (Leo. X.) at Rome, against the pope. Upon this the lion roared terribly, and all Rome and all the nobles of the holy empire ran together to see what was the matter. Then his papal holiness demanded of the nobles that they should by all means oppose this monk, and particularly notify me of this piece of mischief, because this monk resided in my dominions.

"Hereupon I awoke the second time, and was astonished that the dream had occurred to me again. I did not, however, let it disturb me, but prayed God to preserve his papal holiness from all harm, and again fell asleep. The monk now appeared to me for the third time. I dreamt that the principal nobles of the empire, among whom were you and I, went to Rome, and used our utmost endeavors to break this monk's pen and to ward it off from the pope. But the more we exerted ourselves, the more it grated and creaked, as if it were made of iron. So harshly did it creak, that it stunned my ears and pained me to the heart. All of us at length became dispirited and weary; we ceased our exertions and gradually separated. Besides, we were fearful that eating bread was not the only trick the monk understood: he might perhaps do us some mischief. Nevertheless (as at one time I was at Rome,

at another at Wittenberg, and then again at Rome) I caused the inquiry to be made of the monk, where he had obtained this pen, and how it happened that it was so strong and tough. He sent me for an answer that it was from a hundred year-old goose;* that one of his old school-masters had honored him by presenting it to him, and had begged, since it was such a good one, that he would keep it and use it in remembrance of him. Besides, he had tempered it himself. But the reason why it was so long and hard and firm was, that its temper could not be destroyed, which circumstance astonished even himself.

"Soon after there was a clamor raised, because innumerable other pens had grown out of the monk's long pen, and it was amusing to hear the scholars of Wittenberg squabbling about the affair: some maintaining that these new pens would with time become just as long as the monk's pen, and that something extraordinary would certainly result from this monk and his pen.

"As I now fully determined, in my dream, to have a speedy and a more satisfactory personal conference with the monk, I at length awoke for the third time, and found it was morning.

"I was very much astonished at the dream. I revolved it in my mind, and could form a perfect conception of it in its various stages, and noted down its most prominent points. I am fully convinced that it is not without meaning, because of its frequent recurrence. I am almost determined to reveal it to my confessor, nevertheless I wished previously to let you know something about it. Now I wish you and the chancellor to

* Huss, which in the Bohemian language signifies *goose*, lived just one hundred years before Luther.

express your opinions of it." Duke John said, "Sir Chancellor, what is your view of the matter? There is not much reliance to be placed on dreams, nevertheless they are not always to be disregarded. If we only had a sensible, pious, and divinely inspired Joseph or Daniel, he might perhaps interpret it." The chancellor replied: "Your graces know that it is a common saying, that the dreams of maidens, learned men, and nobles, generally mean something; but what it is in this instance we must leave to the revelations of time to discover — till, perhaps, some quarrel may arise, to which we may presumptively infer that the dream has reference. Many examples of this kind must be familiar to your graces. Joseph says, 'Do not interpretations belong to God?' And Daniel says, 'There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets.' Therefore your grace should only commend this dream to God: monks have often brought heavy calamities upon great men. The best of it is, that this monk has been sent by God, with the command to write, and that all the saints are his witnesses; unless, perhaps, the devil is carrying on his tricks under an assumed cloak of holiness. Your grace will know best how to consider the matter whilst engaged in your devotions." Duke John remarked: "I am of the same opinion, Sir Chancellor; for it is not at all advisable to trouble and torment ourselves much about it. If this dream came from God, he will order everything for the best, and show to us in his own appointed time the real meaning of it all: if it implies any thing evil, he will ward it off."

Duke Frederick, the elector, said, "May kind Providence do so; nevertheless I cannot forget the dream. I have my own views of the matter, but for the present I will keep my interpretation private. However, I will

take a memorandum of it. The time may perhaps come, when it will be determined whether I am right, and then we will say more."

Mellerstadt, doctor of medicine, law, and philosophy, who was called *lux mundi* (the light of the world) on account of his learning, often heard Luther lecture, when the latter was yet a young man. "This monk," said he, "will prove all the doctors wrong; he will introduce a new doctrine, and reform the whole Romish church. For he establishes himself on the writings of the prophets and apostles, and stands on the word of Jesus Christ. No one can refute that word, though it should be attacked with all the weapons of philosophers, sophists, Scotists, Albertists, and Thomists."

In 1503, when Luther was attacked with a dangerous sickness in consequence of his severe mental labors, an old priest said to him, "Brother Martin, be of good comfort; you will not die this time; our God will yet make a great man of you, and you shall console many persons: for God lays the cross on those whom he loves in early life, and under that cross patient persons learn many good things."

"It is not for nothing," said Luther's friend, Staupitz, "that God proves you by so many trials; however, you will see there are great things in which he will make use of you as his minister."

[Some readers may observe the omission of Huss' prediction respecting Luther, but Neander, in his "Kleinere Gelegenheits Schriften," has shown that the tradition is unfounded.]

Luther's Parents.

"My parents," says Luther, "were very poor. My father was a woodcutter, and my mother has often carried the wood on her back, that she might earn something wherewith to bring us children up. They endured the hardest labor for our sakes." This could not have been their employment originally. Luther himself, on another occasion, writes: "I am the son of a farmer. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were all farmers. Subsequently my father removed to Mansfeld, and there was engaged in mining."

His resolute character, as a lad, gave frequent occasion for correction and reprimand. "My parents," said he, in afterlife, "treated me cruelly, so that I became very timid. One day, for a mere trifle, my mother whipped me till the blood came. They truly thought they were doing right; but they had no discernment of character, which is yet absolutely necessary, that we may know when, on whom, and how, punishment should be inflicted. It is right to punish children, but at the same time we must *love* them."

Conrad Schlüsselberg, in his Oratio de Vita Lutheri, says, "that he had often heard from Luther's relatives at Mansfeld, how his father frequently had, at the bedside of the child, aloud and fervently prayed God to grant this, his son, grace: that, being mindful, too, of his own name ('Luther' signifies *pure*), he might be instrumental in advancing pure doctrine; how he further, as a friend of godliness and the sciences, and be-

cause of his son, had cultivated the society of the ministers of God's word, of school-teachers and others."

The father's circumstances improved subsequently; for on the occasion of the ordination of his son to the priesthood in 1507, Hans Luther attended that solemnity with a retinue of twenty horses, and presented the young priest with twenty guilders, which at that time was a valuable gift.

The father's coat-of-arms was composed of the instruments of his employment as a miner, viz., two hammers — one sharp, the other blunt — laid crosswise.

Hans Luther was no ordinary man. He was stern and severe, but pious and honest. He had no partialities for the monks, and hence was at first much displeased that his son entered a convent. He was endowed with an unusual share of sound sense. He sought the society of ministers and teachers for his own benefit as well as for his son's, and became so greatly respected, that he, his wife and daughters were invited to Melanchthon's wedding.

"He was one of those mentally strong and active men, of whom, strange enough, we often hear it said, 'It is a pity he does not belong to a higher grade in society'; just as if such richly endowed men were not suited to inferior conditions."

Melanchthon says of Luther's mother, "She was endowed with many virtues, which became an honest woman, and was especially well known for her correct domestic discipline, her piety and diligence in prayer, so that she was regarded as an example of virtue and fidelity to all other upright women."

The Name of Luther.

In the older records the name is found written *Luder*, *Lüder*, *Luter*, *Luther*. At first, Luther himself wrote it in different ways; sometimes too he played upon the word; often, in the beginning of the Reformation, writing, *Mart. E-leutherius;* once, *M. Luther, Christi lutum* (the clay of Christ).

Dionysius Vossius, in his Notes on Cæsar's Gallic War, lib. vii. ch. 5, where mention is made of *Lucterius Cadurius*, says, that the same name is elsewhere in Cæsar more frequently called *Luterius*, and in Livy *Lutarius*. "I do not donbt," says he, "that it is best to write it thus, for at the present day the name *Luther*, or *Lothar*, still exists." Another writer says the names *Lutherus* and *Lotharius* are the same, and formerly it was common among emperors, kings, and illustrious persons.

The word signifies a "master" or "ruler of men," and is derived from the words *leuti*, *lüde*, *leode*, *leute*, — which in German signifies "men" — and *herr*, which means a "lord" or "master."

Luther's enemies long persisted in calling him *Luder*, which in German signifies a "carcase"; and others, *Lotter*, which is a term of infamy. Others did not hesitate to corrupt and interpolate the name, that they might accommodate it to the number of Antichrist (666) in Revelations.

Some of his friends derive the name from *lauter*, which means "pure." Even a Romish cardinal is said to have exclaimed, after reading Luther's writings,

O *Luthere, Luthere, tu sane secundum nomen tuum Lautherus es et limpidus* — "O Luther, you are indeed, according to your name, pure and clear." Christian I., Elector of Saxony, said, *Luther, du bleibst wohl lauter und ein reiner theologus* — "Luther, you are really pure and a lucid theologian." Some have thought that there is a striking resemblance between this name and the Greek word *Eleutherion*, which signifies "free," or "an assertion of liberty." As stated above, Luther once signed himself, in 1517, *Frater M. Eleutherion, imo dulos et captivus nimis Augustinianus* — "Brother Martin the Free, but at the same time an Augustinian servant and captive."

Some striking German and Latin anagrams have been made of his name, of which the following are specimens. By transposing the letters in the words Doctor Martinus Lutherus, we have, *O Rom, Luther ist der Schwan.* The words Martinus Lutherus make *vir multa struens* — "the man who builds up much."

A Romish priest, named Nicolas Viner, who lived in 1520, after reading the reformer's writings, said there was in every letter of the name LVTER a remarkable and impressive meaning. By taking each letter as the first of a word, he made it out thus: *Lux Vera Totius Ecclesiæ Romanæ* — "the true light of the whole Roman church."

Martinus Lutherus, transposed, make *ter matris vulnus*, that is, "he gave three wounds to the mother (Church)." The words D. Martinus Lutherus make *ut turris das lumen* — "like a tower (light-house) you give light." Martin Luther, make *lehrt in Armuth* — "he teaches in poverty."

An unlearned monk, when he first saw a volume, or as it is called in Latin, a *tomum*, of Luther's works, with great joy, exclaimed: "Now I know Dr. Luther's real name. It is not *Martin*, as has been heretofore thought, but *Thomas*."

It has been remarked, as a historical curiosity, that Cardinal Otho of Cologne, who was afterwards elected pope by the Council of Constance, in November, 1417, assumed the name of *Martin*, because his election occurred on the festival day of that saint. This pope, Martin V., undertook to correct and remove the abuses of the church, but he did not succeed; and one hundred years afterwards, nearly on the same day, another Martin began the reform, which he successfully accomplished.

Luther's Birth-Place.

Of his birth-place, which was a small village, called Eisleben, in Germany, where he was born, Nov. 10th, 1483, a poet has written the following: —

Felix Islebium Luthero alumno,
Cujus gloria major est eorum,
Ausim dicere qui ante hos fuerunt,
Annis millibus atque bis ducentes.

"Eisleben is fortunate in being the birth-place of Luther, whose fame is greater than that of all who have lived for 3000 years."

Another has written the following couplet in reference to this: —

Natus es Islebii, divine propheta, Luthere,
Religio fulget, te Duce, papa jacet.

"O divine prophet, Luther! thou wert born at Eisleben; under thy guidance, true religion flourishes, and popery falls."

Eisleben is a town in the Duchy of Mansfeld, and some of Luther's admirers have found in those very names ground of laudation. They thus speak: "Luther was not to be a sneak, or clandestinely to creep about in the dark, after the manner of heretics, but to act publicly, as a brave and honest *man*, in an open *field*, and hence he was to be from *Mansfeld*. *Eisleben* is equivalent to *Eisenleben* (iron life), for it is rich in iron and other metals; hence he was to preach the genuine, saving truth, through which eternal life is attained, and this truth is as hard and solid as iron, against which the opponents dash out their brains and break their teeth.

Luther's Early Life.

Luther was sent to school at Magdeburg, at the age of fourteen. He was without friends and protectors, and trembled in the presence of his masters. In his play-hours he and some children, as poor as himself, with difficulty begged their bread. "I was accustomed," says he, "with my companions, to beg a little food to supply our wants. One day, about Christmas time, we were all going through the neighboring villages, from house to house, singing in concert the usual carols on the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant hearing us sing our Christmas carols, came out with some food, which he meant to give us, and asked, in a rough loud voice, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. We had no reason to fear, for the peasant offered us this assistance in kindness; but our hearts had no doubt become fearful from the threats and tyranny which the masters then used towards their scholars, so that we were seized with sudden fright. At last, however, as the peasant still continued to call after us, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran to him, and received the food that he had offered us. It is thus," adds Luther, "that we tremble and flee when our conscience is guilty and alarmed: then we are afraid even of the help that is offered us and of those who are our friends and wish to do us good."

Afterwards, at Eisenach, where he was at school, he was obliged, as at Magdeburg, to go with his schoolfellows and sing in the streets, to earn a morsel of bread. Often, instead of bread, the poor boy received nothing but harsh words. One day in particular, after having been repulsed from three houses, he was about to return fasting to his lodgings, when, having reached the square St. George, he stood before the house of an honest citizen motionless and lost in painful reflections. Must he, for want of bread, give up his studies, and go and work with his father in the mines of Mansfeld? Suddenly a door opens; a woman appears on the threshhold — it is the wife of Conrad Cotta. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Eisenach call her "the pious Shunamite," in remembrance of her who so earnestly entreated the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. This Christian Shunamite had more than once remarked young Martin in the assemblies of the faithful: she had been affected by the sweetness of his voice and apparent devotion. She had heard the harsh words with which the poor scholar had been repulsed. She saw him overwhelmed with sorrow before her door; she came to his assistance, beckoned him to enter, and supplied his urgent wants. He was for a long time supported by this benevolent family, and ever gratefully remembered their kindness.

Many years after, Luther said, "Do not despise those boys who try to earn their bread by chaunting before your door — 'bread for the love of God' — *panem propter Deum.* I have done the same."

Melanchthon tells us that Luther, as a youth, had an understanding so strong, an imagination so lively, and a memory so retentive, that in a short time he out-

stripped all his fellow-students. He made rapid progress in the dead languages, in rhetoric, and in poetry, He wrote sermons, and made verses. Cheerful, obliging, and what is called good-hearted, he was beloved by his masters and companions.

At the age of eighteen he went to the University of Erfurt, to study law. Melanchthon says, "The whole university admired his genius." He often pressed his tutors with inquiries, and soon went ahead of his school-fellows.

It was in reference to his practice of beginning the day with prayer, and going to church in the morning, before taking up his books for study, that he said, *Bene orasse, est bene studuisse* — "to pray well is the better half of study."

His father exerted himself to the utmost to raise money enough to support him. Luther gratefully records this fact. "My dear father," says he, "supported me at Erfurt in all kindness and paternal fidelity, and through severe labor and economy has helped me to the position I now maintain."

One day (he had been two years at Erfurt, and was twenty years of age) he was opening the books of the library one after another in order to read the names of their authors. One which he opened, in its turn, drew his attention. He had not seen any thing like it till that hour. He reads the title — it is a Bible! — a rare book. His interest is strongly excited; he is filled with astonishment in finding more in this volume than those fragments of the Gospels and Epistles which the

church has selected to be read to the people in their places of worship every Sunday in the year. Till then he had thought that they were the whole Word of God. He read and read, and daily returned to read the precious volume he had discovered. The first gleam of a new truth then arose in his mind.

An eloquent modern writer has said, "It was this Bible that gave liberty to Luther, and Luther, with this Bible in his hand, gave liberty to the world."

The Reformation lay hid in that volume. "Dr. Usinger, an Augustinian monk, who was my preceptor at Erfurt," says Luther, "used to say to me, when he saw me reading the Bible with such devotion, 'Ah, brother Martin, what is there in the Bible? It is better to read the ancient doctors, who have sucked the honey of the truth. The Bible is the cause of all troubles.'"

In 1505, when returning to Erfurt from a visit to his father at Mansfeld, he was overtaken by a violent storm, and a thunderbolt sunk into the ground at his side. "Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death," as he himself says, "he makes a vow, if God will deliver him from this danger, to forsake the world and devote himself entirely to his service." After a season of anguish and self-inspection, he determined to enter a cloister, believing that the monastic life will ensure salvation.

Some historians relate that his friend Alexis was killed by the thunderbolt that alarmed Luther; but two cotemporaries, Matthesius and Selneccer, distinguish between these two events, and affirm that Alexis was stabbed by a murderer. Yet others maintain that Luther went one morning to visit Alexis, and found him murdered in his bed and swimming in his blood.

It was after this, as is affirmed by the latter writers, that Luther was struck senseless by the lightning.

Rubianus, one of Luther's friends at the University of Erfurt, wrote to him in later times: — "Divine Providence foresaw what you would become, when, on your return from your parents, the fire of heaven struck you to the ground, like another Paul, near the city of Erfurt, and, separating you from us, led you to enter the Augustinian order."

Convent Life and Conversion.

On entering the convent, Luther changed his name to that of Augustine. "What can be more impious," said he, in relating this circumstance, "than to renounce one's Christian name for the sake of a cowl! It is thus the popes are ashamed of their Christian names, and show thereby that they are deserters from Jesus Christ.

He was obliged to submit to the most degrading employments in the cloister; to open and shut the gates, to wind the clock, to sweep the church, to clean the room, and other still more servile work; and when, as porter, sexton, and servant, he had finished his work, he was compelled, with his bag on his back, to go through the streets of Erfurt, begging provisions from door to door.

Burning with the desire after that holiness which he had sought in the cloister, he gave himself up to all the rigor of an ascetic life. He endeavored to crucify the flesh by fastings, macerations, and watchings. A little bread, a single herring, were often his only food. On one occasion he passed seven weeks almost without sleep.

When Luther, having become a reformer, declared that heaven could not be thus purchased, he knew well what he said. "Verily," wrote he to Duke George of Saxony, "I was a devout monk, and followed the rules of my order so strictly, that I cannot tell you all. If

ever a monk entered into heaven by his monkish merits, certainly I should have obtained an entrance there. All the monks who knew me will confirm this; and if it had lasted much longer, I should have become literally a martyr, through, watchings, prayer, reading, and other labors."

When in his mental distress, he was encouraged by the monks and theologians to do good works, and in that way satisfy the divine justice. "But what works," thought he, "can proceed out of a heart like mine? How can I, with works polluted even in their source and motive, stand before a holy judge?" — "I was in the sight of God a great sinner," says he, "and I could not think it possible for me to appease him with my merits."

One day, overcome with sadness, he shut himself in his cell, and for several days and nights suffered no one to approach him. One of his friends, uneasy about the unhappy monk, and having some presentiment of his state, took with him some young boys, choral singers, and went and knocked at the door of his cell. No one opened or answered. The good friend, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and discovered Luther stretched on the floor in unconsciousness and without any signs of life. His friends tried in vain to recall his senses, but he continued motionless. Then the young choristers began to sing a sweet hymn. Their voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his strength and consciousness returned. But if for a few moments music could restore to him a degree of serenity, another and more powerful

remedy was needed for the cure of his malady: there was needed that sweet and penetrating sound of the gospel, which is the voice of God. He felt *this* to be his want. Accordingly his sufferings and fears impelled him to study with unwearied zeal the writings of the apostles and prophets.

Selnecker, a contemporary of Luther, relates that the monks would murmur at seeing Luther read the Holy Scriptures so assiduously, and tell him it was not in study of that kind, but by begging and collecting bread, meat, fish, eggs, and money, that he could be of any service to the community. His noviciate was extremely hard: inside the monastery, the lowest and most laborious offices were given to him; and outside, the begging with the sack.

Luther states that, when he was first a student, "the pagan Aristotle was held in such high honor, that whoever had disputed his authority, would have been condemned, at Cologne, as a rank heretic; but that he was so little understood, that a monk, preaching on the Passion, favored his hearers with a two hours' discussion of the question, 'Whether quality were really distinct from substance?' stating, as an instance, 'I could pass my head through that hole, but not the size of my head.'"

"My brothers of the convent would say to me, when I was studying, *Sic tibi, sic mihi, saccum per nackum* — 'Come, we are all alike here, put the bag around your neck.'"

The terrors of the fiery law compassed him about and consumed his soul. His "sore ran in the night

and ceased not." He saw nothing in God but an angry judge. He had not yet learned the riches of his grace through Jesus Christ.

His bodily health gave way. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" He wasted away. He became thin and pale. His eyes, which were peculiarly bright, looked wild with despair; and death seemed just at hand. In this state he was visited by an old priest. His name was Staupitz. He pitied the dying monk, and all the more so when he was told the cause of his suffering, for he had himself passed through the same conflict. But he had found the peace of Christ in his soul, and was therefore well fitted to give counsel to Luther.

"It is vain," said Luther to him, "that I make promises to God: sin is always too strong for me."

"O, my friend," said Staupitz, "I have often made vows myself, but I never could keep them. I now make no more vows; for if God will not be merciful to me for Christ's sake, I cannot stand before him with all my vows and works."

Luther made known to him all his fears. He spoke of God's justice, God's holiness, God's sovereign majesty. How could he stand before such a God?

"Why," said his aged friend, "do you distress yourself with these thoughts? Look to the wounds of Jesus, to the blood which he has shed for you; it is there that you will see the *mercy* of God. Cast yourself into the arms of the Saviour. Trust in him — in the righteousness of his life — in the atoning sacrifice of his death. Do not shrink away from him. God is not against you; it is only you who are averse to God. Listen to the Son of God. He became man to assure you of the divine favor."

Still Luther was dark. He thought he had not repented properly, and asked, "How can I dare believe in the favor of God, so long as there is in me no real conversion? I must be changed before he can receive me."

He is told that there can be no real conversion so long as a man fears God as a stern judge. "There is," said his friend, "no true repentance but that which begins in the love of God and righteousness. That which some fancy to be the end of repentance is only its beginning. If you wish to be really converted, do not try these penances. Love Him who has first loved you."

Luther listens, and is glad. The day breaks — new light pours in. "Yes," said he, "it is Jesus Christ that comforts me so wonderfully by these sweet and healing words: '*in order to true repentance we must love God.*'" He had never heard this before. Taking this truth as his guide, he went to the Scriptures. He turned up all the passages which speak of repentance and conversion; and these two words, which were formerly his terror, now become precious and sweet. The passages which used most to alarm him, now "seemed to run to me from all sides, to smile, to spring up and play around me. Formerly I tried to love God, but it was all force; and there was no word so bitter to me as that of repentance. Now there is none more pleasant. O how blessed are all God's precepts when we read them not in books only, but in the precious wounds of the Savior." Thus he learned that we are not forgiven because we love God, but we love God because we are forgiven.

Still Luther's darkness at times returned. His sins again went over his soul, and hid the face of God.

"O, my sin! my sin! my sin!' cried he one day to his aged friend.

"What would you have?" said Staupitz. "Would you like if your sin was not *real?* Remember, if you have only the *appearance* of a sinner, you must be content with the mere *appearance* of a Savior. But learn this, that Jesus Christ is the Savior of those who are real and great sinners, and deserving of utter condemnation." — "Look at the wounds of Christ," said he, on another occasion, "and you will see there shining clearly the purpose of God towards men. We cannot understand God out of Christ." How true! It is only when we feel that we are *real* sinners, that we prize a *real* Savior — one who really "made his soul an offering for sin." It is only when we see sin coming between us and God that we find the preciousness of Him who "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." It is then also we see the face of the true God in the face of Jesus; and learn to read the love of the Father in the love of the Son.

But Luther's peace sometimes gave way, and his fears returned. He was taken ill and brought down to the gates of death. Terror again took hold on him. Death seemed full of gloom. It was a fearful thing to meet a holy God! An old monk visited him on his sick-bed, and in him God gave him another comforter and guide. Sitting at his bedside, he repeated this sentence of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." These words, thus simply and sweetly brought to mind, were like balm to the soul of Luther. "I believe," said he to himself, "the forgiveness of sins." "Ah, but," said the old man, "we are not merely to believe that there is forgiveness for David or Peter: the command of God is, that we believe there is for-

giveness for our own sins." Luther's spirit was revived. He found on this rock a sufficient resting-place, and his soul rejoiced in the forgiving love of God. Believing in the name of Jesus, he found the blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. He saw himself at once and completely forgiven — at once and completely reconciled.

In one of his letters he thus refers to the struggle which had taken place in his soul. It was long, and made up of many parts. It was the struggle of a soul, seeking to get rid of sin—groping after light—fighting its way to God. "I had, in truth," says he, "a hearty desire to understand particularly the Epistle to the Romans. What kept me from understanding it was that single expression, 'the righteousness of God,' in the first chapter (verse 17). To this righteousness, as I understood it, I had a great aversion. I thought it meant God's character as the righteous judge. Now, though as a monk I had lived a blameless life, I still found myself a great sinner before God, and I did not dare to think of pleasing him by my own works. On this account I did not love this just and angry God, because he punishes sinners. I hated Him, and felt incensed against Him. Still, however, I studied the beloved Paul, that I might find out the meaning of that passage, for I thirsted greatly to know it. In these thoughts I spent day and night, until through God's grace I observed how the words are connected together in the following way: 'The righteousness of God is revealed in the gospel, as it is written, The just shall live by faith.' Observing this connection, I have become acquainted with this same righteousness of God, in which the justified person lives only through faith. I

saw that the apostle's meaning was this: that by the gospel is made known that righteousness which avails with God; in which God, out of grace and mere mercy, makes us righteous through faith. Upon this I felt immediately as if I was wholly born anew, and had now found an open door into paradise itself. The precious holy Scripture now at once appeared quite another thing to me. I ran quickly through the whole Bible, and collected all that it says on the subject. Thus, as I had before hated this expression — 'the righteousness of God' — so I now began dearly and highly to esteem it, as my beloved and most comfortable word of Scripture; and that passage became to me the very gate of heaven."

Thus his weary soul found rest. He was now like a vessel that has reached its haven. No storm can reach or harm it. He was like the dove in the clefts of the rock. He was like the man who had reached the city of refuge. He found himself safe and at rest. *Jehovah, his righteousness*, was his song and his joy. It was what he saw in Christ that gave him hope and confidence toward God, and not what he saw in himself. It was what he knew of Christ and his righteousness that took away all fear, and filled his soul with peace. He believed, and was forgiven. Nor did he reckon it presumption to count himself a forgiven soul. He gloried and rejoiced in this. He counted it one of the most grievous of all sins to doubt it. He saw that the gospel was intended to bring us forgiveness, and to assure us of it. He saw that whenever we really believe the gospel, then that forgiveness is as completely and certainly ours as if we were already in heaven. This was the very life of Luther's soul. It was this that made him so bold in the cause of Christ in all his future life.

He was assured of the favor of God, and that took away all fear of man.

There was one text of Scripture which seems to have been greatly blessed to him. It was very frequently on his mind during his many struggles. It was the text which Paul quotes from Habakkuk, to prove that we are justified by faith alone: "The just shall live by faith." Once he was sent to Rome on some business, and he thought that good works done at Rome were better, and had more merit, than those done anywhere else. He was told that if he would crawl up a very long stair, called Pilate's staircase, on his bare knees, he would acquire a great stock of merit. With great earnestness he set himself to do this miserable penance. While he was crawling up the steps, he thought he heard a voice like thunder, saying aloud to him, "The just shall live by faith." Immediately he started from his knees, and stopped in the middle of the ascent. The words went to his soul, like the voice of God reproving him for his folly. Filled with shame, he instantly left the place. He saw that it was not by his works that he was to save himself at all, far less by works such as these. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by his mercy, he saved us.

Consecration to the Priesthood.

Jerome, Bishop of Brandenburg, officiated at his consecration. At the moment in which he conferred upon Luther the power of celebrating the mass, he put the cup into his hand, and addressed him in these solemn words: "Receive the power of offering sacrifice for the living and the dead." Luther at that moment listened calmly to these words, which granted him power to do the work of the Son of God himself; but at a later period they made him shudder. "That the earth did not then swallow us both up," says he, "was an instance of the patience and long-suffering of the Lord."

His father afterwards dined in the convent, with his son, the friends of the young priest, and the monks. The conversation turned on Martin's entrance into the cloister. The brethren commended it as a highly meritorious action; on which the inflexible John, turning to them, remarked: "Have you not read in the Scriptures, that it is a duty to obey father and mother?" These words struck Luther. They exhibited the action which brought him into the convent in a totally different light; and long afterwards they resounded in his heart.

In reference to renouncing his monastic order, Luther wrote to a friend: "In 1518, Staupitz absolved me from obedience to the order, and left me to God alone. In 1519, Pope Leo excommunicated me from his church, and thus a second time was I absolved. In 1521, the

Emperor Charles excommunicated me from his empire, and thus a third time was I absolved."

For many years there was suspended in the church at Saga, a town near Wittenberg, an annunciation that "in this church Luther preached the *first* gospel sermon." A dispute arose, whether it meant, that here Luther preached *his* first sermon, or whether he was the *first* to preach in it after the Reformation? The latter is the true interpretation, and he preached the first *gospel* sermon that had ever been heard in *that* house, though he had frequently preached elsewhere.

Industry of Luther.

From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, the number of Luther's publications was three hundred; from 1527 to 1536, the second decade, the number was two hundred and thirty-two; and from 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was one hundred and eighty-three. His first book was published in November, 1517, and he died in February, 1546 — an interval of twenty-nine years and four months. In this time he published seven hundred and fifteen — an average of more than twenty-five a year, or one a fortnight, of his public life. He did not go through the manual labor of all his writings, it is true, for many of his published works were taken down from his lips by his friends; and it is also true, that several of the volumes were small enough in size to be denominated pamphlets; but many of them are also large and elaborate treatises. In the circumstances in which he wrote, his translation of the Bible alone would have been a gigantic task, even if he had his lifetime to devote to it.

In 1529, he thus wrote to Link: "I am daily buried in books, so that windows, chairs, benches, &c., are full." As early as 1516, he said to Lang: "I have full employment for two secretaries. I do scarcely any thing all day but write letters. I am preacher to the convent, reader of prayers at table, pastor and parish minister, director of studies, vicar of the priory (that is

to say, prior ten times over), inspector of the fish-ponds of Litzkau, counsel to the inns of Herzberg at Torgau, lecturer on St. Paul, and commentator on the Psalms. Seldom have I time to say my prayers or to sing a hymn; not to mention my struggle with flesh and blood, the devil and the world. See, what an idle man I am!"

In a letter to Conrad Pellicanus, who superintended the printing of his Latin writings, at Basle, he excused himself with reference to some oversights in the Psalter, and says: "I am very busily employed—I preach twice every day, I labor at the Psalter, I am engaged upon postillas, I reply to my adversaries, I contend against the Bull in German and Latin, and defend myself — not to mention the letters which I have to write to my friends, and the interviews with others at home and elsewhere."

Sometimes he locked himself up in his study for days, and ate nothing but bread and salt, that he might without interruption pursue the work he had on hand. On one occasion he had been thus locked up for three days. His wife sought him everywhere — shed bitter tears — knocked at all the doors, and called, but no one answered. She had the door forced open by a locksmith, and found him profoundly absorbed in the explanation of the 22d Psalm. She proceeded to reprimand him for occasioning her such painful anxiety, but he was impatient of the interruption to his studies, pointed to the Bible, and said, "Do you think I am doing any thing bad? Do you not know that I must work as long as it is day, for the night cometh in which

no man can work?" But his tone and look sufficiently indicated to her that he was, after all, not unduly excited.

Toward the close of his life, when, in the midst of winter, he was compelled to travel to Eisleben on business relating to the Dukes of Mansfeld, which did not concern him in the least, he thus wrote: "I, an old, worn-out, sickly, weary, inanimate, one-eyed man, hoped by this time to have a little rest, and yet I am overloaded with writing, speaking, and other business, as if I had never written, spoken, nor done any thing in my life. I am tired of the world and the world of me, so that we can easily part, just like a traveller leaves an inn. Hence I beg for a little respite, and desire no other work. When I shall have settled this affair between the dukes, I will return home, lay myself in my coffin, and give my body to the worms."

"I am," says he, "overwhelmed with letters from all quarters. All my correspondents believe that their business alone should be attended to by the indolent Luther, and cannot wait, but think that I must reply to their letters immediately, as soon as they have sent theirs. It is impossible for me, singly and alone, to transact the business of other people all at once."

Paul Seidel says, "There is no other man, besides Luther, who, in the midst of so many temptations, dangers, and conflicts, could write and publish so many books as he did. Yea, if a young man were to sit down, and do nothing else but copy the books published by Luther, he would hardly be able to accomplish it."

"I have always," says Luther, "endeavored to render my version of the Bible perfect, and in my labor to effect this, I have repeatedly devoted four weeks to the translation of a single word, and have even then sometimes failed to satisfy my own mind. In translating the book of Job, Philip, Matthew (Aurogallus), and myself, on more than one occasion, spent four days on less than the same number of lines."

To Spalatin he writes, "Deliver me, I beseech you: I am so overwhelmed with other's business, that my life is a burden to me. Martin Luther, courtier, though not belonging to the court, in spite of himself, I am fully occupied; being visitor, reader, preacher, author, auditor, actor, footman, wrestler, and I know not what besides."

"In all sciences, the ablest professors are they who have thoroughly mastered the texts. A man, to be a good jurisconsult, should have every text of the law at his fingers' ends; but in our times, the attention is applied rather to glosses and commentaries. When I was young, I read the Bible over and over and over again, and was so perfectly acquainted with it, that I could, in an instant, have pointed to any verse that might have been mentioned. I then read the commentaries; but I soon threw them aside, for I found therein many things my conscience could not approve, as being contrary to the sacred text. 'Tis always better to see with one's own eyes than with those of other people.

"I did not learn my divinity at once, but was constrained by my temptations to search deeper and

deeper; for no man, without trials and temptations, can attain a true understanding of the Holy Scriptures. St. Paul had a devil that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to study the Holy Scriptures. I had hanging on my neck the pope, the universities, all the deep-learned, and the devil; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I sedulously read, and thereby, God be praised! at length attained a true understanding of it. Without such a devil, we are but only speculators of divinity, and, according to our vain reasoning, dream that so and so it must be, as the monks and friars in monasteries do. The Holy Scripture of itself is certain and true; God grant me grace to catch hold of its just use."

Courage of Luther.

"Hold my peace!" said he — "I am willing to do so, if they will permit me; that is to say, if they will silence others. If any man envies me my appoint ments, let him take them; if any one desires the destruction of my writings, let him burn them. I am ready to keep silence, provided it be not required that evangelical truth should stand still. I ask for no cardinal's hat, nor gold, nor any thing else that Rome values. I will make any sacrifice; so that the way of salvation is left open to Christians. All their threats do not terrify me; all their promises cannot seduce me."

Warmed by these feelings, Luther soon recovered his disposition for action, and chose the Christian's conflict, rather than the calm of the recluse. One night sufficed to reproduce in his mind the desire to overthrow the power of Rome. "My resolution is taken," he wrote next morning: "I despise alike the rage and the favor of Rome. Away with reconciliation! I desire never more to have any communication with her. Let her condemn — let her burn my writings! In my turn, I will condemn and publicly burn the canon law, that nest of all heresies. My moderation hitherto has been useless; and I renounce it!"

"My bark," says he, "is driven at the mercy of the winds — fear and hope alternately prevail; but what does it signify?" Nevertheless the testimonies of sympathy which he received were not without effect upon

his own mind. "The Lord reigns," he said: "I see his hand palpably present." — "It is right that Rome should understand, that though she should succeed in obtaining by her threats my expulsion from Wittenberg, she would only injure her own cause. Not in Bohemia, but in the heart of Germany, are those who are ready to defend me against the thunder of the papacy. If I have not yet brought to bear upon my adversaries all that I am preparing for them, it is neither to my moderation, nor to the weight of my tyranny, that they are to attribute my forbearance, but to the name of the Elector, and to the interests of the University of Wittenberg, which I feared to compromise; now that such fears are dissipated, I am about to redouble my efforts against Rome and her courtiers."

It was an anxious and solemn moment for the Reformer when he was summoned to Worms, to answer for his doctrine in the presence of the Emperor. His friends were all panic-struck. "The Papists," said he, observing the distress of his friends, "have little desire to see me at Worms; but they long for my condemnation and death. No matter! — Pray *not* for me, but for the word of God. My blood will scarcely be cold before thousands and tens of thousands in every land will be made to answer for the shedding of it. The 'most Holy' adversary of Christ, the father and master and chief of manslayers, is resolved that it shall be spilt. *Amen!* — the will of God be done! Christ will give me his spirit to overcome these ministers of Satan. I despise them while I live; I will triumph over them in death. They are striving hard at Worms to force me to recant. My recantation shall be this: I said formerly that the pope was Christ's vicar; now

I say that he is the adversary of the Lord, and the apostle of the devil."

It was the 22d of April. Luther was to take leave of his friends. After having apprised Lange by letter that he would spend the Thursday or Friday following at Erfurt, he bade adieu to his colleagues. Turning to Melanchthon, he said, with deep emotion: "If I never return, and my enemies should take my life, cease not, dear brother, to teach and stand fast in the truth. Labor in my stead, since I can no longer work. If thy life be spared, my death will matter little."

At Naumburg he met a priest, probably J. Langer, a man of stern zeal, who kept hung up in his study a portrait of the celebrated Jerome Savonarola, of Ferrara, who perished in the flames, at Florence, in the year 1498, by order of Pope Alexander the Sixth — a martyr to liberty and morals, rather than a confessor of the gospel. Taking down the portrait of the Italian martyr, the priest held it forth in silence, as he approached Luther. The latter well understood the import of this silent action, but his intrepid spirit was unmoved. "It is Satan," he remarked, "who seeks by these terrors to hinder the confession of the truth in the assembly of the princes; for he foresees the effect it will have on his kingdom." "Stand fast in the truth thou hast professed," replied the priest gravely, "and thy God will never forsake thee."

While Luther was preaching at Erfurt, on his way to Worms, a noise was suddenly heard in one of the galleries, and it was thought it was giving way from the weight of the crowd. This caused much confusion

in the auditory. Some rushed from their places; others were motionless from fear. The preacher stopped for a moment, then stretching forth his hand, he exclaimed aloud, "Fear not, there is no danger — the devil is seeking to throw hindrances in the way of my preaching the gospel, but he shall not gain his point."

The plague showed itself in Wittenberg. A great number of the students and teachers left the town. Luther remained. "I do not very well know," wrote he to his friend at Erfurt, "whether the plague will suffer me to finish the Epistle to the Galatians. Quick and sudden in its attacks, it makes great havoc, especially among the young. You advise me to flee — but whither shall I flee? I hope the world will not go to pieces, if brother Martin should fall. If the plague spreads, I will send the brethren away in all directions; but for my part, I am placed here — obedience does not allow me to leave the spot, until He who called me hither shall call me away. Not that I am above the fear of death (for I am not the apostle Paul, but only his commentator); but I trust the Lord will deliver me from the fear of it."

The same courage that he evinced in the presence of the most formidable evils, he manifested before the great ones of the world. The Elector was well satisfied with his vicar-general, who had gathered a rich harvest of relics in the Netherlands. Luther gave an account of it to Spalatin. "There are many things," said he, "that are pleasing to your prince, which yet displease God. I do not deny that he is skilled in the concerns of this world, but in what relates to God and the salvation of souls I consider him altogether blind,

as well as his adviser, Pfaffinger. I do not say that behind his back, like a calumniator: I do not conceal my opinion from them; for I am at all times ready to tell them both so to their faces."

"I began this affair," said he, "with great fear and trembling. What was I at that time? A poor, wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. Who was I, to oppose the pope's majesty, before which not only the kings of the earth and the whole world trembled, but also, if I may so speak, heaven and hell were constrained to obey the slightest intimation of his will? No one can know what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection — I might say, in what despair — I was often plunged. Those proud spirits, who afterwards attacked the popes with such boldness, can form no idea of my sufferings; though, with all their skill, they could have done him no injury, if Christ had not inflicted on him, through me, His weak and unworthy instrument, a wound from which he will never recover. But whilst *they* were satisfied to look on, and leave me to face the danger alone, I was not so happy, so calm, or so sure of success; for I did not then know many things which now, thanks be to God! I do know."

"God does not conduct, but drives me, and carries me forward. I am not master of my own actions. I would gladly live in peace, but I am cast into the midst of tumult and changes."

"God knows," he writes to the Elector, "that it was my fixed purpose to keep silence, and that I was rejoiced to see the struggle brought to a close. I was so

scrupulous in my adherence to the treaty concluded with the Pope's commissary, that I did not answer Sylvester Prierias, notwithstanding the taunts of my adversaries and the advice of my friends. But now Dr. Eck attacks me; and not me only, but the whole University of Wittenberg. I cannot allow truth to be thus loaded with opprobrium."

At the same time he wrote to Carlstadt: "Worthy Andrew, I am not willing that you should enter on this dispute, since the attack is in reality directed against me. I gladly lay aside my serious studies, to turn my strength against these parasites of the pontiffs." Then turning to his adversary, and disdainfully calling from Wittenberg to Ingolstadt, he exclaims, "Now then, dear Eck, take courage, — gird on thy sword. If I could not please thee when thou camest as a *go-between*, perhaps I may better satisfy thee as an antagonist. Not that I, of course, can expect to overcome thee, — but that, after all thy triumphs in Hungary, Lombardy, Bavaria, (if we are to believe thy own report,) I shall be giving thee the opportunity of earning the name of conqueror of Saxony and Misnia! — so that thou shalt ever after be hailed with the glorious epithet of *August*."

"I beseech you, my dear Spalatin," said he, "do not give way to fear. You well know that if Christ had not been on our side, what I have already done must have been my ruin. Even lately, did not news come from Rome to the Duke of Pomerania's chancellor, that I had destroyed all respect for Rome, and that no way appeared of quieting the general feeling; so that it was intended to deal with me, not judicially, but by Roman stratagem: such were the words used — I suppose, meaning poison, ambush, or assassination!"

"I restrain myself; and, out of regard to the Elector and the University, I keep back many things which I would employ against Babylon, if I were elsewhere. O, my dear Spalatin, it is not possible to speak truth concerning Scripture and the Church, without rousing the beast. Don't expect to see me at peace, unless I renounce the study of divine things.

"If this matter be of God, it will not end till all my friends have forsaken me, as all the disciples of Christ forsook him. Truth will stand unaided, and will prevail by His right hand, not mine, or yours, or by any other man's. If I perish, the world will not perish with me. But, wretch that I am! I fear I am not worthy to die in such a cause."

"Rome," wrote he again about this time — "Rome eagerly longs for my destruction, and I grow weary of defying her. I am credibly informed that a paper-effigy of Martin Luther has been publicly burned in the Campus Floralis at Rome, after being loaded with execrations. I await their onset."

Luther said, on his return from Augsburg, "that if he had four hundred heads, he would rather lose them all, than revoke his article on faith." "No man in Germany," says Hutten, "despises death more than Luther."

"Ah," said some of the crowd who accompanied his steps, "there are plenty of cardinals and bishops at Worms! You will be burnt alive, and your body reduced to ashes, as they did with John Huss." But nothing daunted the monk. "Though they should kindle a fire, whose flames should reach from Worms to Wittenberg, and rise up to heaven, I would go

through it, in the name of the Lord, and stand before them. I would enter the jaws of the behemoth, break his teeth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ!"

One day when he had entered into an inn, and the crowd was as usual pressing about him, an officer made his way through, and thus addressed him: "Are you the man who has taken in hand to reform the papacy? How can you expect to succeed?" "Yes," answered Luther, "I am the man. I place my dependence upon the Almighty God, whose word and commandment are before me." The officer, deeply affected, gazed on him with a mild expression, and said, "Dear friend, there is much in what you say; I am a servant of Charles, but your master is greater than mine. He will help and protect you."

From Frankfort he wrote to Spalatin, "I am arrived here, although Satan has sought to stop me in my way by sickness. From Eisenach to this place, I have been suffering, and I am at this moment in worse condition than ever. I find that Charles has issued an edict to terrify me; but Christ lives, and we shall enter Worms in spite of all the councils of hell, and all the powers of the air. Therefore engage a lodging for me."

Spalatin soon became alarmed. At the moment when Luther was approaching the city, a servant met him,. and delivered him a message from Spalatin: "Abstain from entering Worms." Luther, still unshaken, turned his eyes on the messenger and answered, "Go tell your master, that though there should be as many devils at Worms, as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it."

"I was then intrepid," said Luther, a few days before his death. "I feared nothing. God can give this

boldness to man. I know not whether now I should have so much liberty and joy."

Albert, the young and accomplished archbishop, whose mind was in a middle position, was dismayed at this daring step. "If I had no more courage than the archbishop," said Luther, "true it is, they would never have seen me at Worms."

When Luther drew near the door which was to admit him to the presence of his judges, he was met by a valiant knight, George Freundsberg, who touched him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, "My poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our most bloody battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward, in God's name, and fear nothing! He will not forsake thee." A noble tribute rendered by martial spirit to the courage of the soul.

Luther was perhaps the only person at Worms perfectly undisturbed. A few minutes after his return from the Diet, he wrote to the counsellor Cuspianus: "I am writing to you from the very midst of a tempest [perhaps he alluded to the noise of the crowd outside his hotel]. An hour ago I appeared before the Emperor and his brother. I avowed myself the author of my books, and I have promised to give my answer tomorrow, as to recantation. By the help of Jesus Christ, I will not retract a single letter of my writings."

Afterwards, when the question was put to him, Will you, or will you not, recant? Luther then answered

unhesitatingly: "Since your Most Serene Majesty and your High Mightinesses require of me a simple, clear, and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the Councils, because it is as clear as noonday that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If then I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture or by cogent reasons—if I am not satisfied by the very texts I have cited, and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract any thing; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then turning a look on that assembly before whom he stood, and which held in its hand his life or death, he said: "Here I stand. I can not do otherwise. God help me. Amen!"

The assembly was motionless with astonishment. Several of the princes present could scarcely conceal their admiration. The Emperor, recovering from his first impressions, exclaimed, "The monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage."

"If you do not retract," resumed the Chancellor, as soon as the assembly had recovered from the impression produced by Luther's speech, "the Emperor and the States of the Empire will proceed to consider how to deal with an obstinate heretic." At these words, Luther's friends trembled; but the monk repeated, "May God be my helper! for I can retract nothing."

Afterwards Luther was again called in, and the speaker thus addressed him: "Martin, you have not spoken with that humility which befits your condition. The distinction you have drawn as to your works, was

needless; for if you retracted such as contained errors, the Emperor would not allow the rest to be burned. It is absurd to require to be refuted by Scripture, when you are reviving heresies condemned by the General Council of Constance. The Emperor, therefore, commands you to say simply, Yes or No, whether you mean to affirm what you have advanced, or whether you retract any part thereof." "I have no other answer to give, than that which I have already given," said Luther, quietly.

Frederick had attended the Diet with many apprehensions. He had expected that Luther's courage would have failed him in the Emperor's presence. Hence he had been deeply affected by the Reformer's firmness. He felt proud of having taken such a man under his protection. Afterwards he said to Spalatin, "Oh! how Luther spoke before the Emperor and all the States of the Empire; — all I feared was that he might go too far."

He dreaded being charged with having deserted the field of battle — the thought was insupportable. "Rather," exclaimed he, "would I be stretched on burning coals, than stagnate here, at Wartburg, half dead! — Ah! nothing on earth do I more desire, than to face my cruel enemies."

Next to the assurance of the Divine protection, one thing consoled him in his grief — it was a recollection of Melanchthon. "If I perish," he wrote, "the gospel will lose nothing — you will succeed me, as Elisha succeeded Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit." But, calling to mind the timidity of Melanchthon, he

ejaculated — "Minister of the Word! keep the walls and towers of Jerusalem till our enemies shall strike you down. We stand alone on the plain of battle; after me, they will strike you down."

But Luther still lived, though confined in the Wartburg, and his voice had power to pass beyond the walls and gratings behind which he was concealed. Nothing could have roused him to a higher pitch of indignation, than the remembrance of the sale of indulgences. "What!"—thought he — "violent discussions have taken place, I have braved many dangers, the truth has triumphed, and now they dare to trample it in the dust, as if it had been refuted. They shall hear again that voice which arrested their guilty traffic." "I will take no rest," wrote Luther to Spalatin, "till I have attacked the *idol* of Mentz and its whoredoms at Halle."

Beza said, "Neither emperors, nor kings, nor thunderbolts launched from Rome, nor the armies of innumerable sophists, could in the least degree alarm him."

He was a bold and magnanimous man, even in the opinion of his enemies, and undertook so many daring enterprises, that all men gazed in admiration on him; for, almost alone, he rose up in opposition to the world.

When the Emperor Maximilian heard of the affair at Augsburg, he said, "What a pity it is that Luther became a monk: I would rather see him in my army."

In his reply to Henry VIII. of England, Luther says: "My leader is Christ, and with one and the same blow I will dash in pieces this church and its defenders, who are but one. My doctrines, I feel convinced, are of heaven. I have triumphed, with them, over him who has more strength and craft in his little finger, than all popes, kings, and doctors, put together. My doctrines will remain, and the pope will fall, notwithstanding all the gates of hell and all the powers of the air, earth, and sea. They have defied me to war — well, they shall have war. They have despised the peace I offered them — peace shall no more be theirs. God will see which of the two will first have enough of it, the pope or Luther. Thrice have I appeared before them. I entered Worms, well aware that Cæsar was to violate the public faith in my person. Luther, the fugitive, the trembling, came to cast himself within the teeth of Behemoth. . . . But they, these terrible giants, has one single one of them presented himself, for these three years, at Wittenberg? And yet they might all come in safety, under the Emperor's guarantee. The cowards! do they dare yet to hope for triumph? They thought that my flight would enable them to hide their shameful ignominy! It is now known by all the world; it is known that they have not had the courage to face Luther alone."

On Dec. 10th, 1520, he burnt the Pope's decretal against him; and, on the same day, he wrote to Spalatin, through whom he usually communicated with the Elector: "This 10th day of Dec., A.D. 1520, at the ninth hour of the day, were burnt at Wittenberg, at the east gate, near the Holy Cross, all the Pope's books, decrees, decretals, &c. Is not this news?" In the

public notice which he caused to be drawn up of these proceedings, he says: "If any one ask me why I have done this, my reply is, that it is an ancient custom to burn bad books. The apostles burnt five thousand of them." The tradition runs that he exclaimed, on throwing the book of *Decretals* into the flames, "Thou hast tormented the Lord's holy one — may the everlasting fire torment and consume thee!"

When Luther left Wartburg Castle to go to Wittenberg, which the Elector had forbidden, he wrote to him: "I do not hold the gospel of men, but of Heaven — of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I might well have called myself His servant, and assumed the name of Evangelist, as I intend doing henceforward. If I have sought to be examined, it is not that I doubted the goodness of my cause, but through deference and humility alone. Now, seeing that this excess of humility only depreciates the gospel, and that the devil, if I yield an inch of ground, seeks to take possession of the whole, my conscience compels me to act differently. It is enough, that, to please your Electoral Grace, I have spent a year in retirement. Well does the devil know that this was through no fears of mine. He saw my heart when I entered Worms. Had that town been filled with devils, I would joyfully have flung myself into it. Now, Duke George cannot even pass for a devil; and I leave it to your Electoral Grace, whether it would not be offensive to the Father of all mercy, who bids us put our trust in him, to fear the anger of this duke? Did God summon me to Leipsic, his capital, as He summoned me to Wittenberg, I would thither (forgive the silly expression), though it should rain Duke Georges nine days on end, and each more furious than he."

"It is no wonder that the Papists hate me so vehemently, for I have well deserved it at their hands. Christ more mildly reproved the Jews than I the Papists, yet they killed him. These, therefore, think they justly persecute me; but, according to God's laws and will, they shall find their mistake. In the day of the last judgment I will denounce the Pope and his tyrants, who scorn and assail the word of God and his sacraments. The Pope destroys poor married priests, that receive and observe God's word and statutes, whereas by all their laws they are only to be displaced from their office. So Prince George has banished and driven away from Oschitz ten citizens and householders, with twenty-seven children, martyrs to the Word. Their sighs will rise up to heaven against him."

"For the space of many hundred years there has not been a single bishop that has shown any zeal on the subject of schools, baptism, and preaching; it would have been too great trouble for them, such enemies were they to God. I have heard divers worthy doctors affirm, that the church has long since stood in need of reformation; but no man was so bold as to assail popedom; for the Pope had on his banner, *Noli me tangere;* therefore every man was silent. Dr. Staupitz said once to me: 'If you meddle with popedom, you will have the whole world against you;' and he added, 'yet the church is built on blood, and with blood must be sprinkled.'"

"If I had not been a doctor, Satan had made me work enough to do. It was no slight and easy matter for one to alter the whole religion of popedom, so deeply rooted. But I promised and swore in baptism,

that I would hold by Christ and his word; that I would steadfastly believe in him, and utterly renounce the devil and all his lies. And, indeed, the oath I took in baptism is renewed in all my tribulations: without this, I could not have subsisted, or resisted my troubles, but they had overwhelmed and made an end of me. I would willingly have shown obedience to the Pope and bishops in any reasonable particular; but they would have, short and round, that I should deny Christ, and make God a liar, and say, the gospel is heresy."

"When I undertook to write against the gross errors of indulgences, Dr. Jerome Schurff stopped me, and said: 'Would you, then, write against the Pope? What are you about? It will not be allowed.' 'What,' replied I, 'what, if they must allow it.'"

Spalatin relates, in his Annals, that the second day Luther appeared at Worms, the Elector of Saxony, on returning from the Town Hall, sent for Spalatin to his chamber, and expressed to him the surprise he felt: "Dr. Martin has spoken nobly, before the Emperor, and to the Princes and States of the Empire — only he was a little too bold."

Dr. M. Luther himself confessed, that at first, when he attacked the indulgences, he had written with delight against the Pope, and had not cared two straws for it. For this reason, also, Dr. Wolfgang Reisenbush, instructor in the monastery of Lichtenberg, one day, during an entertainment at table, said to him: "I am amazed, that you can be so cheerful; if the quarrel were mine, it would kill me." But Dr. Luther answered: "The Pope had never injured him, until Sylvester

Prierias had published a book against him, with the title, *Sacri Pallatii Magister, i. e.* 'Master of the Papal (Holy) Palace.' Then the thought had struck him, if it come so far, that the matter be reported to the Pope, what will be the consequence? But because the same debauchee had written such frivolous things, God had given him strength; so that he had only laughed at it. and since that had felt no fear."

When Luther nailed up his Theses at Wittenberg, they laughed at him, and thought that he could never destroy a work which the Pope and the bishops maintained. When a certain great historian saw the Theses, he said, "Brother, creep back into your cell, and pray, 'Lord have mercy on me!'" An old monk said, "My dear brother Martin, if you can overthrow the doctrine of purgatory and this papal system of peddling souls, you will indeed be a great man;" — of which a writer at the end of the 16th century says, "What would the old monk say, if he were living now?"

Luther's Learning.

THERE are two points concerning Luther on which all the most respectable, even of the papal party, unanimously concur in their testimony. The one is, that his learning, genius, and capacity, were of the first magnitude. It may seem proper to mention this, because some modern writers, who appear almost wholly ignorant of the real character of the man, have rashly represented him as a person of contemptible knowledge. But this is the common method of treating many great men, whose studies and attainments have happened to be but little connected with the pursuits and discoveries of the eighteenth century; and until readers learn the practice of so much candor, as may dispose them to make equitable allowances for the taste of the times in which men of great abilities and great accomplishments have made their appearance, such superficial authors will always find admirers.

The qualities, or talents, that distinguished Luther were not of a common or ordinary kind. His genius was truly great and unparalelled, his memory vast and tenacious; his patience in supporting trials, difficulties, and labor, incredible; his magnanimity invincible, and unshaken by the vicissitudes of human affairs; and his learning most extensive, considering the age in which he lived. All this will be acknowledged, even by his enemies—at least by such of them, who are not totally blinded by a spirit of partiality and faction. He was deeply versed in the theology and philosophy that were in vogue in the schools during this century, and he

taught them both, with great reputation and success, in the University of Wittenberg.

The Jesuit Maimbourg says of Luther: "He possessed a quick and penetrating genius; he was indefatigable in his studies, and frequently so absorbed in them as to abstain from meat for whole days together. He acquired great knowledge of the languages and of the Fathers."

Melanchthon says of Luther: "He could repeat Gabriel and Camaracus almost word for word. For a long time he read the writings of Occanus, whose acuteness he preferred to Thomas and Scotus; he diligently read Gerson; but, above all, he studied all the works of Augustine, and regarded them the best."

Never before was a human mind more prolific. Three hundred works, of which the greater part may pass for perfect treatises, were produced in thirty years. Among them, we do not include his Correspondence or his Table Talk, which, by themselves, would form a reputation for a *literato*, even of that period. This copiousness is easily explained. Luther always wrote under the influence of excited feeling, and he consequently gave to his writings the fire and vigor of his own thoughts. He had no anxiety or care for human eye; he had not to rub his forehead to conjure up ideas, or to give his brain any repose. His pen could hardly follow the torrent of his ideas.

The legates of the Pope are said to have plied Erasmus closely with the offer of a rich bishopric, if he would undertake to write against Luther; but he an-

swered them by saying: "Luther is too great a man for me to encounter. I do not even always understand him. However, to speak plainly, he is so extraordinary a man, that I learn more from a single page in his books, than from all the writings of Thomas Aquinas."

The Academicians of Louvain once complained to Margaret, the Emperor's sister, governess of the Netherlands, that Luther by his writings was subverting Christianity. "Who is this Luther?" said she. They replied, "He is an illiterate monk." "Is he so? Then do you, who are very learned and numerous, write against this illiterate monk; and surely, the world will pay more regard to many scholars, than to one ignoramus." But the learned gentlemen declined the contest.

When some one in his presence blamed Luther's violence, "God," said Erasmus, "has sent a physician who cuts into the flesh, because without such a one the disorder would become incurable."

Varillas, his bitter enemy, says: "Nature seems to have placed on his German body an Italian head; for he was distinguished for vivacity, industry, and robust health. No one exceeded him in the study of philosophy and scholastic theology. He was a rare genius — his judgment penetrating, and his memory most retentive."

Philip has substance and language; Luther, substance without language; and Erasmus, language without substance.

"Pomeranus," says Melanchthon, "is a grammarian, and explains the force of words; I am a logician,

and show the relations of subjects and the arguments on which they are based; Justus Jonas is an orator, who declaims fluently and ornately; but Luther is all things together, and a very miracle among men: whatever he speaks, whatever he writes, penetrates the mind, and in a wonderful manner impresses the heart."

Inter theologos est gloria prima Lutherus,
Nam merita Christi nemo magis tribuit.

"Among divines stands Luther's glory first,
For none Christ's merits more has magnified."

Japethi de stirpe satum doctore Luthero
Majorem nobis nulla propago dedit.

"Of Japhet's lineage greater than Luther none
Has yet been given to the human race."

Melanchthon says, "No one among all the Greek and Latin writers has come nearer to the spirit of St. Paul than Luther."

At Basle, the Romish bishop himself commended Luther's writings, published by Frobenius. The Cardinal of Sion, ofter reading his works, exclaimed, with an ironical play on his name, "O Luther! thou art a true Luther." (*Lauterer*, "a purifier.")

Calvi, a learned bookseller of Pavia, took a large quantity of copies of Luther's early works to Italy, and distributed them. The power with which Luther maintained the cause of Christ filled him with joy. "All the learned men of Italy," wrote he, "will unite with me, and we will send you tributary verses from our most distinguished writers."

Nobles and people, castles and free towns, rivalled each other in zeal and and enthusiasm for Luther. At Nuremberg, Strasburg, and even at Mentz, his smallest pamphlets were emulously caught up as soon as they appeared. The sheets were hurried and smuggled into shops, all wet from the press, and were greedily devoured by the aspiring *literateurs* of the German Companionship, by the poetic tinmen, and the learned cordwainers.

Nothing seconded Luther more powerfully than the zeal of the printers and booksellers in behalf of the new ideas. The works which were favorable to him were printed by the printers with the minutest care, and often at their own expense, and large numbers of copies struck off. Many old monks, too, who had returned to a secular life, lived on Luther's works, and hawked them throughout Germany.

Scultetus says, "I have heard my tutor say that students flocked to Wittenberg from all countries, to hear Luther and Melanchthon; and that, as soon as they descried the city from a distance, they used to return thanks to God, with uplifted hands, for that from Wittenberg, as formerly from Jerusalem, there came out the light of gospel truth, to be spread unto the farthest corners of the earth."

John Troben, the celebrated printer of Basle, wrote to Luther, in 1519, that his books were read and approved, even at Paris, and even in the Sorbonne; that he had not a single copy left of all those he had reprinted, and that they were dispersed over Italy, Spain, and elsewhere, and everywhere approved by the doctors.

Luther as a Sacred Poet.

Not less curious and significant than Luther's prose-writings, are his poems: those songs which burst forth from him in his trials and difficulties — like the flower that struggles into existence from between the stones; a lunar ray shedding light on an angry ocean. Luther loved music passionately; he wrote a treatise on the art, and his own compositions are sweet and melodious. He obtained and merited the title of the Swan of Eisleben. But he was any thing but a gentle swan in those songs of his in which he rouses the courage of his followers, and lashes himself into a furious ardor. The song, for instance, with which he entered Worms, followed by his companions, was a true war-song. The old cathedral shook again at the strange sounds, and the ravens were disturbed in their nests on the summits of the towers. This hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its powerful energy and expression, and may some day again startle us, with its sonorous and iron-girt words, in similar contests.

He translated and remodelled some Latin hymns, and also sung his own German compositions, which he set to music. Hans Sach designated him as the "Wittenberg Nightingale." As early as 1524, he published the *first* German Hymn-book, which contained only eight hymns, but which increased the next year to forty; and thus gradually there was gathered into the Lutheran church a treasury of sacred songs, growing

out of her faith and experience, such as was until then entirely unknown in the church of Rome.

These vigorous and delightful hymns soon became the common property of all who embraced the truth. Although Joachim I. of Brandenburg issued a stern decree against the use of them, in 1526, yet they were not discontinued, but their circulation only the more extensively promoted.

Merchants, who attended the fairs at Frankfort and Leipzig, went also to Wittenberg, to see and hear Luther. They carried his doctrines and hymns home, and circulated them. Young men, also, who studied at Wittenberg, and who were converted to the gospel, spread them abroad. The son of the Bürgermeister of Zullichan, who had studied at Wittenberg, preached the first gospel sermon in the town church. He began the singing of Luther's hymn, *Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist*—"Now we invoke the Holy Ghost"—which so enraged his own father, that, in a violent passion he hastened out of the church, exclaiming, "Now we invoke the devil." But this senseless opposition only helped the cause.

Great numbers of travelling mechanics crowded to Wittenberg, to hear the "German Prophet," and conveyed what they heard to every section of the land.

As early as 1524, an old blind cobbler, surrounded by hundreds of people, used to sing one of Luther's hymns on the market-place. Some evil-disposed monks wished to silence him, but they were driven away by the people, and the cobbler was requested to repeat the hymn frequently, many copies of which he also sold to the crowd.

In 1531, St. Nicholas's church at Gardelegen was set on fire, and although the flames might have been extinguished, yet the priests and monks prevented it; for they foresaw the results of the Reformation, and would rather see the church burnt to ashes, than that it should come into the possession of the Lutherans. They also endeavored to prevent the people from singing Luther's hymn, *Es will uns Gott genädig seyn* — "May God be gracious to us now"—which the crowd struck up during the conflagration; but they did not succeed.

Cyriac Spangenberg, in his Preface to his "Harp of Luther," says, "We do not find in his hymns a single superfluous or useless word. Everything flows forth so sweetly and purely — so full of spirit and truth, that nearly every word is a sermon, or at least conveys something salutary and instructive. All pious hearts must confess with me, and declare that in Luther's Hymn-book God has granted us a gift of extraordinary excellence, for which we can never sufficiently thank Him."

The extreme popularity of these hymns is apparent from the fact, that they were translated into the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Bohemian, French, Danish, Swedish, English, and other languages.

The testimony of many papal writers might be adduced, to show how Luther's hymns were hated and feared. For instance, the Jesuit Adam Contzen says, "The hymns of Luther have ruined more souls than all his writings and sermons. And hence the rulers of the church must also employ that as a medicine, what the deceivers have invented as a destroyer." Hence it was that the Papists also began to prepare

hymns, and absolutely used Luther's, and introduced some of them, with a little alteration, into their own hymn-books. The papal hymn-book, published in Mentz in 1679, contains many of Luther's compositions.

Whole volumes have been written on the happy effects of these hymns, and many interesting anecdotes are related, only a few of which shall here be communicated.

In 1527, the Council at Brunswick requested a priest at Magdeburg, who was regarded as a learned man, to resist the Reformation, which was rushing over the country like a flood. He preached a sermon on the Merit of Good Works in securing Salvation. A hearer rose, and stated that he had learned a quite different doctrine from the Scriptures; and when the priest was about to begin his defence, another person began singing, *Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein* — "O God, from heaven look down on us." The whole congregation immediately joined in, and the priest was compelled to a disgraceful retreat.

Something similar occurred in Lubeck, in 1529. When, on a certain occasion, a priest, after his sermon, was about to recite the Prayer for the Dead, the congregation began singing the same hymn. The voice of the priest was completely drowned, and no one heard the prayer.

In 1527, a papal doctor, in Frankfort, mounted the pulpit, and eloquently held forth his errors. The congregation listened patiently for a while, and then, as with one voice, sung, *Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist*— "Now we invoke the Holy Ghost." After this, the preacher was about to proceed with his services, but

the people again interrupted him by the Lutheran hymn, *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen gemein* — "Dear saints, lift up your hearts with joy." The preacher was obliged to leave the ground in the possession of his psalm-singing opponents.

Syriac Spangenberg, in his *Adelspiegel*, relates a story, in connexion with the hymn, *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn*, which may be here introduced.

"The councillor and military leader of the Duke of Regenstein was Hans de Lunderstedt, who was also the principal promoter of the Reformation in that dukedom. But his master, the old Duke, was bitterly opposed to it, and employed all his power to resist the introduction of the New Doctrine, as it was called, into his dominion. The Romish priests filled his ears with all manner of evil reports, and made him believe that Luther's doctrine was the most execrable heresy that had ever appeared — though the good old Duke never read, nor understood, nor would hear, a word about it. When a preacher one Sunday allowed the people for the first time to sing two of Luther's hymns, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott* — "A safe stronghold our God is still," and, *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn* — "May God be gracious to us now," the enemies of the truth represented the matter to the Duke as the most disgraceful infraction of all church order, and the most outrageous attack on her doctrines. The Duke became furious. He immediately sent for the Captain, and ordered him to drag the rebellious preacher by the hair of his head to Halberstadt, to submit to an examination on his heretical hymns, and suffer the punishment due to his wicked presumption. The Captain humbly besought the Duke to be cautious; for, after all, the hymns may

not have been so bad as represented. He was, also, well acquainted with the offending preacher, and knew him to be a loyal subject, who would not permit any thing improper to be sung in his church. The Duke replied, 'They may be as they please; it is enough for me that they are Lutheran, and therefore heretical; and hence he would allow nothing of the kind in his duchy.' The Captain inquired, 'Whether His Grace really knew what the hymns were?' He replied, 'One begins thus, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and the other, *Es woll Gott uns genädig seyn*. I will not permit any such stuff to be sung in my churches. Go, bring the outrageous heretic before me instantly.' The Captain mildly rejoined, 'Most gracious master! think well of what you are saying. Does not your Grace want God to be your stronghold still? Are you not willing that men in your duchy should praise and glorify Him? Do you not, also, wish that God may be gracious to us now, as the hymn expresses it, and that men should call on him? Who else would be gracious to us? From the devil's grace may God protect us.' He continued, by telling the Duke that Luther did not make these hymns, but that they are two psalms of David, which Luther only turned into verse, so that they could be sung, and that they contain nothing but prayer to God, and consolation for us poor mortals. And to show the unchristian spirit of those who had brought these complaints to him, the Captain read the whole of the hymns. This satisfied the Duke, and even excited in him a desire to read Luther's writings. The happy consequences were soon apparent, for shortly after he opened the door for the introduction of the New Doctrine into his duchy."

It was the same hymn which Gustavus Adolphus,

the pious King of Sweden, sung on the morning of the battle of Lutzen, Nov. 6, 1632. After he had drawn up his army, the whole army together, accompanied with trumpets, sung, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn.* This animated the troops, as no other means would have done, and they fought heroically for God and the truth. When his servant brought him his coat-of-mail, he said, "No, God is my armor." But it was the last time the King sung the hymn, for he fell that day on the field of battle.

The Elector and Pfalsgrau, Frederick III., when asked, why he did not build fortifications in his country, replied, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.* I have faithful subjects, well-disposed neighbors, and, in case of need, a goodly number of such warriors who will not only resist my enemies with armor of steel, but especially with prayer."

Hospitality, Charity, and Poverty.

Luther's income was disproportionate to his expenses. He has often said "that he gave more out than he took in." His pay at this time amounted but to 200 guilders, and his own family expenses to 500. Besides, he aided his poor relations, and was obliged to perform many expensive journeys on business relating to the Reformation. His eminent position in society often subjected him to invitations to assume the relation of godfather, and this always levied contributions on his purse. He was, also, obliged to make numerous marriage presents, and almost daily to entertain strangers, which compelled him to keep a corresponding number of servants. His expenses were so great that sometimes he was embarrassed with considerable debts. He says, "I am unfit for housekeeping. I am made quite poor by the necessary support of my destitute relations, and the daily demands of strangers. We are daily plunging deeper into debt, and I know not whether to apply to the Elector again, or to let things go on, and the worst come to the worst, until want drives me forth from Wittenberg into the tender hands of pope and emperor. In writing to another friend, he says, "You know that I am quite oppressed by my large domestic establishment; for, through my thoughtlessness, I have during this year made debts to the amount of more than 100 guilders. I have pledged three silver cups at one place for 50 guilders. But the Lord, who chastises my folly, will deliver me. Hence it is that Cranach and Aurifaber will no longer take me as security, for they observe that

I have an empty purse. I have given them my fourth cup for 12 guilders, which they have loaned to Herrman. But why is it that my purse is so completely exhausted — no, not quite exhausted — but why am I so deeply immersed in debt? — I believe no one will charge me with parsimony, avarice, &c."

He sometimes had the honor of entertaining persons of exalted rank. Elizabeth, the sister of Christian II., King of Denmark, has often been his guest for upwards of three months at a time, and it is no small matter for a poor man to entertain a princess.

Many monks and nuns, who had escapad from convents, often imposed themselves on his hospitality, and sometimes shamefully deceived him.

In 1537 he took into his house his relative and countryman Agricola, with his wife and family, and kept them for a long time, until Luther procured a professorship for him.

Luther's five children were now growing up, and their education was by no means neglected. And even the fields which his wife owned, near Wittenberg and Zolldrof, demanded no little outlay.

To all this was superadded his peculiar disposition— which has, however, characterized many great minds— that is, a perfect contempt of all earthly possessions. The grounds of this he sought and found in the Bible. When with scorn he rejected all offers of gold and dignities, on condition of renouncing his faith, which his enemies made, he did right; but it must be confessed that, as a father of a family, he was too careless about their wants. Thus, when some one reminded him that he might at least lay up a little property for his family, he replied, "That I will not do; for, otherwise, they will not trust to God or their own exertions, but to the

money." Thus he presented all his manuscripts to the printers, who were at that time also booksellers, and when they offered him 400 guilders annually for the privilege of printing and selling his books, he rejected the offer, and said, "I will not sell the grace of God. I have enough." Only occasionally he asked for a copy of his books, as a present to a friend.

He charged no fee for his lectures. "It was my intention," said he, "after my marriage, to lecture for pay. But as God anticipated me, I have all my life sold no copy of my books, nor read lectures for money; and, if it please God, I will carry this honor to the grave with me."

When the Elector, John the Constant, in 1529, designed to honor him with a share in a productive silver-mine at Schneeberg, as a compliment for his translation of the Bible, he replied, "It better becomes me to pay the amount of my share with a *Pater noster*, that the ores may continue productive, and the product may be well applied." This he confirmed soon after (Sept. 8, 1530), with these words, "I have never taken a penny for my translation, and never asked it." And at another place he says, "If I did not feel such a painful concern *for His sake who died for me*, the whole world could not give me money enough to write a book or to translate any portion of the Bible. I am not willing to be rewarded by the world for my labor: *the world is too poor for that.*"

Melanchthon promised him 1000 guilders, if he would finish the translation of Æsop, begun in 1530, and dedicate it to some great personage; but Luther desired

to labor exclusively for the diffusion of the gospel, and write theological works, for which he would receive no pay.

Another friend made him a present of 200 guilders, which he generously divided among poor students.

When, in 1529, Bugenhagen brought him a gift of 100 guilders from a rich gentleman, he gave the half of it to Melanchthon.

As early as 1520, he received a bequest of 150 guilders from Dr. Heinrich Buke, at Naumburg; and, in 1521, a person named Marcus Schart presented him with 50 guilders, which he divided with his prior, Breisger.

When the Elector, John the Steadfast, in 1542, ordered a tax to be levied to raise money to carry on the war against the Turks, and exempted Luther's property, the latter would not consent to it; but, for the sake of example, had property to the amount of 610 guilders assessed, which property was obtained by gifts from the benevolent.

Dr. Mayer, in a sermon preached in 1608, states that Luther's income was 200 guilders a year, and then observes, "Those who opposed Luther, and through him the gospel, were rewarded with magnificent gifts, so that Erasmus used to say, *Pauperum et tenuem Lutherum multos locupletare* — 'The poor Luther made many rich,' *i. e.* Eck, Faber, &c. But the great and meritorious teacher himself scarcely had a support. The whole ordinary income of this illustrious man was not more than 175 rix dollars a year, and yet he annually spent more than 500 guilders in alms and hospitality, as he himself testifies."

Of his translation of the Bible, Luther says, "I can testify with a good conscience, that I devoted my best energies and most faithful exertions to it, and never had any unworthy motives in carrying it on. For I have never taken, nor desired, nor gained, a single kreutzer from it. And God knows I did not seek my honor, but performed the work for the sake of Christians, and for the honor of Him who is seated on high, who every hour has shown me so much good, that if I had translated a thousand times as much, yet I would not have deserved to live an hour, or to have a sound eye.

Many other similar instances of his remarkable disinterestedness, which, however, was not always worthy of imitation, might be mentioned. He was liberal and benevolent, as even few rich men are; and hence it is, that his children received no great inheritance from him. Thus on one occasion a very poor man applied to him for help. He had no money on hand, and his wife was sick. But he took the donation which had been made to his infant at its recent baptism, and gave it to the applicant. The sick wife, who soon missed the money out of the savings' box, expressed her displeasure; but Luther meekly replied, "God is rich — He will provide in some other way."

At another time, a young man, who had finished his studies and was about to leave Wittenberg, made a similar request. Luther was again destitute of funds. With sincere sympathy, he deplored his inability to aid the youth. But when he observed his deep distress, his eye fell on a silver cup, which had been presented to him by the Elector. He looked inquiringly at his wife. Her countenance seemed to reply, "No!" But he hastily snatched the cup, and gave it to the student.

The latter was very much astonished, and was unwilling to take it. Catherine also, by winks and looks, intimated to her husband not to press the acceptance of it on the stranger. But Luther, with a great effort, pressed the sides of the cup together, and gave it to the young man, saying, "I have no use for a silver cup. Here, take it — carry it to a goldsmith, and keep all you can get for it."

He not only commended poor people to the charity of the Elector and others, but always set a good example himself. There is still extant a manuscript note of his to the Town Council of Wittenberg, in these words: "Dear Sirs!—This poor fellow is obliged to leave here, for he can obtain no support; but he has not the means of going. He is a pious and learned man, and must be helped. You well know that my daily benefactions are not small, and that I cannot afford to do everything; hence I beg of you to let him have 30 groschen. If not so much, give him 20, and I will give 10; if you will not do that, do give the half, and I will give the other half. God will restore it."

Occasionally it happened that he was obliged to excuse himself from giving, for he had nothing to give. When Spalatin married, Luther wrote him a letter of congratulation, and added, "I, poor man! would have sent you the golden cup you presented my wife, if I had not thought it would offend you. I send you another article, which is still left to me, and I do not know whether you ever owned it or not. But you must not measure the extent of my esteem for you by this inconsiderable gift! But why should I use many words? I am well aware that you know me better than to require many assurances from me.

As Luther was an admirer of medals and coins, Spalatin often sent him new pieces. Luther once replied thus: "My Mansfeld people have begged all the gold coins you have sent me, and I do not want any more—they will beg them again. I should not have any thing of mine own."

Disinterestedness was a leading feature in the character of Luther: superior to all selfish considerations, he left the honors and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches; for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Schneeberg; but he nobly refused it—"Lest," said he, "I should tempt the devil, who is lord of these subterraneous treasures, to tempt me."

The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the popes asked a certain cardinal, why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!" It may easily be supposed that the liberality of such a man would often exceed his means.

In one of his epistles, Luther says, "I have received 100 guilders from Taubereim; and Scharts has given me 50; so that I begin to fear, lest God should reward me in this life. But I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money! I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

"I have not sought wealth, nor glory, nor pleasure," he wrote to Camerarius; and well may the latter say, "In the way in which he kept house, on account of his hospitality and the multitude of applicants for aid which he had, he never would have been able to bring his family through, if a secret divine blessing had not from time to time supplied that which was needful."

He often quoted the expression of Achilles, in Philostratus, "My portion is a vast deal of work; let others have a large share of wealth, who will."

Had he wished to sell his silence, he would have found more than monarch ready to be the purchaser. This poverty is noble, and he bore it with courage. He never spoke of it except to make his friends merry at it.

Luther's poverty led his enemies to hope that he could be bought by money or honors. But all their attempts failed on a man who had no regard for wealth, and whose highest honor it was to be a preacher of God's word. The Papists wrote to Rome, "This German beast has no respect for gold nor honors."

He says, "I was born of poor parents. My father was a poor miner, and my mother was obliged to carry all the wood used in the family on her back. My dear parents endured much severe labor. But I am richer than all the papist theologians in the world, for I am satisfied with little. I have received from the hand of God a wife and six children, of which the papal priestlings are not worthy."

The following postscript to a letter, dated the 3d Monday after Easter, 1542, and addressed to his venerable friends, Gerhard Xanthis and colleagues at Erfurt, bears testimony to his disinterested liberality: "I have given the messenger those two guilders which you ordered him to present to me, in order that he may return them to you. I do not think it proper to accept anything, because of the remarks of wicked persons; nor do I intend to abuse your benevolence to me, but will endeavor to avoid giving occasion to calumniators to speak evil of me."

On the 9th of January, 1542, Melanchthon took supper with Luther. Talking about how matters went on in this world, and how people were disposed, particular mention was made of a professor at Wittenberg, who was aiming with eagerness at the goods of this world, and all his thoughts were directed upon money. Then the wife of D. M. remarked: "If my husband had had such a disposition, he would have become a very rich man." Philip replied, "This is impossible; for those who have only in view the common welfare cannot pursue their own advantage."

Dr. Luther, together with Dr. Jonas, Veit Dietrich, and a few other of his boarders, one day took a ride to Tessen. There Luther distributed alms among the poor. When Jonas did the same, saying, "Who knows in what way God may return these alms to me," Luther remarked, smiling, "Just as if God had not given it to you before. Freely we must give — out of pure love, and cheerfully."

"This is a sure text, making people rich and poor. Persons who do not give, because they wish to leave their children a large legacy, keep nothing. It is a common saying, which always will remain true: *De male quæsitis, non gaudet tertius hæres* — 'The third heir will not enjoy the benefit of goods unfairly gotten;' and, as the Italians say: *Male quæsit, male perdit* — 'As it is gained, so it is lost.' Unlawfully-acquired property does not prosper, nor does it come to the third generation. Again: 'Whosoever is fond of giving, to him will be given' — it is a blessing to the house. Therefore, my dear Çatherine," said he, "if there is no more money, let us part with our goblets: we are obliged to give, provided we wish to receive. Pride reduces to poverty. Like a certain man here, who became poor, because he never would count his money, but weighed it. Likewise, also, a woman at Zwickau must now go begging, because she used to slight the poor country-people. Therefore, money makes no man rich; but 'give, and it shall also be given to you.' In the Prophets we frequently read, 'They expected from their vineyards to raise a thousand casks, and scarcely got three hundred; for, said they, the Lord breathed into the vineyards, because you did not give any thing to the poor.'"

Abstinence.

"When I was ill at Schmalcalden, the physician made me take as much medicine as though I had been a great bull. Alack for him that depends upon the aid of physic! I do not deny that medicine is the gift of God, nor do I refuse to acknowledge science in the skill of many physicians; but, take the best of them, how far are they from perfection? A sound regimen produces excellent effects. When I feel indisposed, by observing a strict diet and going to bed early, I generally manage to get sound again — that is, if I can keep my mind tolerably at rest. I have no objection to the doctors acting upon certain theories, but at the same time they must not expect us to be the slaves of their fancies. We find Avicenna and Galen, living in other times and in other countries, prescribing wholly different remedies for the same disorders. I wont pin my faith to any of them, ancient or modern. On the other hand, nothing can well be more deplorable than the proceedings of those fellows, ignorant as they are complaisant, who let their patients follow exactly their own fancies — 'tis these wretches who more especially people the graveyards. Able, cautious, and experienced physicians are gifts of God. They are the ministers of nature, to whom human life is confided; but a moment's negligence may ruin everything. No physician should take a single step, but in humility and the fear of God: they who are without the fear of God are mere homicides. I expect that exercise and change of air do more good than all their purgings and bleedings; but when we do employ medical remedies, we should

be careful to do so under the advice of a judicious physician. See what happened to Peter Lupinus, who died from taking internally a mixture designed for external application. I remember hearing of a great lawsuit, arising out of a dose of appium being given instead of a dose of opium."

The Reformer was, however, temperate: he drank little, and brought to table all that constitutes its charm — gay conversation, joyous mirth, sarcastic sallies, and the treasures of his exhaustless memory.

"I have often wondered," says Melanchthon, "how he could live with so little food. I have known him, though in good health, to abstain from food entirely for four days, and often, for many days together, to be content with a little bread and a herring.

Luther's Asperity of Style and Manners.

The asperity of Luther's style of writing threw a shade over all his virtues; though the rudeness and indelicacy of the age in which he lived, apologized in part for this defect. The court of the Elector more than once reproved his excessive fervor; and those who admired the shrewdness, the solidity, the sincerity, and the magnanimity of his conceptions, could not commend the manner in which he conveyed them. As this is the least defensible part of his character, let us hear him for once apologize for himself:— "I own," said he to Spalatin, "that I am more vehement than I ought to be: I have to do with men who blaspheme evangelical truth; with wolves; and with those who condemn me unheard, without admonishing, without instructing me; and also utter the most atrocious slanders against myself and the word of God: even the most senseless spirit might be moved to resistance by their unreasonable conduct; much more I, who am choleric by nature, am possessed of very irritable feelings, and of a temper easily apt to exceed the bounds of moderation. I cannot, however, but be surprised, whence this novel taste arose, to call everything spoken against an adversary, abusive language. What think ye of Christ? Was he a reviler, when he calls the Jews an adulterous and perverse generation, a progeny of vipers, hypocrites, and the children of the devil? What think ye of Paul, who calls the enemies of the gospel dogs and seducers; who, in Acts xiii., inveighs against a false prophet in this manner — 'O, full of all subtilty and all malice, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of

all righteousness'? Why does not Paul gently soothe the impostor, rather than thunder at this rate? A mind conscious of truth cannot with easy indifference endure the obstinate enemies of truth. I see that all persons demand of me moderation, and especially those of my adversaries who least of all exhibit it. If I am too warm, I am yet frank and open; in which point I think that I excel those, who always act with artifice and guile."

In justice, however, to the Saxon Reformer, it ought to be added, that the passionate heats and commotions of his mind appear to have been always of a transient nature — to have evaporated in words — never to have left any stains on his general conduct or measures; and, if we except the mere use of hard terms and expressions, to have seldom either injured his argumentation, or led him, even in the most trying scenes, to transgress the rules of charity, moderation, and decorum. His great historical adversary, Maimbourg, says, "Luther wrote against the Pope's Bull, and defended all his errors. He treated the author of the Bull as Antichrist; and, like a madman, filled his book with the most atrocious and injurious expressions. Yet it cannot be denied, that, notwithstanding this heat and impetuosity, which were natural to him, he always considered well what he wrote, and always in his writings displayed the man of genius and erudition."

"What a bustle," said Luther on his dying bed, "will they raise after my death!" And then, with deep sighs and a vast effusion of tears, he confessed how intemperate he had been at times in his language, and appealed to Him who knows all things, that in

this he had given way to the infirmity of the flesh, thereby endeavoring to shake off the burden of his afflictions; but that his conscience did not reproach him for having harbored any ill will.

Claude says, "I confess that it were to be wished Luther had shown more temper than he has done in his manner of writing; and that his great and invincible courage, his strong zeal for the truth, and his uninterrupted, unshaken resolution, had been joined with greater moderation and reserve. But these faults, which most commonly are the effect of constitution, prevent not our entertaining an esteem for men, when in other respects we find them to be sincerely pious, and possessed of virtues perfectly heroic, such as were seen to shine forth in Luther, For we do not scruple to applaud Lucifer, Bishop of Cagliari, nor to admire the exalted qualities of St. Jerome, though we acknowledge that their manner of writing discovers too much heat and virulence. Perhaps, too, it was particularly necessary, at the time of the Reformation, to employ all the force of expression, the better to awake men out of the deep lethargy in which they had been so long plunged."

"It is not meant to assert," says M'Gavin, "that Luther was a perfect man, or that he had a perfect acquaintance with the whole of divine truth. . . Luther possessed many faults in point of temper, which no man knew better, and deplored more sincerely, than himself; but, in point of moral character, I do not only say, that he will bear a comparison with the best of his adversaries, but that he stands in bright contrast with those who defamed and persecuted him.

"I know that my popish neighbors will triumph greatly on account of my admission, that Luther erred, and that he had a violent temper; and, what depend ence, they will ask, can any man have on that religion, the founder of which was a fallible and even an erring man? I must tell them again, though they know it, that Protestants do not acknowledge Luther, or any mere man, as the founder of their religion; but that it has its foundation in the word of God, which Luther was an instrument of bringing to the view of the world at large, after the church of Rome had done what she could to conceal it from public view.

"But though some churches have chosen to call themselves by the name of Luther, it is right the world should know, that the Reformer spurned with abhorrence the idea of having a sect named after him. In his warning against sedition and tumult (says Milner, the historian, vol. v. p. 68), he exhorts all men not so much as to mention his name in a sectarian view: not to call themselves Lutherans, but Christians. 'The doctrine,' says he, 'is not mine, nor was I crucified for any one. Paul and Peter forbad the people to call themselves after their names; why should I, who am soon to be food for worms, desire the children of Christ to be called by the name of so poor a creature? By no means! No — no! Let us have done with factious appellations; and be called Christians, because we possess the doctrine of Christianity. The Papists have very properly another name, because they are not content with Christ's name, and Christ's doctrine; they choose to be called Papists. Be it so, because they have a master. I desire to be no man's master. I hold with the church the doctrine which belongs to us all in common, and of which Christ alone is the author.'"

Against fanatics, perverse and obstinate men, and sophists, he was severe. Many wise and learned men wished that he might be more moderate, but the cause in which he was engaged demanded some vehemence. As in the treatment of grievous diseases, strong remedies are necessary, so in the reformation of the church, the terrible thunders of Rome and the virulent attacks of adversaries must be repelled with force and severity.

Luther says, "I was once sharply reprimanded by a popish priest, because, with such passion and vehemence, I reproved the people. I answered him — 'Our Lord God must first send a sharp, pouring shower, with thunder and lightning, and afterwards cause it mildly to rain, as then it wets finely through. I can easily cut a willow or a hazel wand with my trencher-knife, but for a hard oak a man must use the axe, and it is little enough to fell and cleave it.'"

In his Preface to the Commentary of Brentius on the Prophecies of Amos, published in 1530, Luther, addressing the author, speaks of himself as follows: — "I laud not Brentius, but the Spirit, which fills thee with so great tranquillity, gentleness, and sweetness; thus causing the eloquent language to flow in a purer, clearer, and more polished style, and hence affecting and delighting the reader the more. But my untutored spirit, being a stranger to studied language, only knows how to throw up a chaotic multitude of words; for which reason I am also assailed, so that I grow turbulent and fierce, like a combatant who is compelled constantly to encounter innumerable wild beasts. Hence, if it be lawful to compare small things with great, I may say, that while I partake of that threefold spirit

of Elijah (1 Kings, 19) — the storm, the earthquake, and the fire, which subverts mountains and tears the rocks in pieces — thou, with others of like spirit, actest under the influence of that still, soft zephyr which cools and refreshes. For which reason, also, your sayings and writings are the more agreeable and acceptable, even to myself, to say nothing of others. Still, I console myself with the thought — nay, with the conviction, that by reason of the greatness of His house, our heavenly parent has need of various kinds of servants: of hard ones against the hardened, and of rough ones against the refractory; just as for the cleaving of knotty wood peculiar wedges are employed, and as God, in order to fructify the earth the more thoroughly and abundantly, has need not only of rain to irrigate, but also of thunder to shake the ground, and of lightning to purify the air."

Dr. Joachim Mœrlinus, on the reading of Luther's works, observes: "Be not deceived, because others are, or because many cry out that he (Luther) was too quick, too hot and fiery — an impetuous, angry, quarrelsome fellow. Such charges, as is well known, are preferred against him chiefly by those who are not in earnest on the subject of religion, but temporize and act as time and persons and occasion may seem to require. But Luther always used to be in holy, godly earnest about the work of God, the cause of the church, her prosperity and salvation. To promote these with the utmost faithfulness, engaged his whole heart, his body and soul. Hence he burned like Paul (who says the same of himself), when interfered with in his pursuit of these sublime objects; so that by his experience are verified the following words of Isaiah (ch. 46): —

'He hath made my mouth a sharp sword' (not an old rusty saw), and 'with the shadow of his hand hath he covered me.' The work, therefore, was the work of God, which that dear man of God has carried out and accomplished with joyful, cheerful consistency; while others, with all their boasted moderation, have staggered in the attempt, and, alas! are miserably fallen!"

Philip Melanchthon, speaking of Luther, in his Funeral Sermon, says: "No one who was at all acquainted with him, can be ignorant of his great kindness, his sweetness of temper in familiar circles, where he was seldom heard to argue or dispute. Joined, however, to these was that gravity which one would look for in such a man. For his character was true withal — his language affable. Yea, I may go farther, and say, that his character is delineated in those words of St. Paul— 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.' It is manifest, moreover, that the asperity of his zeal was not caused by bitterness or a love of contention, but by a love of the truth. Of this we all, together with many outsiders, are witnesses."

Erasmus Alberus, in his work against Carlstadt, speaks of Luther as follows: — "He was a man without guile, opposed to liars and shufflers. He loved candor; hated covetousness; was an enemy to pride; a stranger to drunkenness and sensuality. Anger he knew not, except when in arms against Papists, Errorists, &c. To the obstinate he was terrible; to the timid, a comforter. He was not stubborn — not morose or

churlish; but when spoken to, would reply kindly and satisfactorily. He was no mocker, but full of sympathy for the simple and foolish. He was very liberal, willing to lend, and ready to serve, not only by counsel and advice, but by works and actions."

In another part of his Funeral Sermon, Melanchthon says: "Some well-disposed persons have complained, that Luther has been more severe than he ought to have been. With these I will not dispute in any way, but answer them in the same words which Erasmus so often used, viz., that because of the greatness of the disease God has given to this latter age a severe physician. But after He has raised such an instrument against the haughty and impudent enemies of the truth as is described in these words of Jeremiah, 'Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth, to destroy and build up' — after He has resolved to throw this Gorgon in their way — they vainly expostulate with God. God neither governs the church by human counsel, nor does he wish his instruments to be altogether alike. But the contrary is usually the case; so that, the more violent the tendency is, either for good or evil, the less is it appreciated by common and timid minds. I do not deny, that there is occasionally something sinful in those more violent tendencies; since, in the present infirmity of our nature, no man is entirely faultless. But if a man be — what the ancients said of Hercules and Cimon and others — a good man, and worthy of praise; if, moreover, he fight the good fight in the church — keeping, as St. Paul says, the faith and a good conscience: he is acceptable to God, and deserving of veneration from men. Such a character was Luther."

Godfried Arnold, in his History of Heresies (vol. iv. p. 85), writes as follows: "Though Luther was vehement in his publications, yet was he meek and gentle to everybody, not only in private conversation, but also in his public disputations at college; so much so, that even though his opponent produced a weak argument, Luther invariably admitted — nay, assumed it himself, putting it in a better form than that in which it had been advanced, and always supporting it with such plausible reasons as his adversary would never have thought of; which being done, he would confute the same argument, by a striking process of reasoning, to the entire satisfaction of its supporters, who in this way generally learned something which they had neither known nor intended to know before."

Similarly speaks Melanchthon (on Luther, Book 3, Epist. 66, to Erasmus): "He was a much better man than one would suppose, who judged him merely from his severe controversial publications."

"The question," says Keil, "whether Luther might not now and then have expressed himself somewhat more modestly, I will leave unanswered. He was a man like ourselves, and as such liable to mistakes of various kinds. Spangenberg's thoughts on this subject are as follows: 'They are heartless persons, who affirm, that Luther might have said some things more modestly, and that he has written a great deal without consideration and in anger. Such contempt sufficiently proves, that he was not such a weathercock and April-theologian — not such a patcher, paster, dauber, and whittler, in matters of religion, as themselves; but a true, consistent prophet, who went straight by the word of God, no matter whether it was agreeable to natural reason

or not.' And again: 'Luther's severity was not the result of a contentious, malicious disposition, but of great earnest and zeal in the cause of truth.'

"Arnold places Luther's zeal among his natural endowments, when he says: 'Among his natural gifts, his bold, heroical courage was the noblest, by reason of which he exhibited such uncommonly strong faith, not only for himself in his temptations, but also in his exploits; often slaying, like a second Samson, thousands of cowardly Papists and other Philistines.' To these remarks, however, Spangenberg takes exception by saying: 'Luther possessed his high, indomitable courage, not as a natural endowment, but as a special gift of God, whereby the Lord qualified him for His own special service — making him an apostle of the Germans.'"

Towards Tetzel Luther acted in a manner which was truly noble and magnanimous. As soon as he heard of his (last) illness, he wrote him a kind letter, full of expressions of sympathy. And, alluding to Tetzel's situation at that time, he observes (in another place): "I am sorry that Tetzel has got himself into such great trouble, in consequence of his character and conduct having been exposed. If it had been possible, I could rather wish him to have repented and remained in honor; since my reputation can neither suffer by his honor, nor increase by his disgrace." Thus did he heap coals of fire on the head of his adversary; thereby showing, that it was not the person, but the wicked principles and actions, which he abhorred and hated.

Before the Diet of Worms, Luther said: "The third and last portion of my writings is of a polemical char-

acter; and herein I confess that I have often been more rough and violent than religion and my gown warrant. I do not give myself out for a saint. It is not my life and conduct that I am discussing before you, but the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, I do not think it will suit me to retract this more than the rest; since, here too, I should only be approving of the tyranny and impiety which persecute God's people. I am only a man. I can defend my doctrine only after my divine Saviour's example, who, when smote by the servant of the high-priest, said to him, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' If, then, the Lord himself asked to be interrogated, and that by a sorry slave, how much more may I, who am but dust and ashes, and may well fall into error, ask to be allowed to justify myself with regard to this doctrine! . . If Scripture testimony be against me, I will retract with all my heart, and will be the first to cast my books into the flames."

Fabricius Capito, in an answer to Luther's letter, had found fault with his asperity, and said that the great ought to be tenderly treated, excuses made for them, and at times their faults even winked at. Luther replied, "You require gentleness and circumspection: I understand you. But is there any thing in common between the Christian and the hypocrite? The Christian faith is a public and sincere faith: it sees and proclaims things as they really are. . . . My own opinion is, that everything should be unmasked — that there should be no tenderness, no excuses, no shutting one's eyes to any thing; so that the truth may remain pure, visible and open to the inspection of all. . . Jeremiah (ch. xl.) has these words, 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.' It is one thing, my dear

Fabricius, to laud and extenuate vice; another, to cure it by goodness and mildness. Above all, it behoveth to proclaim aloud what is just and unjust; and then, when the hearer is deeply impressed by our teaching, to welcome him and cheer him, despite the backslidings into which he may still lapse. 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye,' says St. Paul. . . . I hope that I cannot be reproached with ever having failed in charity or patience toward the weak. . . If your cardinal had written his letter in the sincerity of his heart, O my God, with what joy, what humility, would I not fall at his feet! How unworthy should I not esteem myself to kiss the dust beneath them! For am I aught else than dust and ordure! Let him receive God's word, I will be unto him as a faithful and lowly servant. . . As regards those who persecute and condemn that word, the highest charity consists precisely in withstanding in every way their sacrilegious furies. . . . Think you to find Luther a man who will consent to shut his eyes, if he be only cajoled a little? . . . Dear Fabricius, I ought to give you a harsher answer than the present. . My *love* inclines me to die for you; but whoso touches my *faith*, touches the apple of my eye. Laugh at or prize *love*, as you like; but *faith* — the word — you should adore and look upon as the holy of holies."

The Preface which he prefixed to his Explanation of the Miracle of the Lepers, and which he addressed to several of his friends, may be quoted here: "Poor brother that I am! Here have I again lighted a great fire; having again *bitten* a good hole in the pocket of the Papists! — have attacked confession! What is now to be done with me? Where will they find sulphur, bitumen, iron, and wood enough to reduce this pestilent

heretic to ashes? It will be necessary, at least, to take the windows out of the churches, in order that the holy priests may find room for their preaching on the gospel; that is, for their reproaches and furious vociferations against Luther. What else will they present to the poor people? Each must preach what he can and what he knows. . . . Kill, kill — they cry out — kill this heresiarch, who seeks to overthrow the whole ecclesiastical polity — who seeks to fire all Christendom! — I hope that I may be found worthy of their proceeding to this extreme, and that they will heap on me the measure of their fathers. But it is not yet time; my hour is not yet come; I must first exasperate still more this race of vipers, so as to deserve to find death at their hands."

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Luther had many other attacks of a very different kind to endure. At Erfurt he was accused of violence and pride in the manner in which he condemned the opinions of others; a reproach to which those persons are generally exposed who have that strength of conviction which is produced by the word of God. He was reproached with haste and with levity.

"They require modesty in me," replied Luther, "and they themselves trample it under foot, in the judgment they pass on me! — We behold the mote in another's eye, and consider not the beam that is in our own eyes. . . . The truth will gain no more by my modesty than it will lose by my rashness. — I should like to know," continued he, addressing himself to Lange, "what errors you and your divines have found in my Theses? Who does not know, that we can seldom advance a new idea, without an appearance of pride, and without being accused of seeking quarrels? If

Humility herself attempted any thing new, those of a different opinion would exclaim that she was proud. Why were Christ and all the martyrs put to death? Because they appeared proud despisers of the wisdom of the times in which they lived, and because they brought forward new truths, without having first consulted the oracles of the old opinions."

When Melanchthon arose to preach on some occasion, he took this text, "I am the good shepherd." On looking round upon his numerous and respectable audience, his natural timidity entirely overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length impatiently exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep;" and, telling him to sit down, took the same text, and preached an excellent discourse from it.

"I was born," says Luther, "to contend with the devil; hence my writings are full of rage and indignation. It is my destiny to roll rocks and move large masses; to burn up thorns and briars; to consolidate marshes and track out roads. Philip has a different nature: he advances silently and softly; he builds, he plants, he waters, in peace and joy of heart."

"Many accuse me of being too unsparing and severe when I wrote against the Papists, sectarians, &c., rebuking their false doctrines, ungodly life, and hypocrisy. I have, indeed, at times been severe, and sharply assailed my adversaries, yet so as never to have repented of it. Whether now I am severe or moderate, I have not sought the injury of any, much less the loss of a soul, but rather the good and the salvation of every one, even of mine enemies."

Morals of Luther.

Alexander, the Pope's agent, employed to reclaim Luther, is said to have disliked him on account of the soundness and purity of his morals. He is known to have said, "It is impossible to soften him by money. He is a brute, who will not look either to bribes or honors; otherwise he might long ago have had many thousands paid to him at the banker's by the Pope's orders."

Moreover, he lived a moral life, and was not given in the smallest degree to covetousness or any other vice. He was universally held to be a good and great and even holy man; insomuch, that it was the custom to paint his portrait with rays of glory round his head, as if he had been a canonized saint.

Erasmus had so good an opinion of Luther's intentions, that, in one of his Epistles, he expresses his belief, "that God had sent him to reform mankind."

Melanchthon in his Life of Luther, assures us, from his own knowledge, that the Elector of Saxony besought Erasmus in the kindest manner, to tell him freely whether he judged Luther to be mistaken respecting the principal controversies in which he was then engaged; and that Erasmus, on this occasion, spoke out, "That Luther's sentiments were true; but that he wished to see more mildness in his manner." In another letter to the Elector he says, "The cause of Luther is invidious, because he at once attacks the bellies of the monks and the diadem of the Pope." In various

other letters, and particularly in one written to Cardinal Campegius, in 1520, Erasmus opens his mind freely concerning Luther and his proceedings. He acknowledges that he possessed great natural talents; and that he had a genius particularly adapted to the explanation of difficult points of literature, and for rekindling the sparks of genuine evangelical doctrine, which were almost extinguished by the trifling subtleties of the schools. He adds, that men of the very best character, of the soundest learning, and of the most religious principles, were much pleased with Luther's books; further, that in proportion as any person was remarkable for upright morals and gospel purity, he had the less objections to Luther's sentiments. "Besides," said he, "the life of the man is extolled even by those who cannot bear his doctrines. Some, indeed, in hatred to his person, condemn what is true, pervert and misrepresent what is right, and make him pass for a heretic for saying the same things which they allow to have been pious and orthodox in Austin and Bernard."

Erasmus Alberus says, "No man could pray more fervently; no man was a better comforter; no man was a better preacher, than Luther. He was a man without guile. He was a terror to liars and equivocators. He loved integrity, and hated pride. He abhorred intemperance and licentiousness, and never betrayed any violence of temper, except it was in contest with Papists and fanatics."

Laurence de Bibra, writing to the Elector Frederick, said, "Do not let the pious Dr. Martin Luther leave you, for the charges against him are unjust."

"That same brother Martin is a man of talent," said Leo X., "and all that is said against him is mere monkish jealousy."

Erasmus says, "All the world has agreed with us in commending his moral character. With respect to his doctrine, there are various opinions. He has given us good advice on several points."

Again, "His morals are unanimously praised: it is the highest praise a man can have, that his enemies even can find no flaw in them for calumny."

Melanchthon says, "Whoever has known him, and seen him often and familiarly, will allow, that he was a most excellent man, gentle and agreeable in society, not in the least obstinate, nor given to disputation; yet with all the gravity becoming his character. If he showed any great severity in combatting the enemies of the true doctrine, it was from no malignity of nature, but from ardor and enthusiasm for the truth."

"I have often myself found him shedding bitter tears, and praying earnestly to God for the welfare of the church. He devoted part of each day to reading the Psalms, and to invoking God with all the fervor of his soul."

McGavin says, "It was a great mortification to the Papists, that they could find nothing against the moral character of Luther during his life; but they thought it would equally serve the purpose of making odious the Reformation, of which he was the chief instrument, if they could make the world believe, that there was something mysterious and horrific in his

death and burial. That he died in the faith and hope of the gospel, full of peace and comfort, has been certified by those who witnessed his last moments; for the truth of which I refer the reader to his Life by Melanchthon and others. But the Papists propagated the following ridiculous account of his death, and for any thing I know, it is firmly believed by all good Papists to this day.

"'That, going to bed merry and drunk, he was found the next morning dead in his bed, his body being black, and his tongue hanging forth, as if he had been strangled; which some think was done by the devil, and some by his wife. And that, as they bare him to the church to bury him, his body so smelt, that they were fain to throw it into a ditch, and go their ways.' This is the popish fiction; but the recorded fact is, that Luther was buried with great pomp, in the Tower church in Wittenberg, by the appointment of the Prince Elector; Bugenhagius making the funeral sermon, and Melanchthon the oration.

"Another Papist, a Jesuit, wrote as follows:—'The same day that Luther died, many that were possessed of devils, in a town of Brabant, were on a sudden delivered, and not long after possessed again. And when it was demanded of the devils, where they had been? they answered, that by the appointment of their prince they were called forth to the funeral of Luther. And this was proved to be true, because a servant of Luther, who was in the chamber when he died, opening a casement to take in air, saw near unto him a great number of black spirits hopping and dancing.' (See the Works of John White, folio, London, 1624, sec. 57.)

"It is pleasant to see how these stories neutralize one another. If Luther had a servant in his chamber when

he died, it would not have been left as a matter of uncertainty, whether it was the devil or his wife that was the immediate cause of his death; and if a legion of devils had been called from Brabant to attend his funeral, it is not probable that they would have left his body in a ditch unburied.

"But the following is worthy of the most particular attention; being more than doubly miraculous, seeing it contains an account of the death of a man who was alive and in perfect health. I quote from the same section of the same author, who gives his authority in the margin: —

"'A horrible miracle, and such as was never heard of before: that God, who ever is to be praised, in the foul death of Martin Luther, than in body and soul, showed for the glory of Christ, and the amendment and comfort of the godly. When Martin Luther fell into his disease, he desired the body of our Lord Jesus to be communicated to him; which having received, he died soon after. And when he saw his end approach, he desired that his body might be laid upon the altar, and worshipped with divine honors. But God, willing at the length to make an end of horrible errors, by a huge miracle, warned the people to desist from the impiety that Luther had brought in. For his body being laid in the grave, on the sudden such a tumult and terror arose, as if the foundation of the earth had been shaken. Whereupon, they that were present at the funeral grew amazed with fear, and lifting up their eyes, saw the Holy Ghost hanging in the air. Wherefore, with great devotion, they took it, and laid it in a holy place; which being done, this hellish noise was heard no more. The next night after was heard a noise and cracking about Luther's tomb, much

louder than before, which waked all that were within the city out of their sleep, trembling, and almost dead for fear. Wherefore, in the morning, opening the sepulchre where Luther's detestable body was laid, they found neither body nor bones, nor clothes, but a stink of brimstone coming out of the grave, and well-nigh killed all the standers by. By the which miracle, many being terrified, reformed their lives, to the honor of the Christian faith and the glory of Jesus Christ.'

"The above having spread over all Italy, and perhaps the greater part of Europe, fell at last into the hands of Luther himself, who, in perfect good humor, and not the least dismayed by the 'horrible miracle' relating to his own funeral, wrote under the narrative as follows: — 'I, Martin Luther, by this my handwriting confess and testify, that, upon the 21st of March, I received this fiction concerning my death, as it was full of madness and malice; and I read it with a glad mind and a cheerful countenance, but yet detested this blasphemy, whereby a stinking lie is fathered on the divine majesty of God. As concerning the rest, I cannot but rejoice and laugh at the devil's malice, wherewith he and his rout, the Pope and his complices, pursue me. And God convert them from this devilish malice. But if this my prayer be for the sin that is unto death, that it cannot be heard, then God grant that they may fill up the measure of their sin; and with such lying libels as this, let them delight themselves, one with another, to the full.' "

Milner says, "The serious Christian will adore the wisdom and goodness of divine providence, which, by preparatory exercises of soul, had directed that extraordinary personage into the true light and liberty of

the gospel of Christ, and fitted him for the great work to which he had been called. At the same time it seems a certain fact, that the Saxon Reformer was not induced to act the part, which has given so great a celebrity to his name, from motives of personal malice, or of ambition, or of avarice; but purely from the fear of God — from a conscientious regard to evangelical truth — from a zeal for the divine glory, and for the profit of the souls of his fellow-creatures.

"There are two points concerning Luther, on which all the most respectable, even of the papal party, unanimously concur in their testimony. The one is, that his learning, genius, and capacity, were of the first magnitude. It may seem proper to mention this, because some modern writers, who appear almost wholly ignorant of the real character of the man, have rashly represented him as a person of contemptible knowledge. But this is the common method of treating many great men, whose studies and attainments have happened to be but little connected with the pursuits and discoveries of the eighteenth century; and until readers learn the practice of so much candor, as may dispose them to make equitable allowances for the taste of the times in which men of great abilities and great accomplishments have made their appearances, such superficial authors will always find admirers. The other particular, relative to our illustrious Reformer, is this: that his life is allowed to be without blemish. In fact, the Romanists, for the purpose of indulging the spirit of censure, are obliged to have recourse to surmises, for want of realities. When we are much out of humor with a person, it is human nature to ascribe his very best actions to bad motives. But the slanderous representations of enemies ought never to be substituted in the place of

authentic documents. The writers alluded to may *fancy* that Luther's conduct is best accounted for on the supposition, that pride, vanity, ambition, and resentment, were the ruling passions of the man they dislike; nevertheless, all readers of cool judgment will take care to distinguish between their prejudices, ill-natured conjectures, and substantial proofs.

"Far be it, however, from the historian's design to insinuate, that there were no faults or defects in the character he so much admires. Besides the incessant ebullitions of native depravity, in the confession of which no man was ever more earnest than Luther, all real Christians, the most eminent saints not excepted, have their infirmities, and their faults, which cost them much inward pain and sorrow; yet, it should ever be remembered, that in judging of true followers of Christ, by whatever name we may choose to call either their defective attainments or their positive blemishes, no fault, no imperfection, no falling short of the 'perfect man in Christ Jesus,' can be allowed, but what is absolutely consistent with sincerity of heart.

"The very candid and accurate memorialist, Seckendorf, defies all the adversaries of Luther to fix any just censure on his character, except what may be ranked under two heads, namely, a disposition to anger, and an indulgence in jesting. Beyond all doubt, the Saxon Reformer was of a choleric temper, and he too often gave way to this constitutional evil, as he himself bitterly laments. Neither is it to be denied, that he also too much encouraged his natural propensity to facetiousness. The monks of his time were, in general, guilty of the like fault, and often to so great a degree, as very improperly to mix scurrilities with sacred subjects. Moreover, the vices and follies of those whom

Luther opposed afforded a strong temptation, both to a spirit of anger and ridicule. For, however severe he may be thought in many of his invectives, we are compelled by unquestionable evidence to confess, that his keenest satirical pieces never reached the demerits of those who ruled the church in that age.

"These unhappy blemishes in Luther, doubtless, appear much more offensive to us, than they did in his own time, among men of ruder manners, and accustomed to a greater freedom, both of action and of expression, in their mutual intercourse. They form the darkest shades in his writings, which in all other respects are truly admirable.

"The defects which we have mentioned were too considerable to be passed over in silence; and now, having discharged the duty of an impartial historian, we leave it to the judicious reader himself to appreciate their just operation in lessening his esteem and veneration for this extraordinary personage. In contemplating the other qualities and endowments of our Reformer we have no hesitation in affirming, that it is not easy to find a more blameless or even a more excellent character. No man since the apostles' days had penetrated into the sacred oracles with such singular felicity. He was endowed with a greatness of soul far beyond the common lot of men — dangerous gift in a fallen creature! It was through divine grace, that he was enabled to display and persevere in a conduct the most consistent, uncorrupt, and disinterested. His bold and adventurous spirit never appears in any one instance to have made the smallest encroachment on the most perfect integrity. Humane, generous, and placable, he was rarely diverted from the path of equity; and notwithstanding the uncommon vehemence of his

temper, he was often submissive and condescending. With an exquisite sensibility and readiness of conception — with a zeal and an imagination which never remitted their ardor for a single moment, he was most perfectly free from enthusiasm; and with a great capacity and unparalleled intrepidity, he seems to have been devoid of ambition, and contented to live all his days in very moderate circumstances. Only the wise Disposer of all events, for the glory of his own name, and for the revival of true religion in Europe, by the effectual operation of his Holy Spirit, could have produced, at the season when most wanted, so faithful a champion, and possessed of so much vigor of intellect, of so daring a spirit, and of so truly humble and Christian-like temper.

"Such was the illustrious Luther, when he was called upon by divine Providence to enter the lists, alone and without one assured ally, against the hosts of the pretended successors of St. Peter, who was then domineering over the Christian world in all his grandeur and plenitude of power."

Bishop Atterbury says, "His life was holy, and when he had leisure for retirement, so were his virtues active, not those lazy, sullen ones of the cloister. He had no ambition, but in the service of God: for other things, neither his enjoyment nor wishes ever went higher than the bare convenience of living. He was of a temper particularly averse to covetousness, or any base sin; and charitable, even to a fault."

"Luther has described," says Gerber, "the virtues and piety of the holy patriarchs in glorious style, in his Commentary on Genesis, so that we can scarcely cease

reading when we have once begun. An admirable system of patriarchal or Christian morals might be extracted from that Commentary, and I wish that some competent theologian would undertake it. I am sure it would make an excellent and useful book."

Personal Appearance and Manners of Luther.

Luther's personal appearance at that time (*i. e.*, shortly after the commencement of his labors as Professor at Wittenberg) formed a striking contrast to that which characterized him in afterlife — in too forcible a manner it still reminded one of the cloister. Plank, in his History of the Protestant Church, draws the following picture of Luther: "A downcast eye, a pensive gait, a look, bespeaking to the experienced observer in an unmistakeable manner, a mind torn with inward conflict, yet determined upon resolute resistance, and a sad, solemn seriousness, distinguished the young monk from every one." In his new sphere, however, this monkish exterior soon disappeared. By means of his constant intercourse with a number of youths who were full of ardor and activity, his former monastic shyness was made to yield to that confidence and hilarity which characterized him ever afterwards.

[We shall not fail, as we proceed, to present the reader with some further descriptions of Luther's personal appearance at a later period of his life, as given by his cotemporaries, which will be found to differ materially from the above.]

When Luther commenced his warfare against indulgences he was thirty-five years old, and consequently in the flower of manhood. His body was lean, but muscular; and his features bespoke that resolute boldness by which he was animated. "He had a fine, clear, brave-looking countenance, with eagle's eyes," says Erasmus Alberus, "and was withal a very handsome person."

"Martinus is of middle stature. His haggard frame is so exhausted by cares and study, that looking closely at him you might count his bones. Still he is in the full strength and vigor of manhood, has a clear, sonorous voice, and is possessed of great learning and knowledge of the Scriptures, having almost everything at his fingers' ends. Of Greek and Hebrew he knows sufficient to be able to judge of expositions. He is never at a loss for matter to converse about, but has always at command a wonderful abundance of words and things. In his life and manners he manifests urbanity and kindness, without the least severity or arrogance. He knows how to take things and times as they are. In society he is a sprightly and pleasant companion, always cheerful and good humored. Hilarity is constantly depicted on his countenance, though his adversaries give him a deal of trouble. Hence one cannot help believing that he handles such great things by the special help of God. But there is one peculiarity about him, to which nearly all that know him take exception, viz., that in administering rebuke he is perhaps somewhat more caustic and careless than befits the theologian and the reformer. But this fault seems to be common to all vigorous and penetrating spirits."

Divine Providence had furnished the instruments of the Reformation with every needful gift, both of nature and grace. Ant. Varillas, speaking of Luther, says: "Nature seems to have given the German body an Italian head. He possessed such great vivacity, diligence, vigor, and health, with regard to the study of philosophy and scholastic theology, that he is excelled by none." Here Varillas, in his shameless, unreliable history, consisting of nothing but falsehoods and calumnies, has spoken the truth for once. "His understanding was excellent, his judgment keen and penetrating, his memory happy, his temperament a mixture of the sanguine and choleric. Hence his ruling passion was a love of real honor."

"Looking at the pictures of Luther you will observe, that his person was handsome and perfect in all its members; that he had a fine, open, bold countenance, with a pair of eagle's eyes, a nose somewhat broad and flat, prominent lips, short curly hair, and a wart on his right cheek. In this manner he is represented by nearly all those pictures of him that are found at courts and in public libraries. In the library at Konigsberg there are found, amongst other things, several neat and beautifully-executed likenesses of Luther."

Already in his first interview with Luther at Altenburg, Miltitz betrayed the secret orders he had (to bring Luther to Rome, either by stratagem or force), when he said, "O Martinus! I thought thou wert some old, impotent theologian, sitting by his fireside, and disputing with himself. But I see thou art a young and robust man. Though I had with me 25,000 armed

men, yet would I not venture to pass with thee through Germany, and take thee to Rome."

Martin Luther had a fine, open, bold, countenance, with eagle's eyes,* and was withal a handsome person. As to his character, he was a polite, eloquent, friendly, kind-hearted, serious, truthful, spirited, chaste, hospitable, cheerful man, keeping moderation in all things, and speaking no useless words; to the stubborn he was terrible; to the meek and truthful, a comforter. When asked about the proper sense of a passage of Scripture, he was prepared for an answer; and when asked for his advice, he afforded easy proof that he was a master counsellor indeed.

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* Of these eyes it is remarkable, that they have been inherited by his children, grandchildren, and other posterity.

Modesty of Luther.

Luther, sitting beneath the pear-tree in his garden, asked M. Antonius Lauterbach, how he succeeded in the gospel ministry? When the latter complained of his temptations and weakness, Dr. Martin said, "Well, my dear sir, it was precisely so with me. I had a great fear of the pulpit, but still I was compelled to go ahead. They forced me to preach, and at first I had to preach to the friars at Rebenthur, Oh, how much do I dread the pulpit!—But you will soon be a master. You will be more learned than myself and others, who are now skilled in preaching. Perhaps you are aiming at distinction, and hence you will have temptations. But you ought to preach for the honor of the Lord our God, and not to consider what the people say and think of it. If one is able to do it better, let him do it better: what you have to do is, to preach Christ from the Scriptures and the Catechism. Such wisdom will elevate you above the opinions of all men; for the word of God is wiser than men are, and God will certainly teach you what you ought to preach, and he does not look at people's judgment. You must not expect me to praise you. If I be one of your hearers, I shall be apt to contradict your sermon; for young fellows like you ought to be humbled, otherwise you might become ambitious and proud. But you must know, that it is your calling: Christ is in need of you, that by your efforts he might be praised. Let this be your aim; and whether others praise or blame, what is it to you? Your excuses are of no account to me. I had fifteen arguments by which I tried to persuade Dr. Staupitz

to exempt me from that call — it was here beneath this very same pear-tree. It was in vain. At last, when I said, 'Dr. Staupitz, it will be my death — I will not survive a quarter of a year,' he replied, 'Well, in the name of God! our Lord has great affairs to transact, and has good use for wise people above also.'"

After this, Dr. M. Luther narrated many good things which Dr. Staupitz had done, and that he especially had been a particular lover and patron of students. Further, that after his election to the office of Superior and Vicar of the whole Province he intended to manage the affairs according to his own wisdom and judgment, but had not been able to carry out his plans. Being elected again for three years, he consulted the Fathers and Seniors, in order to accomplish something in this way, but this also had been a failure. The following three years were passed away with still less success, he having given up the matter to the administration of God. And therefore he said: "Let things go as they like; for neither myself, nor the Fathers, nor God, will do any thing: we must have another vicar for the following three years." "Then I was elected," continued Luther, "and changed the whole course of things."

Melanchthon had issued an order, that all the students should rise whenever Luther entered to lecture. Although this was an ancient college-custom, yet the humble Luther was not pleased with it, and said: "I wish Philip would give up his old fashion. These marks of honor always compel me to offer a few more prayers, to keep me humble; and if I dared, I would go away without having read my lecture."

The preaching of the young Professor had made an impression on the Elector; he admired the strength of his understanding, the power of his eloquence, and the excellency of the subjects that he handled. The Elector and his friends, wishing to promote a man of such great promise, resolved to raise him to the distinction of Doctor of Divinity. Staupitz repaired to the convent. He led Luther into the cloister garden, and there, talking with him alone, under a tree, the venerable father said to him: "My friend, you must now become Doctor of the Holy Scriptures." Luther drew back. The thought of this distinguished honor overcame him. "Seek one more worthy of it," said he; "for my part, I cannot consent to it." The Vicar-General pressed the point. "The Lord has much to do in the church; he requires just now young and vigorous doctors." "But I am weak and ailing," said Luther; "I have not long to live. Look for a strong man." "The Lord has work in heaven as in earth; dead or alive, God requires you." "The Holy Spirit alone can make a Doctor of Divinity," exclaimed the monk, more and more overcome with fear. "Do as your convent desires," said Staupitz, "and what I, your vicar-general, require you to do, for you have promised to obey us." "But think of my poverty," resumed the friar; "I have nothing wherewith to pay the expenses incident to such a promotion." "Do not make yourself uneasy about that," said his friend; "the Prince is so kind as to take the charges upon himself."—Urged on all sides, Luther was obliged to submit.

A friend proposed to him, that he should dedicate one of his writings to Jerome Ebner, a jurisconsult of Nurnberg, who was then in great repute. "You have

a high notion of my labors," answered Luther modestly; "but I myself have a very poor opinion of them. It was my wish, however, to comply with your desire. I looked — but among all my papers, which I never before thought so meanly of, I could find nothing but what seemed totally unworthy of being dedicated to so distinguished a person by so humble an individual as myself."

In the Preface to his Works, printed in 1545, at the command of the Elector, he says: "I would willingly have seen all my works destroyed; and one reason is, that I am alarmed at the multiplication of books, which will have the tendency to draw the minds of men from the study of the Bible."

"I pray you," said Luther, "leave my name alone, and do not call yourselves Lutherans, but Christians. Who is Luther? My doctrine is not mine! I have not been crucified for any one. St. Paul (1 Cor. iii.) would not that any one should call themselves of Paul, nor of Peter, but of Christ. How, then, does it befit me, a miserable bag of dust and ashes, to give my name to the children of Christ? Cease, my dear friends, to cling to those party names and distinctions — away with them all! and let us call ourselves only Christians, after Him from whom our doctrine comes.

"It is quite proper, that the Papists should bear the name of their party; because they are not content with the name and doctrine of Jesus Christ, they will be Papists besides. Well, let them own the Pope, as he is their master. For me, I neither am, nor wish to be, the master of any one. I and mine will contend for the

sole and whole doctrine of Christ, who is our sole master."

The Elector sent him stuff for a gown. It was of very fine cloth. "It would be too fine," said Luther, "if it were not a prince's gift. I am not worthy, that any man should think of me, much less a prince, and so noble a prince. Those are most useful to me, who think worst of me. Present my thanks to our Prince for this favor; but know, that I desire neither the praise of thyself nor of others: all the praise of man is vain; the praise that cometh of God being alone true."

Luther attached little value to his own works. He frequently expresses himself on this subject in his conversations and letters, and it required all the influence of his master, the Elector, John Frederick of Saxony, to induce him to edit a collection of his Latin works.

Of his own writings he said, "they were merely scaffolds, which serve in the erection of a building, but which are taken apart and removed when the edifice is finished."

March 27th, 1519, he writes, "I was alone, and hurried unprepared into this business. I admitted many essential points in the Pope's favor; for, was I, a poor, miserable monk, to set myself up against the majesty of the Pope, before whom the kings of the earth (what do I say! — earth itself, hell and heaven) trembled? How I suffered the first and second year! Oh! little do those confident spirits, who since then have attacked the Pope so proudly and presumptuously, know of the

dejection of spirits — not feigned and assumed, but too real — or rather, the despair, which I went through."

Luther says, "I set about collecting my works into volumes, with but little zeal and ardor. I feel Saturn's hunger, and wish to devour all; for there are none of my books which please me, if I except the *Treatise on the Bondage of the Will* and the *Catechism*."

"I do not like Philip to be present at my lectures or sermons," said Luther; "but I place the cross before me, and say, 'Philip, Jonas, Pomer, and the rest, have nothing to do with the matter;' and then I endeavor to fancy that no one has sat in the pulpit abler than myself."

Dr. Jonas said to him, "Sir doctor, I cannot at all follow you in your preaching." Luther replied, "I cannot myself; for my subject is often suggested either by something personal, or some private matter, according to times, circumstances, and hearers. Were I young, I should like to retrench many things in my sermons, for I have been too wordy."

"I wish," says Luther, "the people to be well taught in the Catechism. I found myself upon it in all my sermons, and I preach as simply as possible. I want the common people, and children, and servants, to understand me. I do not enter the pulpit for the sake of the learned — they have my books.

Staupitz, who was as the hand of Providence to develop the gifts and treasures that lay hidden in

Luther, invited him to preach in the church of the Augustines, soon after his settlement as Professor at Wittenberg. The young Professor shrunk from this proposal. He wished to confine himself to his academical duties: he trembled at the thought of adding to them those of public preaching. In vain Staupitz entreated him. "No — no," replied he, "it is no light thing to speak to men in God's stead." An affecting instance of humility in this great Reformer of the church!

Luther a Man of Prayer.

"JUST as a shoemaker makes a shoe and a tailor a coat," said Luther, "so also ought the Christian to pray. The Christian's trade is praying. And the prayer of the church works great miracles. In our days it has raised from the dead three persons, viz., myself, having been frequently sick unto death; my wife, Catherine, who likewise was dangerously ill; and Melanchthon, who (1540) was sick unto death at Weimar. And though their rescue from sickness and other bodily dangers are but trifling miracles, nevertheless they must be exhibited for the sake of those whose faith is weak. Far greater are the miracles which the Lord our God daily works in the church, by baptizing by distributing the Lord's supper, and rescuing us from sin, death, and eternal damnation. These I think are great miracles."

Luther having spoken thus, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, praying: "Lord God, thou hast spoken through the mouth of thy servant David (Ps. cxlviii. 18, 19), 'The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them.' Why wilt thou not give us rain now, for which so long we have cried and prayed? — Well, then, if no rain, thou art able to give us something better: a peaceable and quiet life, peace and harmony. Now, we have prayed so much, prayed so often, and our prayers not being granted, dear Father, the wicked will say, Christ, thy beloved son,

had told a falsehood, saying (John, xvi. 23), 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.' Thus they will give both Thee and Thy Son the lie. I know that we sincerely cry to Thee, and with yearning. Why, then, dost Thou not hear us?"

In the very same night following there fell a very refreshing and productive rain.

This happened A. D. 1532.

Somebody asked Dr. M. Luther, Whether one, who was praying, might also curse? "Yes," answered he; "for when I pray, 'Hallowed be Thy name,' I curse at the same time Erasmus and all the heretics, as many as blaspheme and revile God."

Speaking of prayer, Dr. M. Luther remarked, "that all his lifetime he had never yet finished praying the Psalter. The Lord's Prayer is my prayer: this I pray, and sometimes add to it something of the Psalms, in order to put them all (the frivolous scorners and false teachers) to shame, and defeat them with disgrace. *Summa*, the Lord's Prayer is above all other prayers. I pray it in preference to any Psalm.

Luther used to pray devoutly. Dr. Erasmus Alberus says of him: "He was a man full of faith in Jesus, by reason whereof he was able to appease the wrath of God. No man could pray more diligently, and beseech God more fervently; none could comfort more effectually. When studying he used to offer devout prayer with the utmost diligence. Prayer was his chief occupation in the cloister." Referring to this, he himself says — "While living as a monk, I exercised and plagued

myself rather much, nearly fifteen years, with saying mass daily, with fasting, watching, praying, and other heavy burdens. For I expected, very seriously, to become righteous and holy by my works; nor did I think it possible, that I should ever abandon that kind of life. But I have forgotten it now, thank God! so, however, that I still remember the plague and torture, without considering it necessary to return to that same state of bondage; though, speaking of it in a fleshly manner, it was no state of bondage, but a merry life, without any of that trouble, and temptation, and sorrow, which are common to all other states and conditions in this world. Notwithstanding, to the pious, who cared not only for their belly, but desired to be saved, it has always been a grievous burden, and a state of bondage.

As regards prayer, he never abandoned his former habits. Every morning and night, and frequently during meals, he would offer his prayers, as he had been accustomed in the cloister from his youth. Like a school-boy, moreover, he used to repeat his smaller catechism, besides reading statedly. His prayer-book was a small psalter, and the catechism was his manual, by reading which he instructed and admonished and comforted himself, as Mathesius informs us.

His beginning, middle, and end, in transacting the most important business, was prayer. It is well known, how fervently he prayed at the Diet of Worms (1521). Regarding his prayer at Augsburg, we have the testimony of Veit Dietrick, in a letter to Melanchthon, dated the 30th of July, 1530. And Luther himself, writing to Duke George, under date of the 22d of December, 1525, says: "I judge that my prayer is more

powerful than the devil himself; if it were otherwise Luther would have fared differently, long before this. Yet will men not see and acknowledge the great miracles God works in my behalf. If I should neglect prayer but a single day, I should lose a great deal of the fire of faith."

Luther's mien and manner in praying are described in these words by the author of the manuscript of sundry conversations of Luther with his friends: "I have often seen the Doctor lifting his eyes and hands toward heaven in a remarkable manner, either walking or standing, and then heard him pray. Frequently, also, he would leave his guests at table, and retiring to the window would pray there alone for upwards of half an hour." To Spalatin, Luther writes from Coburg: "I am here like a hermit, and like a land without water. I am unable to produce anything which I consider worth writing to you about, except that with all the might of prayer, with prayerful sighs and groans, I endeavor to reach heaven, and, though wicked, knock at the gate of Him, who has said, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

After his recovery from a severe attack of gravel, at Smalkalden, Luther being asked by one of his friends, what remedies he had used, replied, "Prayer! — For," continued he, "in all the churches fervent prayer has been offered in my behalf, according to the advice of St. James (ch. v. 14, 15), 'If any be sick, let him pray to God, and let the church pray over him; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick.' By prayer we obtain everything."

In a letter to James Probst, Pastor at Bremen, dated New-year's Eve, 1528, Luther writes as follows: "We are all in good health, except Luther himself, who, though well enough as regards the body, is suffering from the world without, and from Satan and his angels within." On the 24th of February he writes to Wenzel Link: "In consequence of your prayer, Satan is troubling me less; nevertheless, continue to pray — do not cease by any means." Shortly after, however, he seems again to have suffered from the darts of Satan, for he writes to Spalatin: "Pray for us, against Satan." On Easter Eve he again writes to Nicolaus Houseman; "Pray for me, a miserable man!" and to Provost Frederick of Nuremberg: "Unite with yours in prayer for us; for Satan rages in the world — being not satisfied with having corrupted other souls by means of sects, but intending to destroy us also, both in body and soul." To Myconius he writes, on Saturday after Ascension Day: "Pray for me, who am poor and weak;" and to Justus Menius, on the same day: "Pray for me, who am but a poor instrument." To Amsdorf he writes, shortly after: "Pray for the sinner, Luther." To John Hessen, under date of the 14th of October, same year, he complains in the following manner of the persecution of King Ferdinand: "We hear that King Ferdinand and his bailiffs are raging against Christ. But the second Psalm is their check, and our consolation. Let your church pray for us; for Satan is persecuting us with the united strength of all his forces; for which reason it becomes necessary to unite hands and hearts in fervent prayer, in order that the Lord may tread Satan under His feet."

One of Luther's prayers was, *A glorioso doctore, a pastore contentioso, et ab inutilibus quæstionibus, ecclesiam suam liberat Deus* — "From a proud doctor of theology, from a contentious pastor, and from useless questions, may God deliver his church."

In a letter to George Spalatin, dated 1519, Luther writes thus: "Inasmuch as you urge so strongly the exposition of the gospels for the season of Lent, I reply, that I know not whether I can do it. They are many, and I am already overburdened. You will, doubtless, admit, that even the prayerful recitation of a psalm requires the entire man; that the same entire man is needed for operating upon the masses, by holding forth to them law and the gospel; that, in the third place, the whole man is particularly required for my stated religious services; and that, fourthly, this work of exposition, which you urge, requires nothing less. Of my correspondence, my attention to extraneous business, and the fact that I am miserably robbed of much precious time by being compelled to entertain my friends at the social board, I will say nothing."

Melanchthon, in his Funeral Discourse, says, "I have often happened to drop in when he offered his prayers for the whole church with tears; for it was his habit to spend a certain time almost daily in the recitation of psalms, intermixing them with his own ejaculations, amid groans and tears. Often, also, have I heard him express his disgust with those whom laziness or love of secular occupation prompted to affirm, that a mere sigh was a sufficient prayer. 'For this very reason,' he used to say, 'Divine Wisdom has prescribed to us certain forms of prayer, that by reading them our souls

should be inspired with fervor, and that with one voice we should also confess the God whom we worship.'"

John Mathesius (p. 74, 6) refers to the following saying of Luther: "Very frequently, in venturing upon something, I have progressed beyond the usual limits, commencing the thing with fervent prayers and using them as a bridge, and by the special help of God, I have prospered and obtained a happy issue." Erasmus Alberus in his work against Carlstadt observes: "Dr. Martin Luther was a man who could arrest the wrath of God. None could pray more diligently and fervently, and implore God; none could comfort better, none preach better, than he."

It would be impossible to quote the many precious passages, scattered through his writings, which treat on prayer, or to refer to his copious remarks on the right method to pray. But worthy of special notice is the advice given by him on this subject to his barber, Master Peter, in the year 1534, which contains a complete exposition of the Lord's Prayer, together with many remarks on the thoughtless, heartless repetition thereof, as practised by many, to his unspeakable grief and disgust. In this exposition he takes particular pains to show to his barber, amongst other things, how in the act of praying the whole mind should be absorbed. "Just as a good, clever barber," says he, "must have his eyes and mind upon the beard and razor, so as to mark distinctly where he is to shave, (for if he would balk a great deal, or look at and think of something else, he would, doubtless, cut your mouth and nose, or even your throat,) so everything, which is to be done well, ought to occupy the whole man, with

all his faculties and members. How much more, then, should prayer, if intended to be effective, engage the heart wholly and without distraction."

Of himself, Luther confessed that his intense longing after the nourishing influence of the Lord's Prayer resembled that of a sucking child after its mother's breast. Nor could he be satisfied with the usual prayers of the day, but often, when his spirit moved him, he would get up, approach the window, lift hands and eyes up to heaven, and thus continue praying for half an hour. But during some of the critical moments of his life, his great confidence in the efficacy of prayer becomes strikingly apparent. Such, for instance, was the case during the severe illness of his friend, Melanchthon, as appears from the following: —

In the year 1540, Melanchthon, being on a journey, fell dangerously sick at Weimar. The Elector sent his carriage to fetch Luther, who on his arrival found his friend at the point of death. Melanchthon's eyes were broken, his consciousness had fled, his speech and hearing were gone, his features distorted, his temples sunk. Luther, being struck with terror, exclaimed to the bystanders, "Merciful God, how fearfully has the devil corrupted this instrument!" Then turning to the window, with his back to the company, he commenced praying to God most fervently. "Here," he afterwards testified, "I laid hold upon our Lord God, flinging the beggar's pouch at His feet, and most earnestly pleading all His promises concerning prayer which I was able to quote from the Holy Scriptures, so that He was obliged to hear me, if He wished me to trust His promises." When he had ceased praying, he returned to the bedside, took Melanchthon by the hand, and said,

confidently, "Be of good cheer, Philip; you will not die yet." And, behold! Melanchthon once more resumed his breath, his consciousness returned to him, and in a few days he was in fair way of recovery.

The following is the testimony of Luther's famulus, Veit Dietrich, on this subject; "I cannot sufficiently admire the Doctor's remarkable constancy, his joy, faith, and hope, in these miserable times. But in these graces he grows daily by means of a most diligent use of the word of God. Not a day passes on which he does not devote at least three hours, which are the most convenient for study, to prayer. I was once so fortunate as to hear him pray. But oh, Lord, what a spirit, what faith in his words! He prays as devoutly as one who is conversing with God, and with such hope and faith as one who addresses his father. 'I know,' said he, 'that thou art our God and Father, and hence I am confident that thou wilt destroy the persecutors of thy children. But if thou doest it not, then the issue is thine, as well as ours — yea, the whole matter is thine. What we have done, we have been compelled to do; therefore mayest thou look to it, and defend them.' When I heard him utter these words, in a clear, distinct voice, from a distance, my heart burned within me for great joy, because of the familiar and devout tones in which he spoke with God; but especially on account of the confident manner in which he urged promises from the Psalms, just as if he was sure that everything he desired must be done. Therefore I have no doubt that in this matter, which is to be discussed by the Diet at Augsburg, and of the happy issue of which some have already despaired, his prayer will avail very much."

Luther's Confidence in his Doctrine.

On one occasion, when he thought he was dying, and his friends had gathered round his bed, Dr. Pomeranus reports as follows: "He then turned towards me and Dr. Jonas, and said, 'Because the world delights in falsehood, many will say, that I retracted my doctrine before my death. I therefore earnestly desire you to be witnesses of my faith and confession. I say with a good conscience, that I have taught the truth from God's word, according to the command of God, to which He also, without my wish, drew and constrained me. Yes, I say, I have taught correctly and to edification concerning faith, the cross, the sacraments, and other articles of Christian doctrine.'"

In the third part of his Confession concerning the Lord's Supper, he says: "And if any one, after my death, should say, 'If Luther yet lived, he would teach and believe differently on this or that point, for he did not sufficiently examine it,' &c., I here, on the other hand, declare, once for all, that, by the grace of God, I have most diligently considered these articles, having often and most rigidly subjected them to the test of the Scriptures, and would as certainly defend them as I have now defended the sacrament of the altar. I am not visionary now, nor inconsiderate: I know what I speak, and am well aware that I have to render an account at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, at the last day. Therefore, let no one interpret this as jest or trifling: I mean it seriously."

In a letter to the Elector, he says: "I hold it certain that my teachings and efforts are not of myself, but of God; and for this reason, neither death, nor any persecution, shall ever influence me to speak or act otherwise."

Eloquence of Luther.

D'Aubigne says, "Everything was striking in the new preacher. His expressive countenance and dignified demeanor, his clear and sonorous voice, charmed the audience. Before his time, the greater number of preachers had sought to amuse their hearers, rather than to convert them. The deep seriousness that marked the preaching of Luther, and the joy with which the knowledge of the gospel filled his own heart, gave to his eloquence an authority, energy, and unction, which none of his predecessors had possessed. 'Gifted with a ready and lively intelligence,' says one of his adversaries, 'having a retentive memory, and speaking his mother-tongue with remarkable fluency, Luther was surpassed in eloquence by none of his contemporaries. Addressing his hearers from his place in the pulpit as if he had been agitated by some powerful passion, and adapting his action to the word, he affected their minds in a surprising manner, and carried them, like a torrent, whither he would. So much power, action, and eloquence, are rarely found amongst the people of the north.' 'He had,' said Bossuet, 'a lively and impetuous eloquence, which delighted and capti-

vated his auditory.' His wonderful genius, his eloquent style, and the excellency of the doctrines he proclaimed, equally astonished his auditors. His reputation spread far and wide, and Frederick the Wise himself came once to Wittenberg to hear him."

Audin, a Romish biographer of Luther, thus speaks: "Luther was the great preacher of the Reformation. He possessed almost all the qualities of an orator: an exhaustless store of thought, an imagination as ready to receive as to convey its impressions, and an inconceivable fluency and suppleness of style. His voice was clear and sonorous, his eye burned with fire, his head was of the antique cast, his breast large, his hands beautiful, and his gesture graceful and abounding. He did not entirely neglect his external appearance: his robe was always exceedingly neat, buttoned up to his neck; his hair, which he turned back, flowed down in dark ringlets on his shoulders. He had a particular care of his teeth, which he preserved white until the end of his days. With him, it was the thought that produced the language: if the thought was grand or vulgar, the expression that conveyed it was noble or familiar. As he was obliged during life to live with the people, because he said that a revolution to endure must come from the masses, he borrowed from the different artisans a technical phraseology, which attracted the multitude, and from the old idiom of the German artists, a multitude of expressions of a captivating simplicity. He was at once Rabelais and Fontaine, with the droll humor of the one, and the polished elegance of the other."

Sometimes Luther preached three times a day; never was he taken unprepared. He has been seen to ascend the pulpit, collect himself for an instant with closed eyes, open the New Testament, and from the first verse that met his eye draw the text of an extemporaneous discourse, which excited admiration by the suddenness of its expression and the richness of its developments.

"I would imagine that I did an injury to Providence, if I thought on what I was about to write when I take up my pen." Luther had the faith of Sterne, but it was in him a serious faith.

"You must not expect from him," says one of his biographers, "a discourse conformable to all the rules of art. It is not a sermon that he will give you, but a familiar conversation, enlivened by love; where, indeed, the laws of rhetoric are often violated, but where the flame of genius glows; where everything comes from the heart, nothing from the lips; where the language is not forced, to conceal the sterility of the writer under vulgar ornaments; where the speaker never hunts after novelty; and yet, where everything that drops from his lips has the freshness of originality. His sermons have often the irregularity of an ode: he was not bound down to his text, as a catholic priest. Scarcely did he commence, when he forgot it, and treated of the first subject that occurred to him. A word is a flash of lightning, which discovered to him a new path, through which he conducted his auditors, until he abandoned it also, to follow some other inspiration he received. His disciples must have been very familiar with his language, or of a most watchful mind, to follow him through all his caprices. From heaven he suddenly falls down

to earth. When his eye rests on Germany, and becomes moist with tears at the view of the evils which desolate it, it is impossible to remain cold; the heart feels moved, and sympathises with the speaker. The orator was then overwhelmed with grief: it is easily seen that he studied Jeremiah, and that he knew the language of pathos."

Löscher, in his Preface to Förtschen's Biblical Lexicon, speaks in the following manner of Luther's mental gifts and capacities: "His great and unflinching love of the truth, together with the uncommon power and success in finding, unfolding, and defending it, wherewith he was blessed; his extraordinary perspicuity of speech, which placed the obscurest things in the clearest light, avoiding the thorns and pricks of sophistry, and dispelling the clouds and mists of confused notions in the happiest manner; his vivid and noble manner of expression, together with his pithy and instructive method of illustration; his great knowledge of the ways of God, and his deep insight into the secret connection of things; his truly heroic resolution to do and suffer anything in the cause of truth; his sincere willingness to receive and promote everything which from the word of God appeared as needful and salutary; and his steadfast opposition to everything which was calculated to draw him aside, either to the right or left: — all these together shone like seven lights on this candlestick, set up by the hand of God himself."

The Count of Nassau, in reply to the solicitations of the Dominicans to be permitted to burn the obnoxious books of Luther, answered, "Go, and preach the gospel

as purely as Luther, and you will have no reason to complain of any one."

The apostate Florimond Raymond says, in his Hist. Hæres., ch. 5, "Luther was endowed with a ready and vigorous mind, a retentive memory, a singular and fluent eloquence in his vernacular tongue, in which he yielded to no one of his times. When declaiming from the pulpit, he suitably accommodated his actions to his words, and so powerfully influenced the minds of his hearers, that, like a torrent, he carried them away wheresoever he pleased."

To Lauterbach, Luther said, "Endeavor to preach God our Saviour, and care not for what the world will say of you. What matter is it to me, if people say, I know not how to preach? My only fear before God is, that I have not spoken of His majesty and wondrous work as I ought. An enlightened, wise, and prudent preacher ought to announce the word of God with simplicity, and adapt his instructions to the capacity of children, of servants, and poor people. He ought to treat them as a mother does her child, whom she caresses and sports with, and nourishes with milk, instead of Malmesbury wine. The evangelical preacher ought to imitate her."

"I do not like to see Melanchthon at my instructions of sermons. I cross myself then, and say, 'Avaunt, Philip!' Then I take courage, and think I am the first orator of the day."

"Sometimes, in coming down from the pulpit," said Luther, "I spit on my preacher's gown. 'Pfui, how

you have preached! You spoke long, without saying any of the things you purposed to treat of.' The people, in admiration, cry out, 'What a fine sermon! Such a one has not been heard for a long time.' It is not easy to keep to the text which one proposes to develop."

When Luther got up to preach, a spectre rose before his eyes: it was the image of the Pope, which haunted him, as Banquo's ghost did Macbeth, when his corporal eye could not discover him. These incessant apparitions furnished him with magnificent images, which rival those of antiquity. He appears a David, crying out to God against his enemies — a Jeremiah, weeping over the ruins of Sion — an Isaiah, foretelling the future.

Bullinger, having attentively listened to a sermon of Luther, knelt down, and uttered these words: "O happy hour, that brought me to hear this man of God, the chosen vessel of the Lord, declaring his truth! I abjure and utterly renounce my former errors, thus beaten down by God's infallible word." He then arose, and threw his arms round Luther's neck, both shedding joyful tears.

Luther preached very diligently. He says of himself, "I have frequently preached four times a day, for twenty-five years."

Melanchthon wrote,

Omnia verba tua fulgora sunt, O Luthere!

"All thy words are thunderbolts, O Luther!"

Luther as a Preacher.

Luther's wife said to him: "Sir, I heard your cousin, John Palmer, preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I understood better than Dr. Pomer, though the Doctor is held to be a very excellent preacher." Luther answered: "John Palmer preaches as ye women use to talk; for what comes into your minds ye speak. A preacher ought to remain by the text, and deliver that which he has before him, to the end people may well understand it. But a preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind, is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold together a goose-market."

Luther, reproving Dr. Mayer, for that he was faint-hearted and depressed, by reason of his simple kind of preaching, in comparison with other divines, as he conceived, admonished him, and said: "Loving brother, when you preach, regard not the doctors and learned men, but regard the common people, to teach and instruct them clearly. In the pulpit, we must feed the common people with milk; for each day a new church is growing up, which stands in need of plain and simple instruction. Keep to the catechism, the milk. High and subtle discourse, the strong wine, we will keep for the strong-minded."

Many interesting stories are told of Luther as a pastor, as well as preacher, a few of which shall here be introduced: —

A girl who had served in Luther's family, but who had left his house in a pet, became so wicked that she confessed she had sold herself to the devil. After some time she was attacked by serious illness. She sent for Luther, who inquired, what she wanted. "I want to ask your pardon; but I have a still heavier load on my conscience, for I have given over my soul to Satan!" "O," said Luther, "that's nothing! What other sins have you been guilty of?" "I have many," she replied; "but this is the greatest, and I cannot be forgiven; for I have already cast my soul away." "Listen to me," said he. "When you were in my service, and you had given away all my children to a stranger, would it have been right?" "No." "Well, then, your soul is not your own, but it belongs to the Lord Jesus. How can you give away that which is not your own? Go, pray the Lord Jesus to take to himself again that which belongs to him; but the sin which you have committed throw back on Satan, for that belongs to him." The girl obeyed, and was comforted.

When Luther once saw a man very much depressed, he said to him, "Man, what are you doing? Can you think of nothing else, but your sins, and dying and damnation? Turn your eye away, and direct it to him who is called Christ. Cease to fear and lament. You really have no reason for it. If Christ were not here, and had not done this for you, you then would have reason to fear; but he is here, has suffered death for you, and has secured comfort and protection for you, and now sits at the right hand of his heavenly Father to intercede for you."

Luther once visited a dying student, and asked him, what he thought he could take to God, in whose presence he was shortly to appear. The young man replied, "Everything that is good, dear father — everything that is good!" Luther said, "But how can you bring him everything good, seeing that you are but a poor sinner?" The pious youth rejoined, "Dear father, I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ!" "Truly," said Luther, "that is everything good! Then, go, dear son; you will be a welcome guest to God."

Magister Forstemius complained to Dr. M. Luther, that preaching was not a heavy and difficult task to him, and that all his sermons seemed to him too short, and that he also frequently became confused, and would that he were still in his former profession. "Ah, would that the beloved Paul and Peter were living!" said Luther — "wouldn't you scold them? For you wish now already to be as skilled as they were. You wish to have the tithe, and not the firstling. *Est aliquid prodire tenus, si non datur ultra* — 'It is something to advance so far, if it is not permitted to proceed beyond that." Do your part: if you cannot preach an hour, preach half an hour or a quarter of an hour.

"You must, of course, not take others for your pattern, to imitate and follow them. You cannot appropriate to yourself, word for word, neither my sermon nor that of another preacher. But in the most simple and shortest manner set down the plan of your sermon, and the rest commit to God. In all simplicity, aim only at the honor of God — not at fame and the applause of men; and pray that God may grant you both understanding and mouth, and open the ears of your

hearers; and then trust God's direction. For you may believe me, preaching is not the work of men; for though I am an old and experienced preacher, yet I am afraid whenever I go to preach. And, no doubt, you will experience these three things: first, though you have prepared your sermon in the best manner, and fully understand the fundamental subject on which you are going to preach, yet all may be dissolved like water. Secondly, on the other hand, distrusting your own sketch and understanding, you will be strengthened by the grace of God; so that you will be enabled to preach things pleasing to the people, but displeasing to yourself. Thirdly, that, if you have taken no hold of your sketch, it will please both you and the people. Therefore pray God, and trust his direction."

"Let us study and persevere," said Luther: "within three years we will see that the want of honest preachers will be great. For Zwickau, Altenburg, Sorgau, Wittenberg, rest upon two great lights! These having died, it will not be easy to find the like again. Indeed, in this principality, we want men. I do not know the reason, why we do not like to preach and to write sooner than it pleases us, and unless we be compelled by exhortations we would never do it. M. Ph. would have never written the Apology of the Augsburg Confession, had it not been by compulsion: he would have tried and tried to make it still better.

Dr. M. Luther forbid long sermons, in order not to torment and detain the hearers too long. "For," said he, "the hearers get tired of listening, and to the preachers themselves it is a burden." For this reason he censured Dr. Pommern, viz., for the sake of his

long preaching, though he did not do it intentionally, but it was with him mistake and habit.

At that time some preachers were mentioned, whose preaching pleased some persons better than Dr. Luther's. The Doctor said: "I willingly give them the honor, and do not envy them; but the multitude judges thus, because they like to listen to stories and illustrative anecdotes, by which they are put in a state of amazement. Like Dr. Nicolaus used to do: when he preached on the Books of Joshua and the Kings, he entertained and pleased the people with many allegories and spiritual interpretations; — yes, in this I will be master also. But just preach on the article of Justification, and that man is justified and saved by faith in Christ alone; then nobody is eloquent, in the opinion of common people — nay, they even do not like to listen to the preacher. And here you have a certain proof: during a sermon on Justification, the people will sleep and cough. But when stories and anecdotes are told, the people open their ears, and listen with the greatest attention. I believe that there are a great many such preachers among us, who preach me down under the bench, and even out of the pulpit."

Luther said to a pastor: "Going to preach, you must speak to God thus: 'My God and Lord, I will preach to honor thee; I will speak of thee, praise thee and thy name; though I am not able to do it as well as I ought.' And do not look at Philip, or at me, or any learned man; and imagine that you are the most learned, as soon as you are in the pulpit, speaking of God. I never was afraid of preaching; but what caused me fear was, that I, in the presence of God, must preach

and speak of his great majesty and divinity. Therefore be ye strong, and persevere in prayers."

Doctor Pomeranus or Bugenhagen, preacher in Wittenberg, was in the habit of preaching very long sermons, sometimes even to the length of two hours and a half; and he was very much displeased whenever any one went away during his preaching. Dr. Luther, in his old age, was obliged, on account of dizziness and sore legs, to ride in a carriage to the church door. Thus it happened, that on a Sunday in winter, when it was very cold, Dr. Pomeranus preached very long, and as Luther, on account of his legs, could not wait for the end of it, he rose up, went to his carriage, and was followed by many students, who were desirous of accompanying him home. At night, Dr. Luther invited Dr. Pommer, and after supper he said to him: "Reverend Sir, you made it too long to-day. I could not wait for the end of your sermon, for I should have fared badly." Dr. Pommer could not deny this habit; but Dr. Luther told him to think of his hearers occasionally. Amongst so many there were always some weak and sick persons, even women with child, to whom it would be very difficult to wait so long. He should think of the accident that occurred to him in Hamburg. When he had preached unusually long, a woman far advanced in pregnancy could not leave the church, but was taken sick in the church, and was delivered by the assistance of women sitting near her. Of this he should think, and that others might be surprised with similar accidents; and, continued Luther —

"It is not necessary for a preacher to express all his thoughts in one sermon; but he must confine himself to that which is most necessary and useful, and likely

to bring good fruits." And he continued by laying down this rule: "A preacher should have three principles: first, to make a good beginning, and not spend time with many words before coming to the point; secondly, to say that which belongs to the subject in chief, and avoid strange and foreign thoughts; thirdly, to stop at the right time. The first two, Doctor, you understand well, but the third you have forgotten."

When the theologians from Suabia and Strasburg assembled, in the year 1537, at Wittenberg, to converse with Dr. Luther on the article of the Most Holy Communion, Bucer, at the request of several learned men, preached a sermon in the parish church of Wittenberg, and was invited by Luther to supper. Whilst at the table, several began to speak about the sermon, and Luther said to Bucer: "I was very much pleased with your sermon; but I am a much better preacher than you." "Yes," said Bucer, "all those who have heard you preach give you this testimony, and everybody must praise your sermons." "Not so," Luther replied. "You must not understand this as vain-glory. I know my weakness, and cannot preach such ingenious and learned sermons as you. But when I ascend the pulpit, I see what kind of hearers I have: to those I preach what they can understand. Most of them are poor laymen and plain people. But you make your sermons too high, and float in the air; thus, your sermons are only for the learned, and my countrymen here cannot understand them. Therefore I do as a faithful mother does, who gives to her crying baby her breast, and gives it milk to drink, by which it is better nourished than by giving it sugar and other delicious syrups from an apothecary shop. Thus every minister ought to act,

and should see what kind of hearers he has, and whether they understand his preaching, and he should not show his great learning."

Luther's Love of Music.

On the door were hung up — not those pipes which nowadays are found in the room of every German student, but a flute and a guitar; for he played on these instruments. When he felt himself fatigued with writing, or perceived his head becoming dizzy, and that his ideas did not keep pace with his pen, or else when the devil played him a trick (as he himself tells us), and endeavored to assault him with all his power,—he took his flute, and played some agreeable air on it. His ideas presently became as fresh as the flower dipped in water; the exorcised devil fled again in dismay, and the Reformer sat himself down to work once more with renewed vigor. He thought that music, as well as speech, was a divine revelation; that they were of celestial origin, and that without God man would never have discovered them. In his eyes there was not a more efficacious remedy for dispelling temptations, desires of revenge, ambition, and all the worldly feelings which we inherit from our first parent. It was the most certain way by which man could present to God his sufferings and cares, his tears and lamentations, his love and gratitude. It was in heaven the seraph's, on earth the prophet's, tongue.

Next to theology, he loved music, and often repeated

that whoever did not love it, could never be loved by Luther.

When he entered into Worms, he sung a canticle which he himself had composed and set to music. This hymn is one of those ancient relics of German poetry, the recollection of which is yet preserved; but it is not certain that it is the same as Luther extemporized; for the melody of Worms is not like that of Wittenberg: in neither of them have we found any thing but imperfect fragments of the choral of Meyerbeer. Music in Germany at that time resembled much the chorus of the Greeks, or the Gregorian chaunt; and Luther was right in saying, that music was a gift of Heaven, which man received, according to him, as a grace. It was only in Italy that it had been made a study.

Luther often praised the art of music to his friends. On one occasion when the Passion was sung, he listened attentively, and said: "Music is a delightful and lovely gift of God: it has so often excited and moved me, so that it quickened me to preach."

Again: "Satan is a great enemy to music. It is a good antidote against temptation and evil thoughts. The devil does not stay long where it is practised."

"Music is one of the noblest arts: its notes give life to the text; it charms away the spirit of sadness, as is seen in the case of King Saul."

"Kings, princes, and lords, must give encouragement to music; for it behoves great potentates and rulers to encourage good liberal arts and laws."

"Music is the best cordial to a person in sadness: it soothes, quickens, and refreshes the heart."

"Music is a semi-disciplinarian and schoolmaster: it makes men more gentle and tender-hearted, more modest and discreet."

"Your wretched fiddlers and gut-scrapers serve the purpose of showing us what a fine, noble art music is: for white is more brilliant when contrasted with black."

"I have always loved music. He that is skilled in this art is possessed of good qualities, and can be employed in any thing. Music must of necessity be retained in the schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, otherwise I will hear nothing of him."

"Music is a delightful, noble gift of God, and nearly related to theology. I would not give what little skill in music I possess for something great. The young are continually to be exercised in this art: it makes good and skilful people of them."

"Singing is the best art and exercise: it has nothing to do with the world, with lawsuits or quarrels. Singers do not vex themselves with cares, but are joyful, and banish and chase away their cares with singing."

"With those that despise music, as all fanatics are wont to do, I am not pleased; for music is a gift bestowed by God, and not by men. So it also banishes Satan, and renders men joyful; it causes men to forget all wrath, uncharity, pride, and other vices. Next to theology, I esteem and honor music. And we see how David and all the saints clothed their pious thoughts in verses, rhymes, and songs; because in times of peace music rules."

Luther was of a frank and cheerful disposition. He was exceedingly fond of music, of which he used to say, that in many instances its influence was more strengthening than meat and drink. He was himself

a composer, and a great lover of the flute. His voice was lively and penetrating, though somewhat elevated, for which reason he used to sing *alto*, as Dr. Katzenberger, Physician in Ordinary to the Elector Frederick, relates in a manuscript memoir of Luther.

This sainted man took peculiar delight in music, by means of which he mastered many a temptation and other difficulty of life. Dr. Weller says of him: "He took such pleasure in music, that he often invited his intimate friends, to get rid (by music) of those thoughts wherewith Satan vexed and plagued him. Of the words, 'I laid me down, and slept — I awaked, for the Lord sustained me' (Ps. iii. 5), he was so fond, that he engaged the famous Bavarian composer, Lewis Senfel, to put them in music for him. For when exhausted with labor, and desirous of ceasing from thought, he used either to converse after supper with his friends, or to engage with them in music, forming them into a regular choir."

At table and after meals he would sometimes sing, as he played skilfully on the lute. Mathesius used to sing with him. The intervals he would fill up with choice remarks. "He was the *Noth*-mæstro," says Pasquin. "These have to act as the notes will have it; although the composer has also had his poor spirit, like Bezaleel, having harmonized so sensibly and beautifully the *hæc dicit Dominus* with the *circumdederunt me gemitus mortis.*"

"On one occasion," says Mathesius, "we sang those last words of Dido, from Virgil, *Dulces exuviæ*, in the presence of some friends. When the singing was over,

Mr. Philip, who had joined in it, observed, that Virgil had intended these words as a requiem for Antonius, expressive of his last words and wishes. 'Great God,' rejoined Luther, 'what poor miserable beings are these blind heathen, with their *literati!* How miserably do they die! *sine cruce Christi et luce verbi, i. e.*, without the cross of Christ and the light of His gospel. Thus many a one pierces his own heart, like that miserable, infatuated Dido.'"

Regarding Luther's love of music, and how he prepared the tunes to the Epistles, the Gospels, and the Words of Consecration, the opinion of John Walther, Electoral Band-master, as quoted by Michael Prætorius, is worth reading. It is as follows: "I know, and truly testify, that that holy man, Lutherus, who was the Prophet and Apostle of the Germans, took great delight in music. Many a precious hour have I thus spent with him, and have noticed that by singing he was so cheered in his mind, and made so happy, that he could hardly get enough of it. His remarks about music on these occasions were glorious indeed.

"When he was going to institute German mass at Wittenberg, about forty years ago, he wrote to the Elector and to Duke John, requesting them to send Conrad Rupff, then Conductor of the Choir at the Elector's chapel, and myself, to Wittenberg, in order that he might converse with us on choral music, on the musical scales, &c. After which he finally arranged the choral notes himself, selecting the octaves for the Epistles, and the sixths for the Gospels, and saying: 'Christ is a kind master, and his words are sweet; wherefore we will adopt *sextum tonum* for the Gospels; and because St. Paul is a serious apostle, therefore we

will ordain *octavum tonum* for the Epistles.' The notes to the Epistles, the Gospels, and the Words of the Institution of the Lord's Supper, he composed all himself, and then sang them before me, in order that he might have my opinion on the composition.

"At that time he detained me three weeks at Wittenberg, to write the notes to some gospels and epistles carefully, until the first German mass was sung in the parish church. Then I was obliged to listen, and then take a copy of this first German mass with me to Torgau, and deliver it in person to the Elector, by order of the Doctor.

"He further ordained, that the vespers, which had then been discontinued in many places, should be resumed for the benefit of the young, and that chorals in short metre should be composed for that purpose; also, that those scholars, who used to sing at the doors for bread, should sing German hymns, antiphones, and responses, as he did not like their singing Latin hymns at the doors."

In Luther's writings there are many passages illustrative of his great love of music. One of these is as follows: "The two exercises and pastimes I like best are, music and gymnastics; the former of which dispels all mental care and melancholy thought; while the latter produces elasticity of the body, and preserves health."

Humor of Luther.

That Luther could also be humorous we know already from the portraiture of his domestic life. On the driest and most insignificant topics his healthy and happy humor frequently shed a rosy lustre. This estimable gift did not forsake him even in Coburg, as is proved by a letter written from thence to his tablemates in Wittenberg, and entitled by himself, A Humorous Sketch of the Diet of Daws and Crows. "Just opposite our window," he writes, "there is a thicket, like a small forest, in which there is such a riding to and fro, such a crying day and night without ceasing, as though they were all drunken madcaps. There old and young are gaggling and chattering promiscuously, so that I wonder how voice and breath may last so long. I should like to know, whether there are also some such nobility and armed troopers among you. Methinks they are here assembled from all parts of the world. . . . They are great, powerful lords withal; but what they consult about I do not yet know. Through a certain interpreter, however, I have received information that they intend to wage a mighty warfare against wheat, barley, oats, malt, and every kind of corn and grain; so that many a knight will be created, and great exploits performed. . . . The whole affair, in my opinion, denotes nothing else, than the preaching and writing of the Sophists and Papists. All these I must have upon a large heap before me, in order that I may hear their lovely crying and preaching, and see what useful folks they are — devouring everything on earth, and gaggling in the bargain for pastime."

Another instance of Luther's poetical manner of talking we have in a letter to the Chancellor Pontanus, in which he denounces the fear and faint-heartedness of Protestants. "I have lately seen two wonders," he observes; "the one, in beholding from my window the stars of heaven and the whole firmament of God, but seeing no pillars anywhere upon which the master-builder had put that arch; yet did the heavens not tumble down, but the arch is standing firm yet. Now there are some who are looking for pillars, and would like to feel and grasp them; and since they are not able to do that, they sprawl and tremble, as though the heavens were sure to tumble down from no other cause than that they can neither see nor grasp the pillars. If they could but grasp them, then the heavens would stand firm. The other wonder is this: I saw great thick clouds hovering over me, with such a load, that they might be compared to a great ocean; yet did I see no bottom on which they were resting — no vat in which they were enclosed. Still they did not fall upon us; but, having saluted us with a sour face, they fled away. When they were gone, both the bottom and the roof that had supported them — the rainbow — became visible. That, certainly, was a weak, insignificant, thin bottom and roof; so much so, that it disappeared in the clouds, looking more like a shadow than a strong bottom; so that on account of the bottom one might just as well despair, as on account of the great weight of water. Still there are those who are no more afraid of the water, and of the thickness and weight of the clouds, than of this thin, small, and light shadow; for they would like to feel the strength of that shadow. But because they cannot feel that, they fear that the clouds may cause an everlasting deluge.

These things I write your Honor in a friendly manner, humorously, yet seriously; as I have learnt, with particular pleasure, that your Honor has good courage and a stout heart in these our tribulations. Our rainbow is weak; their clouds are strong: but we shall see who will obtain the victory in the end."

During his stay in Coburg, Luther was also occupied with Æsop's Fables. There were in his time several German translations of these fables, but the work had fallen into inexperienced hands. Instead of translating the Greek fable in its simplicity, the authors had mixed their own jokes and obscenities with it, and thus marred its beauty. Luther, who had a better taste, was grieved at such desecration, and resolved to make himself a German translation of the best fables of Æsop. With great pleasure he performed this task, selecting sixteen of the best fables, adding suitable remarks and morals, together with a preface, and illustrating the whole with a number of wood-cuts. In the Preface he says, among other things: "Well, since none will hear and suffer the truth — though none can do without it — we will adorn it, and array it in the gay colors of a fable; so that, what they will not be told by the mouth of man, they shall be told by the mouth of animals and wild beasts."

After Luther's recovery from his sickness at Smalkald, a rumor spread among the Papists that he was dead. Hence a messenger came from Halle, from the valley of the river Inn, which flows among the Alps of Tyrol, informing Luther that there was such a report in his country; that the Papists were rejoicing greatly, because Dr. M. Luther had died; and that they had

made an epitaph in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek letters. This messenger further stated, that many pious souls had been greatly terrified by that rumor, and that they had besought him to make sure and bring them a copy of the epitaph. "But," added he, "because I find your Reverence alive, I beseech you to give me a writing from your tomb, wherewith I may comfort those pious people who have been distressed." Upon this the Doctor began to laugh, saying, "That is a strange demand for a writing from me. Never in my life have I written any thing about my burial." At last, however, he wrote thus: "I, Dr. Martin Luther, testify with this my handwriting, that I do no ways agree with the devil, the Pope, and my other enemies, who would fain rejoice that I am dead. I am quite content to let them have their joy; for I was quite willing to have died at Smalkald, but it has not been the good pleasure of God to sanction their joy. He will do it, however, sooner than they expect — not to their great fortune: they will have to sing, one day, 'Oh, that Luther were yet alive!' — This is a copy of my epitaph in German, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew."

Particularly remarkable is the entertainment he gave in 1540, and to which he invited the chief men of the University, among whom was also M. Eisleben, on whose account the entertainment was given, When they had eaten, and everybody was merry, Luther ordered a glass with colored rings to be brought, which he filled with wine, drinking the health of his guests. The other guests having replied, M. Eisleben's (Agricola's) turn came also. Luther then showed him the glass, and said: "M. Eisleben — my dear Sir, I give you this glass of wine: down to the first ring, the ten

commandments; to the second, the creed; to the third, the Pater-noster and the rest of the catechism." Having said this, he (Dr. M. Luther) emptied the glass, and filling it again, gave it to Eisleben, who, having taken the colored glass and commenced drinking, put it down again, looking afterwards at it as at something abominable. Whereupon Luther observed: "I knew very well beforehand, that M. Eisleben would quaff the ten commandments, but let alone the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the catechism; for it was he who advised us to take the law out of the church, and put it into the court-house."

In the year 1544, when his bosom friend, George Spalatin, was staying with him at Wittenberg, Luther, at dinner, brought him a glass, with these words:

> Isthoc ex vitro vitreus bibit ipse Lutherus
> Hospes, supremum tum Spalatin tuus.

That is to say,

> "Himself a fragile glass, thy host, my Spalatin,
> The parting draught presents here in a glass of wine."

These words are the more remarkable, as it is well known that Spalatin — this faithful friend and counsellor of Luther — fell into a deep melancholy that same year, and died, at Wittenberg, on the 16th of January, 1545, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Adversaries.

"Such fellows as Tetzel, Cochlæus, Lemnius, I do not regard," said Luther. "We should have no dealing with such backbiters and slanderers. They are most detestable! They appear not openly in the field, nor come right in our sight, but, in their poisoned hatred, scorn everything we do. They boast highly of the Fathers. Let them. We have one Father, which is in heaven, who is above all fathers! Their piece and patch work is of no weight. They write under the inspiration of a corrupt and vicious heart; and we all know that their works are mere impudent lies. The article of the Holy Trinity is nowhere expressly written in Holy Scripture, yet it is believed; therefore, they say, we ought also to believe traditions and ordinances of men without God's word."

"This Wetzell they have preferred at Leipzig," says Luther, "is a mischievous fellow. He was condemned to die, and would have been executed, but was saved at my intercession, and honorably entertained. Now he requites me by his insolences. However, 'tis a wretch that has condemned himself: he is not worthy to be condemned — he will have his judge. The Papists will gain nothing by their railing. When they blaspheme, we should pray, and be silent, and not carry wood to the fire.

"I am glad this fellow is at Leipzig. He is there like a mouse taken in a trap; for he is full of evil opinions: when they break out, he will get his payment. He got much poison from Campanus, who wrote

a blasphemous work under this title: Against All that were, and are, in the World, since the Apostles' Time. He has lost the general praise. He is reserved in his preaching, and cold — colder than ice. He dares not break out, and say what he has in his heart. He goes like a shackled hare: he fears his hearers; his mouth is shut; his words captive, as in a dungeon. The words of an eloquent man should move others, and pierce the heart."

Philip Melanchthon showing Luther a letter from Augsburg, wherein he was informed that a very learned divine, a Papist, in that city, was converted, and had received the gospel, Luther said: "I like those best that do not fall off suddenly, but ponder the case with considerate discretion, compare together the writings and argments of both parties, and lay them on the gold balance, and in God's fear search after the upright truth. Out of such fit people are made, able to stand in controversy. Such a man was St. Paul, who at first was a strict Pharisee and man of works, who stiffly and earnestly held over and defended the law; but afterwards preached Christ in the best and purest manner, against the whole nation of the Jews."

"That impious knave," said Luther, "Martin Cellarius, thought to flatter me by saying, 'Thy calling is superior to that of the apostles'; but I at once checked him, replying sharply, 'By no means — I am in no degree comparable with the apostles.' He sent me four treatises he had written, about Moses' temple and the allegories it involved; but I returned them at once, for they were full of the most arrogant self-glorification."

"Erasmus," says Luther, "is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth. He made several attempts to draw me into his snares, but God lent me special aid to escape. In 1525, he sent one of his doctors with 200 ducats as a present to my wife; but I would not accept them, and enjoined my wife not to meddle in such matters. He is a very Caiaphas."

"Erasmus is very pitiful with his prefaces," says Luther, "though he tried to smoothe them over. He appears to see no difference between Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the wise pagan legislator, Solon. He sneers at St. Paul and St. John; and ventures to say, that the Epistle to the Romans, whatever it might have been at a former period, is not applicable to the present state of things. Shame upon thee, accursed wretch! — 'Tis a mere Momus, mocking at everything and everybody, at God and man, at Papist and Protestant; but all the while using such shuffling and double-meaning terms, that no one can lay hold of him to any effectual purpose. Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse upon Erasmus!"

Luther said, "Carlstadt opposed me merely out of ambition; for he flattered himself that on earth there was not a more learned man than he. And although in his writings he imitated me, yet he played strange tricks with my manner. He wanted to be the great man, and truly I would willingly have left the honor to him, so far as it had not been against God. For, I praise my God! I was never so presumptuous as to think myself wiser than another man. When at first I wrote against indulgences, I designed simply to have

opposed them; thinking that, afterwards, others would come and accomplish what I had begun."

Luther says, "Erasmus was poisoned at Rome and at Venice with Epicurean doctrines. He extols the Arians more highly than the Papists. He ventures to say, that Christ is named God but once in St. John, where Thomas says, 'My Lord and my God.' His chief doctrine is, we must carry ourselves according to the times, or, as the proverb goes, hang the cloak according to the wind. He only looked to himself, to have good and easy days; and so died, like an Epicurean, without any one comfort of God."

"This do I leave behind me," writes Luther, "as my will and testament, whereunto I make you witnesses. I hold Erasmus of Rotterdam to be Christ's most bitter enemy. In his Catechism — of all his writings that which I can least endure — he teaches nothing decided: not one word says, Do this, or Do not this. He therein only throws error and despair into youthful consciences. He wrote a book against me, called Hyperaspites, wherein he proposed to defend his work on Free Will, against which I wrote my De Servo Arbitrio, which has never yet been confuted, nor will it ever be by Erasmus; for I am certain that what I wrote on the matter is the unchangeable truth of God. If God live in heaven, Erasmus will one day know and feel what he has done."

Slanders against Luther.

One of those vile calumnies by which Luther's adversaries endeavored to blast his character is, the report, circulated as early as 1518, that he was possessed of many demons; and from one of his own letters, written to Iodorus of Eisenach in 1519, it appears that they also charged him with having a familiar spirit, by whose assistance he had become such a clever writer and disputant, that his opponents at the disputation of Leipsic could not succeed against him. For Dr. Eck asserted to have been informed by others of something which he could hardly credit himself, viz., that the monk had had concealed in his smelling-bottle a familiar spirit, or learned demon-assistant. At the same time he (Eck) was unscrupulous enough to write to the Elector: "Whether Dr. Luther has a demon in his bottle or cowl, I know not, nor can any affirm that they heard me say so. But that he carried something about with him, which was attached to his finger by a thread and small silver ring, is a fact, for there was much talk about it."

"When Martin Luther was sick, he desired to receive the holy sacrament; which having received, he died forthwith. During his illness, when perceiving that the same was of a violent character, and likely to terminate in death, he had desired his dead body to be put upon an altar and worshipped like a god. But Divine goodness aad providence interfered, putting an end, with everlasting silence, to this great error, and working such miracles as were necessary to induce the peo-

ple to avoid such great heresy, corruption, and destruction, as had been caused in the world by the said Luther. As soon, therefore, as his corpse was buried, people heard a fearful clattering noise, as if hell were moved, by which they were exceedingly terrified; and, when lifting their eyes toward heaven, they distinctly saw the most Holy Host of our Lord Jesus Christ, which that unworthy man had dared to receive—I say, that all who were present clearly saw the most Holy Host suspended in the air (above the grave)—wherefore they proceeded, with great devotion and reverence, to deposit it again in the sanctuary. This being done, the former hellish noise was heard no more that day. But during the night following a greater noise than the former was heard by everybody, in the same place where the body of Martin Luther had been interred; which caused the people to rise from their beds in great consternation and fear. After daybreak they went and opened the grave where the wicked body of Martin Luther had been buried, when they found that there was no body there: they clearly saw that there was neither flesh, nor bone, nor clothes. There was, however, a great stench of sulphur, by reason of which everybody that stood near got sick. Many of those who witnessed these things have mended their lives, to the glory and praise of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of the holy Christian church, which is a pillar of the truth."

Of this lying instrument Luther did not remain ignorant. He even republished it, with this addition: "And I, Martin Luther, confess and testify by these presents, that I have received that fierce fiction of my death, on the 21st of March, 1545; and that I have read it joyfully and with pleasure, except those blas-

phemies wherewith they have blasphemed the Divine majesty. In every other respect it has given me a sensation of pleasure, to see that the devil and his servants, Pope and Papists, are so fiercely opposed to me. God convert them from the devil! But if it be decreed that my prayer for these sinners unto death shall be in vain, then may God grant that they fill their measure by writing nothing else than such books, to their own joy and consolation. Let them alone: they fare as they willed it. Meanwhile, I will see how they will be saved, or how they will recant and do penance for all those lies and blasphemies wherewith they have filled the world."

Luther also added the following lines:

Papa quid ægroto sua fata precare Luthero?
Nil melius, vivat, seu moriatur, habes.
Is, tua dum vivit, pestis te affligit et urit,
Mors tua tunc certe, cum morietur, erit,
Dira lues pestis sed mors est durior illa
Elige nunc, utrum, perfide Papa! velis.

That is,

"Why, Pope, doest thou wish Luther dead?
Lives he, or dies, thou won't succeed.
His life to thee a pest will be;
His death will still be killing thee.
The plague is hard, death harder still.
Choose, treach'rous Pope! and have thy will."

In reference to the above wicked falsehood, Seckendorf remarks, that "some of Luther's adversaries felt so much ashamed of the thing, that they attributed it to Luther, saying, he or some of his friends must have published it. The original, however, which the Landgrave had received in a letter from a certain merchant at Augsburg, stating, that this wicked rumor had been

spread by means of the press at Naples and other places, and which the Landgrave forwarded to the Elector on the 12th of March, 1545, has been preserved in the archives of Weimar. The Landgrave, in his letter, wished that Luther might write something in reply, and the Elector answered him on the 29th of the same month, saying, that he had sent the enclosed to Luther, who had got it printed in the form suggested, as the copies accompanying his letter would show.

After Luther's decease, his enemies began to spread a number of gross and abominable lies, which others have repeated after them, with additional and shocking falsehoods.

They said, for instance, that, being greatly intoxicated, he laid himself down in the evening, and was suffocated in his bed during the night.

Others affirmed, that he had taken a rope, and miserably hung himself.

Others, again, said a large dog had frightened him, and many devils had made their appearance at the time of his death.

Another story was, that on the evening of his death he had been sitting at table with his lewd companions, indulging in all sorts of buffoonery and low jesting; and when they had taken his corpse to Wittenberg from Eisleben, evil spirits, in the shape of black ravens, had accompanied it.

And that these scandalous lies were believed by the people of Italy appears from a picture, which they used to carry about, representing, as two of our saints, John Huss with a wisp of straw, and Dr. Martin Luther with a large can in his hand, as though he had died a sot, and fallen a martyr to his carnal appetites.

Eggius, in his Pontificus Doctus, says, "Luther spent day and night in sumptuous feasting."

The Jesuit Garasse, in his Doctrine Curieuse, calls him "The Great Ox: a man with an enormous body, composed of nothing but fat."

The Jesuit Turselin describes him as having "an active, violent temper; insolent, yet eloquent; with red hair, and much given to dissipation and excess."

No one would have dared to utter these slanders during Luther's lifetime; for the truth was too well known. Even in Rome, justice was awarded to his integrity, talents, love of truth, and blameless morals, Leo X. having sought a man capable of combatting Luther, but not finding one in Italy, entrusted the work to Longueil of Mecklin in Flanders, the illegitimate son of an archbishop, better known by the name of Christoph Longolius. In a Latin discourse, he thus speaks: "Let me say something of the talents and literary efforts of Luther. His thoughts, expressed as they are with so much candor, have deceived even me. He has attacked the corrupt morals of all classes of society with equal truth and power. He defends, with great conscientiousness, the rights of the rich against the avarice, violence, and ignorance of the multitude. Without ever having seen him, I regard him as a man who does honor to our age."

In the edict issued by the Emperor against Luther, after the Diet of Worms, it is "forbidden any one, on pain of the severest penalty, to harbor, cherish, feed, or

give drink to that devil in human form and monk's dress, Martin Luther."

Being one day very cheerful at table, "Be not scandalized," he said, "to see me so merry. I have heard a great deal of bad news to-day, and have just read a letter violently abusing me. Our affairs must be going on well, since the devil is storming so!"

Cochlæus asserts that Luther was engendered by an incubus. "When he was a monk," adds this writer, "he was suspected of having dealings with the devil. One day while the gospel was being read, at the part where it is said that Jesus forced a demon to come out of the body of one deaf and dumb, Luther fell to the ground, exclaiming, *Non sum, non sum* — 'It is not I, it is not I.' Some Spaniards, who were present at the Diet of Augsburg (1530), seriously believed that Luther and his wife were to give birth to Antichrist."

Perils of Luther.

Towards the close of the year 1520, a man, pretending to be the ex-Chancellor of the late Emperor Maximilian, came to Wittenberg. One day, after Luther had left the college to go home, this man accosted him in a very friendly manner, shaking his hand, and desiring an interview with him. Luther willingly granted his request, and took him into his cell. When they were alone, the stranger commenced his interview as follows: "Dear Doctor," said he, "I wonder you are so bold as to give your hand to everybody. Somebody might have an arquebuse concealed in his sleeve, and put a ball into you. Mind that I am here alone with you." Hereupon Luther said, with a smile: "How could such a one escape? He would have to surrender his own body in turn, and die." The stranger then replied: "Though I should have to die for killing you, yet would the Pope make me a saint, and send you to the devil as a heretic." When Luther heard this, he began to suspect that the stranger intended something bad. He therefore went straight to the door, and having called his famulus, Wolfgang, he returned to the stranger, and conversed with him as before. His guest, however, showed little inclination to stay longer. He went out abruptly, left the place and the city, and was never seen there again. "This man," say the old chronicles, "the Doctor considered as a traitor and assassin, who had been hired to kill him. But God had caused his courage to fail, so that he could do him no harm."

A letter addressed to Spalatin on Christmas day, 1519, shows in what danger Dr. Luther was at that time. In that letter he writes: "This very hour I was informed by Philip, that Emser and the priests at Misnia are so infuriated against me, as to maintain, that whosoever kills me commits no sin."

John Eck raged so furiously against Luther, that he undertook a journey to Rome, to set the forest of Lebanon on fire. Concerning this journey Eck himself published a letter, under date of the 3d of May, 1520. Hutten, who had been informed of the fact, comforted Luther in a letter, written the 4th of June, and exhorted him to be constant. Alluding to the same fact, Luther, writing to Justus Jonas, says: "These miserable men rage against me, seeking to take my life; but Christ lives and rules."

Luther having replied to a letter published by the Bishop of Misnia against his sermon on the Holy Sacrament of the Supper, Duke George of Saxony took the Bishop's part, and commenced to rage exceedingly, by which means the courtiers of the Elector were so greatly intimidated, that they also became angry with Luther; wherefore the latter made up his mind to leave Wittenberg, and to go to Bohemia, there to conceal himself. But when the Pope and his clique were thus determined, either to kill Luther, or at least to banish him from Germany, God marvellously interposed by giving Luther a bodily protector in the person of Ulric von Hutten, a German nobleman and poet, who wrote against the Pope, and assailed his antichristian dominion.

In 1520 attempts were also made to get rid of Luther by poison, as appears from his own statements to Spalatin, in a letter dated the 11th of September. "Be careful," he observes there, "lest somebody poison the Elector. As to myself, the Papists are trying hard to poison me, so that Hutten is greatly concerned, and thinks he cannot warn me sufficiently."

In another letter (to the same individual) he writes: "Some friends have taken pity upon me, warning me through others from Halberstadt, and saying, that a certain doctor of medicine and a wizard, had been charged with killing me, and that he would arrive here on the following Sunday."

The whole story was thus related by Luther, at Eisleben, in 1546: — "About the year 1520 some Polish bishops bribed a doctor of medicine, promising him 2000 ducats, and ordering him to poison and kill Dr. Luther, which he also promised to do. But these same bishops revealing the secret to some other doctor with whom they were intimate, the latter sent word to Dr. Luther by some people of Breslau in Silesia, saying, that a certain Jew, named Franciscus, — a professed doctor, great philologist, and pretended astrologer, with red hair, of fine exterior, well-dressed, and very polite and experienced — would make his appearance at Wittenberg, for the purpose of destroying him by poison."

For this individual Luther waited a long while. At last, after a year, a certain man, who had come to Wittenberg from Prag, made the acquaintance of Luther's friends, and was by them introduced to Luther. This man gave out, that he could throw a ring or musk-apple into a cup, and drink Luther's health. If the cup

contained poison, it would not hurt him, as he would take an antidote. Having thus roused suspicion that he was the above-named Franciscus, he received warning to leave the city betimes, which he also did.

Some time after, a certain Jew called upon Aurogallo, and wished to make the acquaintance of Dr. Luther. As this individual pretended to be an astrologer and a master of many languages, and as his personal appearance answered precisely to that description which the people of Breslau had given of the Polish Jew, Franciscus, except that his hair was brown, Luther thought that he had dyed his hair, and therefore had him arrested, and washed with strong alkaline solutions. The Jew got terrified, as he could not understand why they should wash his hair, which retained its color in spite of all washing. He was then tried, found innocent, and acquitted; and after they had exacted from him an oath that he would not take revenge, they set him at liberty.

Five whole years after this the real Polish imposter arrived in Wittenberg, and took lodgings with Melanchthon, who, he had heard, was fond of astrology. As he expressed a desire to see Luther, Philip invited the latter to dinner, on which occasion the Pole stated the genealogies of many princes and lords, as well as the conclusions he drew from these given data. He also conversed about the religion of the Turks and Tartars, as he had travelled almost all over the world. They all listened to him with admiration and delight, and even Luther himself was greatly pleased with the man. But after his return to the cloister, Luther suddenly remembered what had been written to him from Breslau, and felt convinced that this was the man. On the morrow, as he had to go to Torgau, he left strict orders,

that if the Polish Jew called he should not be admitted; which orders were as strictly obeyed, especially as Franciscus was very importunate, making inquiries about Luther's sleeping-room and other private matters. On his return from Torgau, Luther sent for Melanchthon and for the chief police-magistrate of Wittenberg, in order that the Jew might be tried and convicted. But as he insisted upon his being innocent, and also stated, that he had come to Wittenberg for no other purpose than to get the Scriptures printed in seven languages, he was discharged. Public opinion, however, ran so strongly against him, that he embraced the first opportunity for leaving Wittenberg secretly.

As regards Luther's concealment from danger in the Castle of Wartburg, Lindner refers to a letter written by Luther to Nicolaus Gerbelius, a lawyer at Strasburg, on the 1st of November, 1521, in which he says, "You inquire so anxiously and kindly after my circumstances; but I think you must have been informed of them. At the advice of good friends, I have allowed myself to be concealed, though reluctantly, and with doubts, whether I am doing God service. I thought I should have to surrender my head, in order to appease public rage; but those by whose advice I have been captured on the road, under a semblance of violence, have thought differently. They have conveyed me to a place of safety, where I am treated most kindly."

Regarding the dangers of Luther, Mathesius writes: "I have often asked him, if attempts had ever been made to poison him. 'Doubtless,' he replied, 'for a person of rank is known to have observed, that poison seemed to have no effect upon me. One day, having

been invited to table by strangers, I went home, when I was taken with severe pain in the bowels. I went to bed, and began to perspire profusely. My nose and eyes began to run, and from my ears some slimy and filthy substance issued. This was followed by painful retching and vomiting. In short, every pore and passage of my body was opened at that time; and having been thus purged, I arose in the morning quite healthy and cheerful. I am sure that then I had swallowed a rank poison; but He who says, if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, pronounced His blessing upon it, and delivered me once and again from every danger.'"

Maximilian Misson, in his Description of a Journey to Italy, in the years 1687 and '88, relates the following: "One day, during the Diet at Worms, when Luther had become somewhat heated by speaking, having been obliged to stand close to a heated stove, somebody brought him a glass of wine, which he took and placed on a bench, forgetting to drink it in the heat of discussion. After he had placed the wine there, the glass burst asunder, and the wine was spilt without anybody having touched it, whence it is generally supposed that the wine was poisoned. That part of the bench where the glass was placed by Luther has been hollowed out by his friends and admirers, who wished to preserve pieces of the wood on which the poisonous liquor was spilt by the interposing providence of God."

In 1541 a citizen of Wittenberg, named Clemann Shober, followed Luther, arquebuse in hand, with the evident intention of killing him. He was arrested and punished.

Luther's Escutcheon or Coat-of-Arms.

It was of a circular form, with a white rose in the centre, on which there was a heart, with a black cross upon it. The whole was enclosed by a gold ring, with these words around it: *In patientia suavitas, i. e.*, "in patience, sweetness." On the reverse were found these words:

Des Christen Herz auf Rosen geht,
Wenn's mitten unter'm Kreutze steht.

"The Christian's heart on roses lies,
When at the cross it moans and sighs."

Dr. Reinhard Bakius gives the following description of it:

"The scutchen is painted sky-blue, and is encircled by a green wreath of rue. On the scutcheon is a white rose, with a red heart upon it, and a golden cross. It also contains the inscription, *Des Christen Herz*," &c.

The following is Dr. Luther's own account of his arms, as given in a letter to Lazarus Spengler, Government Clerk at Nuremberg, who was his bosom-friend:

"Grace and peace in Christ!

"*Honorable Sir and respected Friend* —

"As you desire to know whether my seal is correct, I will give you my first thoughts, for good company, which I intended to have engraven upon my seal, as expressive of my theology. The first thing was to be

a cross (black) within the heart, and having its natural color, to put me in mind that faith in Christ crucified saves us. 'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' Now, although the cross is black, mortified, and intended to cause pain, yet does it not change the color of the heart, does not corrupt nature, *i. e.*, does not kill, but keeps alive. 'For the just shall live by faith,' — but by faith in the Saviour. But this heart is fixed upon the centre of a white rose, to show that faith causes joy and consolation and peace, not as the world gives peace and joy. For this reason the rose is white, and not red, because white is the color of all angels and blessed spirits. This rose, moreover, is fixed in a sky-colored ground, to denote that such joy of faith in the spirit is but an earnest and beginning of heavenly joy to come, as anticipated and held by hope, though not yet revealed. And around this ground-base is a golden ring, to signify that such bliss in heaven is endless, and more precious than all joys and treasures, since gold is the best and most precious metal.

"Christ, our dear Lord, be with your spirit unto eternal life. Amen."

General Character of Luther.

Luther's intellect was acute and penetrating, his spirit fiery and indomitable, capable of accomplishing great things. All this was required: for a timid and less enlightened mind could never have accomplished what he did. Although it may be objected, therefore, that he pointed his quill too much occasionally, writing bitterly against his enemies, it should also be borne in mind that the disease with which the Christian church was then infested, to the great detriment of public morality, was too deeply rooted, and too dangerous, to be cured by gentle remedies. While in other things Luther acknowledged himself to be subject to infirmities, he never yielded in his contests with enemies of the truth, but standing firm, like a wall, he warded off their thrusts with the shield of God's word. His relation to his colleagues was that of intimacy, while his intercourse with people generally was marked with kindness and affability. He never shrunk from labor, but worked incessantly, that the fountain of Divine truth might be cleansed from the filth of human tradition. Though he has done much in this department, yet would he have done more, had his enemies given him a little more rest.

Though somewhat corpulent, he was exceedingly moderate in eating and drinking, so that even his friend Melanchthon was frequently astonished; who also informs us, that on one occasion he knew him to have abstained entirely for four successive days from all food and drink, though he was not sick then; and that often he took no other food for several days than a little bread

and one herring; which proves conclusively, that some of his enemies, in affirming that he was given immoderately to the use of strong drink, must have been devoid of all charity.

He was very expert in the art of turning, and well versed in music and poetry, as appears from those spirit-stirring hymns which he has composed, and set in music, with the assistance of his flute. How full of power and spirit these hymns are, is best known to those who try to sing them with true devotion of heart.

Beza (a name never to be mentioned without veneration) wrote a Latin epigram on Luther, the great and successful Reformer, a translation of which we lay before our readers: —

"Rome tamed the world; yet Rome the Pope hath awed;
She rose by force, but he by holy fraud.
Greater than both how much was Luther, when
He vanquished both with nothing but a pen!
Go, fabling Greece, and bid Alcides know,
His club, as Luther's pen, gave no such blow."

The pious reader will doubtless be edified by a perusal of the life of this holy man. But at the same time he ought to remember, that Dr. Martin Luther was no angel, but a human being, and a sinner, like Abraham, Paul, and others; and that, as such, he had to rely, both in life and death, upon the merits of Jesus Christ, in which true faith he also expired.

Luther introduced, not only into Germany, but into the world, a new and most important era, and his name can never be forgotten, while any thing of principle

remains that is deserving of remembrance; for the grand and leading doctrine of Lutheranism is, the right of private judgment in matters of religion. To this he was always ready to devote his talents and life; and, says the biographer of Leo X., "the great and imperishable merit of this Reformer consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able to confute or invalidate."

Dr. Robertson has the following observations, in his History of Charles V.: "Luther was raised up by Providence, to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions in history. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine conspicuously in every part of his behavior. To these may be added, such purity, and even austerity, of manner, as became a reformer; such sanctity of life, as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to all the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honors and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of Professor of the University and Pastor of the town of Wittenberg. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human passions. However, to rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance and superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle

call would neither have reached, nor have excited, those to whom it must have been addressed. A spirit less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from dangers which he braved and surmounted."

Gibbon, speaking of the effects produced by the exertions of Luther and his companions, says: "The philosopher must own his obligations to these fearless enthusiasts: by their hands the lofty fabric of superstitions, from the abuse of indulgences to the intercession of the Virgin, has been levelled with the ground; myriads of both sexes of the monastic profession were restored to liberty and the labors of social life; the chain of authority was broken, which restrains the bigot from thinking as he pleases, and the slave from speaking as he thinks. The Pope, Fathers, and Councils, were no longer the supreme and infallible judges of the world; and each Christian was taught to acknowledge no law but the Scriptures, no interpreter but his own conscience."

Dr. Buchanan says: "The second era of light is the Reformation. In the midst of spiritual darkness, while men were sitting a second time in the region and shadow of death, the day-spring from on high visited them. This has been accounted by some an epoch in the church, not less remarkable than that of the first promulgation of the gospel. And although it is now much out of view in the minds of many; although infidelity would obscure its glory, and the withered hand hath been lifted up against him that healed it, the Reformation will ever be considered as a great event in the divine dispensatiou, by all three members of the church of Christ, to the end of time."

"As in the first age, the preaching of the Apostle Paul was chiefly instrumental in the conversion of men; so, at this second era, the ministry of Luther was principally honored of God for that purpose. Luther was ordained to be the great instrument of light; and he, like Wickliffe, gave the Holy Scriptures to his nation in their own tongue."

Villers says: "The zeal, intrepidity, and persevering exertions, of that illustrious divine and able champion of truth, Dr. Martin Luther, were the means, under the miraculous superintendence of Divine Providence, of emancipating one part of Europe from the dominion of ignorance and superstition—of mitigating the rigors of the papal yoke in the other, and of producing the greatest and most beneficial revolution in the moral sentiment of mankind, that has taken place since the promulgation of Christianity."

"During my whole journey hither, I have sounded the minds of the people, to discover what they thought of thee; and, lo! for every one that took the part of the Pope, I have always found three who took thy part against the Pope." (Miltitz to Luther.) Luther, who tells us this in his Preface to his Latin works, adds: "This, however, was ridiculous, that, in the hotels, he (Miltitz) used to ask women and maid-servants, what they thought of the 'Pope's chair' (authority). They did not always understand the question, but answered, 'How can we know, whether in Rome you have chairs of wood or of stone?'"

Early on Sunday morning Luther sent for his barber to shave him, and improve his appearance. The bar-

ber on coming asked him, saying, "Dear Doctor, how is it you wish to be shaved so early?" Says Luther to him: "I shall appear before the Pope's legation, so I must look young; then the Legate will think, why, the d—! is Luther still so young, and has already done so much mischief—how much may he do yet?" After Master Henry had shaved him, Luther put on his best clothes, and ornaments of gold around his neck. Says the barber to him: "Dear Doctor, that will gall them!" "For this very reason I am doing it," replied Luther. "They have vexed us more than enough: serpents and foxes must be treated in this manner."

Luther's philanthropy and lenity frequently prompted him to intercede with the Elector in behalf of malefactors. Thus he often prayed for thieves, until, taught by repeated observation, he came at last to the conclusion, that the best place for thieves is the gallows. He says himself, on this subject: "If a man have deserved death, then away with him; for the best place for thieves is the gallows. I have interceded for some, and got them off; but the majority of them were hung a short time after."

By means of his frequent intercourse with men of all ranks, Luther acquired a knowledge of mankind, and an acuteness of observation, which it was difficult to deceive. He frequently judged of the character of people, who were entire strangers to him, with surprising accuracy. Thus, for instance, he was once at table with the Elector John Frederick, son of John the Constant. At the same table also sat young Duke Maurice, son of Duke Henry of Freiberg, who was being educated at the court of his electoral relative. John

Frederick softly asked Luther, what he thought of his nephew. Luther replied: "I fear your Grace is training a lion's whelp." Maurice afterwards proved a young lion indeed; for having arrived at the age of manhood, and become conscious of his strength, he shook his mane, broke the power of his uncle, and robbed him of his country and his electoral title.

Duke Frederick, eldest son of Duke George, and like him a bitter opponent of the Reformation, once observed to those around him: "My father's conduct towards the Evangelicals is iron; but when I have assumed the reins of government, mine shall be steel." Luther being informed of this remark, said, with a smile: "Duke Frederick had better prepare for a happy death." Shortly after the Duke actually died.

Another time Duke George had sworn and said: "As my name is called George, so that damned, heretical doctrine shall never get a footing in my country." Of this also Luther was informed, and when he heard it, he exclaimed, with confidence, that "as surely as I am called Luther, I shall one day preach in Leipsic." The sequel is known. The sons of George all died, and he himself soon followed them in death. His brother and successor, Duke Henry, was friendly to the cause of the Reformation, introducing it into his newly acquired dominions; in consequence of which Luther preached the first evangelical sermon at Leipsic, in 1539.

Luther: "I might well finally grow faint and despair in this great and difficult matter, if I had undertaken it as an intruder, without call or command. But now God and all the world can bear me witness, that I have

commenced it publicly and officially, as doctor and preacher, which offices I hold by Divine appointment, that I may here feed the church of God with the pure word." And again: "A doctor of the Holy Scriptures should know and comprehend the Bible thoroughly. If we have the name and title of doctors of the Holy Scriptures, we should, verily, be compelled to teach the Holy Scriptures, and nothing else; that is to say, we should not even suffer that any thing else be taught."

At the close of the year 1519, when Frederick the Wise was at Cologne, he sent for the celebrated Erasmus, who happened to be in the city. Erasmus obeyed the princely summons, and repaired to the hotel of the Three Kings, where Frederick lodged. There he received a very friendly reception, and the Elector conversed with him for several hours, in the presence of Spalatin. Amongst other things, he asked him, whether he considered Martin Luther's doctrine, writings, and preaching, as erroneous. Erasmus, after some hesitation and a loud smack, at last replied: "Luther has sinned in two things: he has attacked the Pope's crown and the bellies of the monks." He added many other remarks in favor of Luther, and clearly demonstrated the necessity of a reformation in the church. This pleased the Elector exceedingly; and as he entertained a very high veneration for Erasmus, these laudatory remarks regarding Luther tended to raise the Reformer vastly in his estimation.

One day when Luther, Melanchthon, and Bugenhagen, were met at the house of Camerarius, their mutual friend, a sort of contest arose among them, as to whose method of saying grace would be briefest. Lu-

ther said: *Dominus Jesu sit potus et esus, i. e.*, "Lord Jesus, be drink and bread." Bugenhagen, praying in low German, said: *Dit und dat, trocken und nat, gesegn' uns Gott, i. e.*, "this and that, dry and wet, bless us God." Melanchthon said briefly: *Benedictus benedicat, i. e.*, "The Blessed, bless us."

A former ambassador in Turkey told Luther one day, that the Sultan had asked him, "Who is this Luther, and what is his age?" and that, when he had learned he was forty-eight, he said, "I wish he was not so old; tell him, that in me he has a gracious lord." "May God preserve me from all such gracious lords!" said Luther.

Though destitute of all protection, Luther has assailed the pontifical monarchy in open battle — not secretly, or by mines laid in the enemy's rear, as the manner of monks is, when they attack the character of princes and emperors — and vanquished the most experienced generals; such as Cajetan, Sylvester, Eck, and others, who were familiar with every kind of warlike apparatus. With unusual courage and heroic daring, he has assailed the Tower of Babel, and, to the happiness of a fortunate posterity, he has nearly demolished it.

Luther, that consummate, profound, and incomparable theologian, after fully exploring the vast range of secular philosophy, has dared to restore the sacred discipline of theology to its original dignity and purity — nay, to its former simple, sincere, and evangelical innocence.

We acknowledge, that to Luther we are indebted for head and heart, trunk and tail, liver and loin; that is to say, for everything wherein the life of religion consists.

He rose to be a genius, naturally acute, penetrating, and very fervent, made to undertake anything great — a man of undaunted and invincible courage. When engaged in the cause of truth, he cared for no one's love or hatred. The threatenings of the Pontiff and the edicts of the Emperor he esteemed no higher than the abuse of the common multitude, but treated them with the utmost contempt. I will not, however, deny, that Luther indulged his passions a little more liberally and frequently than was necessary, nor that he lost his temper when writing against the princes of great nations. But we must allow everybody to have his own way. The study of literature he pursued with diligence, and was himself a very learned man in his generation. But his chief aim in all his studies was, to search out the meaning of the sacred Scriptures, a great portion of which he has also beautifully explained in commentaries. Thus he has manfully reclaimed theology from the corruption in which it had been buried for many centuries past, and restored it to its pristine integrity. If his labors in this cause should in some quarters be considered as falling short of the requirements of strict orthodoxy, let it be remembered, that purging the stable of Augeas of its filth, a man cannot remain immaculate; nor should we lose sight of the fact (to which Erasmus in his letter to Archbishop Albert calls attention), that in Luther's writings much is condemned as heretical, which is read in St. Bernard and St. Augustine as orthodox — nay, even as

pious. He (Erasmus) also adds, that many things in the writings of Luther savor rather of imprudence than of impiety.

Luther, doubtless, was a man endowed with sublime spiritual gifts, and adorned with great virtues. The vastness of his intellect led him to a perfection of doctrine which was unknown in the century in which he lived. His knowledge of the Scriptures was wonderful, and his utterance manly. His method of reasoning was accompanied with all the dialectical exactness which the lucid and reverend truths he handled would allow. His thoughts were continually directed to great things; nor did he lack that perseverance which was necessary to carry through what he had commenced. His confidence could be neither shaken nor checked; and that bold assurance which he manifested before the numerously-attended Diet at Worms was not inferior to that shown by the Apostles in days of old. His life was holy, and the more private portion of it even austere. His virtues manifested themselves by great activity and obliging gentleness, not by sloth and meanness. like those of the monks. He was moved by no ambition, that aimed at any thing but ardor in the service of God. He never possessed nor desired any thing more than was necessary for the mere sustentation of life. To avarice, or any other abject passion, his mind was particularly averse. Without the least regard to personal benefit, he was kind and liberal, even to delinquents. If some defects have crept into this heap of virtues, we ought to remember, that the very chiefest apostles were not without fault; and if some flaw be discernible in the body of his doctrines, we know that the greatest luminaries of the church,

even in her purest ages, were not sound in all their opinions. After weighing everything, therefore, we are perfectly authorized to break out in the following prophetic words, and to exclaim, "How beautiful on the mountains," &c.

The gigantic powers of Luther; his magnanimity in seasons of danger; his disinterestedness; his almost intuitive discernment in difficult circumstances; his decision and promptness in the execution of his designs; his undaunted boldness both in speaking and writing; his consummate prudence in the conduct of practical concerns — all place him in the highest order of uninspired teachers. And when we consider, that these various endowments were united in him with extreme tenderness of conscience, trembling humility before God, profound submission to the authority of Scripture, a clear perception and avowal of all the great doctrines of the gospel, and a most judicious abstinence, speaking generally, from subordinate and less vital controversy, we cannot cease from admiring the grace of God in him.

The extraordinary fame of the great Reformer has given a value to every production of his pen, in the estimation of the protestant world, In addition to the voluminous works which he prepared for the public, and which were so diligently studied by our fathers, his familiar letters have been sought out and collected; notes of his ordinary discourse have been offered in print; the remnants of his rudest draughts and heads of arguments, and even notes, quittances, and household memoranda, have been rescued from oblivion, and set forth in volumes.

No name in the history of the Reformation holds so high a rank as that of Luther. When Calvin, or Zwingli, or Beza, or even Melanchthon, are named with praise by their respective admirers, there is immediately manifested a reluctance on the part of many to accord to them the unmingled applause which all sects and schools of reformed Christians unite in bestowing on Luther. And yet, strange as the assertion may appear to some, and long and sedulously as the charater of this wonderful man has been examined, we venture to maintain that few men have been more misunderstood.

There are, indeed, certain prominent traits which strike at once the apprehension of the most unobservant, and in which all the various and discordant representations agree; as in the many portraits of his countenance there are notable features, common to all, by which it may be recognized.

None, it is supposed, would dissent from the statement, that the leader of the Reformation was a man of stern integrity, of sincere piety, of ardent zeal, of undaunted firmness, of profound learning, and of indefatigable and laborious perseverance. Yet these are attributes which were not withheld from many of his contemporaries, and they are compatible with many and great faults, which indeed it is too common to blend with these in the picture.

The point of view from which the character of Martin Luther has been surveyed, has confined the observation of men too narrowly to his public acts. He has been regarded as a bold and decided innovator, braving the storms of ecclesiastical wrath, and shaking to its foundation a corrupt but mighty hierarchy. The spectacle presented by such a character, standing in such relation to the church, is interesting and sublime; but

its very splendor may and does tend to withdraw the mind from those characteristics which mark him out as a man, a Christian, a friend, a scholar, and a minister of Jesus Christ. Every man is in reality what he is found to be in these more ordinary relations. It is here only that we can profitably look upon him as an example; for here we behold him arrayed in the common garb of humanity, compassed with frailties and temptations; and thus trace those principles in their simpler manifestations, which resulted in such amazing effects when applied to the singular circumstances in which he was placed. It is not enough that we set before us the commanding figure of the divine, when he stood before princes and councils, and defied the malice of the court and church. We must follow him to his university, his dwelling, his cloister, his closet; we must inspect in secret the workings of a heart swelling with vast designs, and oppressed with anxious cares; we must mingle with the circle of friends in which his inmost fears and sentiments were breathed forth.

Dr. Chalmers says: "The reformation effected by Luther was one of the proudest examples of individual energy which occurred in the history of the world. A sense of duty, acting on an unconquerable heart, sent him forth single-handed to encounter hosts of obdurate foes; and by the bent of his uplifted arm, he shook the authority of the high pontificate which kept the potentates of the earth in thraldom, and brought down the peering altitude of that older tyranny, whose head was raised to heaven, and whose base was fixed in the deepest prejudice.

"When we traced the workings of that great event

to one man — when we considered that one heart nourished the germ of the greatest revolution that the world ever saw — when we called to mind with what rapidity so many heads caught his enthusiastic ardor; and that his voice was echoed from the most distant corners of Europe, we needed not despair that the designs of Heaven would be thwarted by the efforts of man.

"Rest assured, that despotism cannot crush the moral energy, or put out the flame, which it finds to be irresistable; a waking in the world, announces that the days of perfect light and liberty are coming!

"Our own Knox was like Luther; and, perhaps, by nature, of a far more firm and hardy temper than he. It was observed of the German Reformer, that there was a certain softness and love of ease inherent in his nature; and that he inclined more to the shades of studious retirement than to the high places of the earth; and that he would gladly have sheltered himself in an academic bower from the storms and struggles which his powerful intellect had raised. But his sense of duty for future mankind must have been peculiarly strong and fervent, to bring him into so terrible a conflict, against the tendernesses, and tremulous and feverish sensibilities of his nature. When, however, he did enter the field as a champion of the rights of humanity, his might overcame every difficulty, and he stood forward as the victorious conqueror of ignorance and imposture. The Reformer of our country was a man of a sterner mood; and by a rigidity of fibre, he was better prepared to grapple with the most violent prejudices, and to set himself against the fiercest assailants. It was said of him, that he never feared the face of clay; and by his reckless temperament, he was better

fitted to defy the scowling royalty and the fierce and turbulent nobility of Scotland. These two master-spirits of the Reformation were each calculated to forward the coming light of the true gospel: the one spread the light over Christendom; the other encountered the boisterous bigotry of courts, and performed the executive part of the Reformation. Luther acted the superior part of the two. By his practical and his powerful intellect he won a powerful victory. By means of the press, Luther did more for the success of a mighty cause than his coadjutor, or indeed than any had before achieved in the history of the world. From his deep, silent, and meditative spirit, an impulse was given to the mechanism of human society, which it never till then received."

The book of Luther's history came recommended to every sincere and devout Christian. It contained an interesting narrative of the mental processes through which he found rest to his soul — of the religious and hallowed calm which the true religion breathed over a deeply-stricken conscience; and the peace he found in reposing on the mercy of God, whom he had offended. Before appealing to the Divine Spirit, he tried the round of observances and absolution of the Church of Rome, in order to purge himself of what he conceived to be malignant sins which beset him; but he found no balm infused into his heart from that cold and ungenial creed. The law pursued him with exactions and terrors; and during a long and dreary period, his spirit was agitated and disturbed, before he felt convinced of the great step he was meditating. The sense of guilt, like an arrow, stuck fast within him. It was not until the Scriptures, beaming with a direct radiance,

had shown on his inquiry — it was not until the view of the great sacrifice made for the atonement of the world burst upon his mind — it was not until the imaginary merit of human actions, and the substituting of the perfect righteousness of Christ, in order to deliver the souls of guilty men on earth, were brought to his comprehension — it was not until then that he beheld the Reformation coming to demand and dignify the law of God. Under the canopy of the Divine mediatorship, he now understood the scheme of the Almighty's providence; and having now found rest to his soul, he despised the thunders of the Vatican and the hosts that were arrayed against him.

The new doctrine now gave the first joyful sound; the spread of which reconciled and regenerated the world. Then, indeed, gladsome was the land where it was preached. It formed the great bond of re-union between heaven and earth; like the cord of love, which descended from the upper sanctuary of heaven to the earth, every sinner who took hold of it rested in heaven, while the pleasures of the world lost their influence over his mind. It was a doctrine according to godliness — tending not only to emancipate the heart from the terrors of sin, but from the vengeance attached to it. Idle were the fears that the doctrine of the Cross would proclaim licentiousness by imputing to it a miraculous character, or by resting it on the blood of satisfied atonement: these formed the foundation of the best and holiest reverence which it demanded.

"In intellect, memory, penetration, piety, decision of character, untiring activity, and noble disinterestedness," says Bretschneider, "Luther and Calvin were

similar. Luther's mind was more original and creative. After an imperfect education in his youth, he worked himself out of monastic darkness into the light, more by the eagle flight of his own spirit, than by the assistance of others. Calvin, scientifically instructed by the most distinguished teachers of his own times, embraced the views which had been taught by Luther, Zwingli, and others, which he altered only in a few points; but he so clearly elucidated and systematized these views — he developed their grounds and proofs so plainly, and defended them so ably and perseveringly, that it is easy to conceive he would have come to the same conclusion himself.

"Wherever the clear mental vision of Luther was directed, he apprehended uncommon and original views of things — often led to a result by one happy conception, as it were, by the instinct of his genius. Calvin came to the same result by profound investigation and research. Luther often apprehended the truth before he was well acquainted with its proofs; Calvin arrived at the same result by a consideration of the proofs. Like all truly great men, both held in high esteem the talents of others, and Calvin would have respected Luther more, if he had been well enough acquainted with the German language, to have appreciated the powerful writings of Luther in all their original force. Calvin appears to have had no taste for the fine arts; he was neither a poet nor a lover of music, as Luther and Zwingli; hence, he was surpassed by both in sociableness of disposition, and, at least by Luther, in raciness of wit and fire of oratory. His eloquence proceeded more from a resplendent understanding; Luther's more from a heart overflowing with feeling. He was not, like Luther, the orator of the common people, but he

operated, by his refined learning and exemplary morals, more on the cultivated than the vulgar.

"Luther was naturally more vehement than Calvin. His powerful corporeal frame, his sensitive feelings, and active fancy, sometimes wrought him up to a degree of impetuousness that overwhelmed all obstacles before him.

"Calvin, whose weak body could not endure much agitation, whose fancy never conquered his judgment, tempered his natural fire, and held it subject to his reflection.

"Luther, brought up among a people whose coarseness he himself paints in the strongest colors, proceeding from the solitude of a monastery and of a study, never refined by the blandishments of society, or by intercourse with the polite and cultivated, sometimes abandoned himself to all the vehemence of his temperament, and allowed himself expressions of reproach and ridicule, which even that unpolished age considered too coarse.

"Calvin, educated in a refined metropolis, brought up under the influence of cultivated civil life, accustomed by the study of law to moderation in personalities and to the respect of rank, polished by intercourse with the world, always restrained himself within certain bounds; at least, he never forgot himself, as far as Luther did, although he could not keep himself altogether free from the abusive spirit of the age. [The expressions, *canes*, *nebulones*, *bellua*, *bestia* — 'dogs,' 'scoundrels,' 'beasts,' — often escaped from him in his theological controversies.]

"Luther was as much a man of feeling as of thought. The strength of his feelings, his love for poetry and music, determined him more to cheerfulness than

melancholy. He was in the highest degree sociable; a friend of innocent mirth and good humor; and the society of his wife and children warmed and softened the affections of his heart, when they had become cold and embittered by theological controversy.

"Calvin thought more than he felt. The innocent recreations and gayeties of life found in his heart but few accordant strings. His long-continued bodily sufferings determined him more to sternness and gravity, than to sociableness, to which a childless marriage may not have contributed a little.

"The courage and decision of both had a deep religious foundation. Both showed themselves alike steadfast: Luther, against the insurrectionary Anabaptists, and before the Emperor and Diet; Calvin, against the rage of the Libertines, and before the Senate of Geneva. But there was this difference between them: Luther's strong sensibility ardently *felt* the unconditional value of truth and righteousness; Calvin's penetrating understanding, with the clearness of sunlight, *perceived* it. Luther was the stronger by character, Calvin by reflection."

Bishop Atterbury writes: "He was a man, certainly, of high endowments of mind and great virtues. He had a vast understanding, which raised him up to a pitch of learning unknown to the age he lived in. His knowledge in the Scriptures was admirable; his elocution manly, and his way of reasoning with all the subtilty that those honest plain truths he delivered would bear. His thoughts were bent always on great designs. and he had a resolution fitted to go through with them. The assurance of his mind was not to be shook or surprised; and that heroism of his (for I know not what

else to call it) before the Diet at Worms, was such as might have become the days of the Apostles. His life was holy; and when he had leisure for retirement, so were his virtues active, chiefly and homiletically — not those lazy, sullen ones of the cloister. He had no ambition but in the service of God; for other things, neither his enjoyments nor wishes ever went higher than the bare conveniences of living. He was of a temper particularly averse to covetousness or any base sin; and charitable, even to a fault, without respect to his own occasions. If, among this crowd of virtues, a failing crept in, we must remember, that an apostle himself has not been irreprovable; if, in the body of his doctrines, one flaw is to be seen, yet the greatest lights of the Church, and in the purest times of it, were, we know, not exact in all their opinions."

Melanchthon says, "I love Luther's studies — the sacred science which he pursues, and the man himself, above all that is on earth, and I embrace him with all my heart."

"I would rather die, than be separated from this man."

When the ban of excommunication was pronounced against Luther, and he was in great peril, Melanchthon writes: "Martin seems to me to be animated by a divine spirit. . . . The preservation of Luther is to me dearer than life itself; so that nothing more sad could happen to me, than to dispense with him."

In a letter to Bullinger, Calvin says: "I beseech you, consider well how great a man Luther is: what splendid talents, what courage, constancy, dexterity, and impressive eloquence, he has displayed in the over-

throw of the kingdom of Antichrist and the promotion of the true faith. I have often said, that though he were to be harsh in his denunciation of me, yet I would highly honor him, and acknowledge him as an extraordinary servant of God."

When the Emperor Maximilian read the celebrated Theses of Luther, in 1518, in Augsburg, he remarked to the Prime Minister of the Elector of Saxony, "What is your monk about? Verily, these Theses are not to be despised. He'll give the priests enough work to do!" He sent word to the Elector, "to take good care of the Monk Luther; for it might happen, that his services would be needed.'

Many of Luther's friends were extravagant in their eulogies. Some of them have exalted him above everything that is human; and many have placed him by the side of prophets and apostles. Books have been written to trace the analogy between him and some of the prophets. He has been compared to Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Elijah, John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Paul, and other saints and martyrs. He has been called a saint, the Admirable, Wonder-worker, Hero, Conqueror, the Great Christopher (Christ-bearer), the Sun, a Star, and many other high-sounding titles; and all these in books or pamphlets written expressly to trace the analogy. And even during his lifetime, one of his ardent admirers wrote the following: —

Vix ita, da veniam, magni facundia Pauli,
Movit anhelanter dogmata sancta vivos:
Sicut Apostolici moverunt verba Lutheri.

"The eloquent Paul scarcely moved men to such an extent as the words of the apostolic Luther."

He is designated, frequently, as the faithful Apostle and Evangelist of Christianity—the Prophet and Apostle of the German nation — the fifth and last Elias — the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof — God's beloved messenger, and the man after God's own heart.

After his death, he was spoken of as "the divine Luther."

Erasmus says, "I am always the same — and have laid the egg, and Luther has hatched it. This is a joke of the Minorite brethren, and they deserve to be complimented as wits. The truth is, I have laid a hen's egg, but Luther has hatched a very different bird."

Zwingli has said, "As far as I can judge, Luther is certainly a brave warrior of Christ, who seeks with such diligence in Scripture as no one has shown these thousand years past. I care not whether the Papists call me heretic, or not, as they call Luther — I say this, that since the beginning of popery, no man has withstood the Pope so resolutely and inflexibly as Luther. His explanations of the Scriptures are so well founded, that no one can refute them."

"Luther was the youthful David, who first attacked Goliah at Rome; which, perhaps, no other one would have undertaken — and this honor I cheerfully concede to him.

Spener celebrates the seven gifts of Luther, and epitomizes them thus: — 1. Vast theological learning.

2. Manly eloquence. 3. Unwearied study and endurance of labor. 4. Zeal proceeding from love of God and man. 5. A godly life. 6. Heroic faith and unconquerable constancy. 7. Patience.

Förtschen thus speaks: "It is certain that all the distinguished gifts of a reformer were developed in an abundant measure in the great teacher. 1. A thorough, fundamental, and invincible love of truth. 2. An extraordinary power and success in discovering and maintaining it. 3. A remarkable transparency of style, which set the obscurest subjects in a perfect light — which extracted the thorn from subtleties, as well as dispelled the mist and clouds of confused conceptions. 4. A lively and interesting method of expression, by which he rendered all subjects attractive. 5. An uncommon penetration in discerning the ways of God and the internal connexion of things. 6. A heroic resolution to do and suffer everything for divine truth. 7. A sincere willingness to undertake and promote everything useful, and a wonderful resistance to everything which could draw him away from his purpose. These seven lights burned brilliantly on this golden candlestick of the Lord."

Condescension of Luther.

The following anecdote may serve as an example of Luther's kind condescension. A hack-driver, who had conveyed some distinguished persons to Wittenberg, was very anxious to see "the real Pope," as he expressed himself (for this was the name given to Luther by the multitude). He therefore went to Luther's dwelling, knocking at the door, and asking to be admitted. Luther had just sat down to table, when his famulus, Wolfgang, entered and announced the driver. "Who is there?" asked Luther. "A good man," rejoined Wolfgang, "who wishes to see your Reverence." Luther immediately ordered him to be shown into the room, and seeing that the driver remained timidly and respectfully at the door, he invited him to the table, shook hands with him most cordially, and offered him his glass to drink his health, which in those days was the surest sign of friendship. At last Luther dismissed him with these words: "When you get home, tell the people that you have shaken hands with Dr. Luther, the greatest heretic." The driver was in ecstacies at the honor that was shown him, and wherever he went he proclaimed that he had been sitting at table with Dr. Luther.

Recreations of Luther.

From some letters, written by Luther to Wenzeslaus Link, we see, that in order to have an occasional change and some bodily exercise, he withdrew from his study at intervals, and attended to his garden, or exercised himself in turning. In one of these letters he writes as follows: "Grace and peace in the Lord! — You preach unto me Christ: that He is set unto me for a fall and rising again — and you are right. The King of England, to whom, at the request of the King of Denmark, I wrote so humbly, with a simple heart and in good hopes, has replied in so hostile a manner, that it seems he greatly rejoices at this opportunity of revenging himself. Duke George also manifests an imbecile, effeminate, and filthy spirit. I am glad you have promised me some seeds against next spring. Send me as much as you can spare, for I value them highly. If I can serve you in my turn, I will do it with pleasure. For as Satan is now raging by means of all his members, I will laugh at him meanwhile, and look at the gardens, in order that I may enjoy the blessings of the Creator, together with everything that will redound to His praise. My famulus, Wolfgang, and myself have also commenced turning; but as we cannot procure the necessary instruments here, I herewith send you a guilder, for which you will have the kindness to get us some gimblets and other turning tools, as also two or three screws, which any turner will show you. We have got some few tools; but we should like to get some of good Nuremberg manufacture. Now, do show me this kindness: whatever you

may expend more, I will repay gratefully. The reason for which I learn turning is, that if the world should be unwilling to sustain us for the Gospel's sake, we may be able to earn our daily bread laboring with our own hands."

It appears that Link got all these things for Luther; for in another letter, dated the 19th of May, 1525, Luther thanks him in the following words! "We have received the turning tools, the quadruple compass, the cylinder, and the wooden clock. We greatly thank you for your trouble. One thing, however, you forgot. You did not mention how much more you expended; for the money I sent you could not have been enough. For the present, we have got all we need, except you could send us some new machinery, which will turn when Wolfgang is lazy or sleepy. The clock suits me perfectly, especially for showing the time to my drunken Saxons, who look more to the bottle than to the hour, caring but little whether the sun, or their clock, or its hand shows wrong."

Luther to Melanchthon: "We ought not always to serve God with labor, but also with resting and recreation. For this reason He has given us the fourth commandment and instituted the Sabbath."

Fables and Parables of Luther.

The Lion and the Animals.

The lion commanded many animals to pay their respects to him in his den, where there was a horrible stench arising from half-consumed flesh and bones. When he asked the wolf how he was pleased with the royal residence, he answered, "Oh, the odor here is suffocating!" The lion was indignant, and tore the wolf to pieces. Afterwards, when he asked the donkey how he was pleased, the latter was alarmed on account of the wolf's fate, and resolved to play the hypocrite, and replied, "Oh, your majesty, the odor here is delightful!" The lion knew that he lied, and slew him also. And when he now asked the fox how he was pleased, and how the odor appeared to him, he answered, "Oh, your majesty, I have such a bad cold: I cannot smell at all!" — as though he would say, it will not do to reveal everything we feel; and we should learn from the misfortunes of others to hold our tongue.

The Three Robins.

A man sent his servant, Idleman, to hunt up the cows that were lost; but as he staid away so long, the master went after him, to see what he was about. When he approached him, he asked the servant, "Have you found the cows!" "No," said he; "but I found something better." "What is that?" He answered,

"Three robins." "Where have you them?" His reply was, "The one I see, the other I hear, and the third I am chasing."

Where masters do not diligently look after their own business, brother Idleman will have the sway.

Solomon and Markolf.

Markolf once incurred Solomon's displeasure, and he dismissed him from the palace, saying, that he should never again *show his face* to him. Now, Markolf went into the forest, and as a deep snow lay on the ground, he took the foot of a wild beast in one hand and a sieve in the other; and with the sieve and foot imitated the tracks of a strange wild animal, until he came to a cave, which he entered. Now, when the huntsmen of Solomon were tracking prey in the snow, they came to these footprints, and observed that a most extraordinary animal had crept into the cave. They hastened back to the palace, and reported it to the King. Solomon hurried forward to the cave with his hunting dogs, and wished to see the strange beast that was there; and who should be found but Markolf! Now, when the King ordered him to come out, he crept out backwards. The whole court was indignant, and the King said, "You rascal! why did you play this shameful trick on me?" Markolf replied, "Your Majesty declared that I should never *show my face* to you, and I thought then I would *show you my back!*"

The Ape.

An ape saw a farmer splitting a large log, and wishing to imitate him, he set himself on the log, and split

it, but forgot to put a wedge in. He pulled out the axe, but his toes were caught in the split, and were mashed, so that he was a cripple all his life.

Thus it is with all imitators, who have not the ability to follow the example they would copy, or undertake measures beyond their power to accomplish.

Good Advice.

We read in the Book of the Ancients, that a young brother came to an old man, and asked what he should do to get rid of temptation and evil thoughts and purposes. The old man replied, "Dear son, you cannot prevent the birds from flying over you in the air, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair. So you cannot avoid having those mischievous thoughts, but with God's help and protection you may save yourself from yielding to them."

In the same book we read, that a brother came to an old man, and complained that he had so many evil thoughts, he was afraid he would yield to them, and fall into grievous sin. The old man took him out into the field, and said, "Spread out your coat, and try to prevent the wind from blowing." The brother replied, "I cannot do it." The father rejoined, "As little as you can hinder the wind from blowing, so little can you resist the coming of such thoughts into your mind."

Laughing in Death.

We read in an old book, that an aged father was lying on his death-bed, whilst his brethren were standing around him, and weeping; but he opened his eyes,

and laughed three times. The brethren asked him, why he laughed, whilst they were weeping. He replied, "First, I laughed, because you fear death; secondly, because you are not prepared to die; thirdly, because you weep, and I am going out of trouble and sorrow to eternal rest, and am dying happy."

Although we must die, yet we have a God who will help, and a Saviour who will deliver from death, whether we live or die.

The Farmer who would be wiser than God.

There was once a farmer who was never satisfied with God's arrangement of the weather, and begged the privilege of controlling the elements for a while; and his prayer was granted. The farmer began, and did as he wished; and everything went agreeably to his desires. It rained and snowed when he wished, and it was fair weather when he wanted it; and everything succeeded so well, that he thought there would be the most fruitful year ever known. But when the harvest came, he found nothing but empty ears and mere straw. He then thought of it, for the first time, that he had forgotten the wind.

Thus it went with him, who was too wise for God.

St. Anthony and the Shoemaker.

Anthony the Hermit was highly delighted with himself on account of the solitary and severe life he led, and hence desired to know what sort of a companion he would have to share with him the exceeding honor and glory in heaven on which he reckoned. He was told, in a dream, that there was a shoemaker in Alexdria, who was to be the sharer of his immortal glory.

Anthony was astonished at such an association with so eminent a saint as he was, and hastened to Alexandria to see him; for he thought that the shoemaker must be a most excellent and highly-gifted man, to be fit for his company in heaven. When he came to him, he found him at his work, by which he supported his family, and said to him, "My dear Sir, I know that you serve God faithfully — I pray you, tell me, what you do, what you eat, what you drink, how or when do you pray? Are you in the habit of watching and praying all night?" "By no means," said the shoemaker; "but morning and evening I thank God for His gracious protection; and I pray that He will forgive all my sins, for Christ's sake; then I pray that He would continue to guide me by His Holy Spirit, and not give me up to temptation. When I have offered my prayers, I again go diligently to my leather, and work for the support of my family; beyond this I do nothing, except to take care that I do nothing against my conscience."

When Anthony heard this, he was amazed, and learned this much, that self-elected religious service is not acceptable to God, and that no man ought to rely on it. It is the gospel alone that saves.

The Enraged Monk.

A certain monk was subject to sudden bursts of passion and impatience, and he left the convent to go to dwell in the wilderness, where he hoped to live in peace and perfectly free from all sin. It so happened one day, that he went to a well, to bring water in a pitcher, which he accidentally turned over, and spilled the water. He was dreadfully enraged, and snatching the pitcher, he hurled it violently to the earth, and

broke it into pieces. But when he came to himself, he acknowledged that it was not other people's fault, with whom he had been associated, that he was so often provoked to anger; but it was his own corrupt and sinful nature, and that he alone was to blame. Hence, he returned to the monastery, and learned to curb his passions, and to exercise patience with those around him.

The Two Brothers.

Two brothers were travelling in a heathen country, and when they became hungry, the inhabitants offered them bread. One of the brothers refused to eat it, because it was offered by ungodly people and heathen; and he said, if he were not miraculously fed from heaven, he would rather perish. The result was, he died of hunger, and was buried in perdition. The other brother was wiser, who ate the food offered him by the heathen, and his life was spared.

Thus we enjoy the same market, water, air, and light, which the ungodly use. Our Lord will send no angel from heaven, to furnish you food in an extraordinary way; for there is plenty of food on earth from which you can live.

Mud on the Wheel.

When a loaded wagon goes through a morass, it almost appears as if the mud would become master, and stop the wagon; but it proceeds, and leaves the mud behind, though a goodly quantity may adhere to the wheels.

Thus it is that false Christians cling to the good and pious; but the former must still be left behind, whilst the latter proceed.

The Donkey's Shadow.

One man hired his donkey to another, and walked beside him on their journey. The man who rode, as the sun was scorching hot, begged the owner to ride, that he might also enjoy the benefit of the shadow. But he would not consent, and said, he had hired him the donkey to ride, and not his shadow; if he wanted the latter also, he would have to pay for it.

In this fable we have a picture of the world: it will do nothing without pay — not even allow a man to enjoy a shadow without compensation.

Miscellaneous.

Luther once said to his friends, that the Holy Scriptures were like a vast orchard, in which were planted fruit-trees of various kinds, which all men were at liberty to pluck. Thus, in the Scriptures there could be found rich consolation, doctrine, reproof, warning, promise, and everything that was good for heart and mind. There is no tree in this orchard, which, if shaken, will not furnish the most luscious fruit.

"When I was young," says Luther, "it happened, that, at Eisleben, on Corpus-Christi day, I was walking with the procession, in my priest's robes, when, suddenly, the sight of the Holy Sacrament, which was carried by Doctor Staupitz, so terrified me, (thinking, in my blindness, that it was Jesus Christ himself the Vicar-General was carrying — that Jesus Christ in person was there before me,) that a cold sweat covered my body, and I believed myself dying of terror. The procession finished, I confessed to Doctor Staupitz, and related to him what had happened to me. He replied, 'Your thoughts are not of Christ: Christ never alarms — He comforts.' These words filled me with joy, and were a great consolation to me."

Luther used to tell, that when he was in the monastery at Erfurt, he once said to Doctor Staupitz: "'Oh, dear sir Doctor, our Lord God deals with us in a manner so terrible! who can serve Him, if He humbles us thus to the dust?' To which he answered me, 'Young

man, learn better how to judge God, If He did not act thus, how could proud hearts be humbled? Lofty trees must be watched, lest they reach the skies.'"

Luther had great difficulty in bearing the obligations imposed on him by monastic life. He tells how, in the commencement of the Reformation, he tried in vain to read his Prayer Book regularly: "Though I shall have done no more than deliver men from this tyranny, they will owe me some gratitude." This constant repetition, at fixed times, of the same meditations — this materialism of prayer, which weighed so much on the impatient spirit of Luther — Ignatius Loyola, the contemporary of the German Reformer, laid the greatest stress upon, in his singular Religious Exercises.

At Erfurt, Luther read the greatest part of the works left us by the ancient Romans: Cicero, Virgil, Livy. At the age of twenty he was honored with the title of Master of Arts; and at the desire of his parents, he began the study of jurisprudence. . . . At the convent of Erfurt he excited admiration by his public exercises, and by the ease with which he extricated himself from the meshes of logic. . . . He read with avidity the Prophets and Apostles, the books of Saint Augustine — his Explanation of the Psalms, and his book, On the Spirit and the Letter — and learnt almost by heart the treatises of Gabriel Biel, and of Pierre d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray; and was a diligent student of the writings of Occam, whose logic he preferred to that of Thomas or Scot. He was likewise a great reader of Gerson's writings, and, above all, of those of Saint Augustine.

Luther wrote, on the 29th of November, 1521, to the Austrian friars of Wittenberg: "I daily feel how difficult it is to divest one's self of scruples long entertained. Oh, the pain it has cost me, though with the Scriptures before me, to justify myself to myself, for daring singly to set myself up against the Pope, and hold him as Antichrist! What tribulation have I not suffered! How often have I not addressed to myself, in bitterness of spirit, the argument of the Papists, 'Art thou alone wise? Are all others in error? Can they have been so many years deceived? What if thou deceivest thyself, and draggest along with thee, in thy error, so many souls to everlasting damnation?' Thus I used to argue within myself, until Jesus Christ with his own, his infallible word, fortified me, and strengthened my soul against such arguments; as a rock raised above the waves, laughs their fury to scorn."

Luther always insisted on maintaining the most perfect propriety and politeness at his table, and rebuked the slightest deviation from good manners, as the following fact will show: —

A rich Hamburg merchant, who was at the same time City Counsellor, took his son to Wittenberg, and begged Luther to take the youth, as a boarder and student, into his own family. At the supper-table, on which there was a roast goose, the youngster conceived a strong appetite for the skin of the goose, and peeled the whole of it off, without saying, "By your leave." The other guests looked on in silence, and winked at each other. It vexed Luther and Melanchthon, but for the father's sake they at first said nothing about it. But when the lad continued his operations, Luther became impatient, and, smiling, observed to the father,

"Sir, what trade would you have put your son to, if he had not had a desire to study a profession?" "Really, Doctor," replied he, "he should have learned no trade, but become a merchant, like myself." Luther added, "If he had been put to the tanner's trade, he would have learned it very soon; for we have a proof of it. He would have made a capital tanner; for he has worked up this goose-leather in fine style!" When the merchant heard this, and saw the goose all shorn of its skin, and while the guests were in a roar of laughter, he thus rebuked his son: "See, you fellow, how you are laughed at, on account of your coarse manners. For Heaven's sake! if you have any respect for me, be more cautious in future, and never do the like again." Turning to Luther, he continued, "I am very seldom at home, but for the most part absent in Holland, England, and other countries; and my wife has spoiled this boy, our only son, by over-indulgence. But the affair shall not pass unnoticed. I will take the punishment of it on myself; and here are two gold pieces to buy wine with, so that the disgrace of my son may be washed out." Luther would not consent to this at first, but yielded at length to the urgent importunity of the man. He begged the father not to think hard of his open rebuke of the son; for he did not spare dukes or lords, when he saw them do any thing unbecoming and impolite. The merchant sanctioned this sort of discipline, and was much gratified to see both Luther and Melanchthon afterwards speaking kindly to his son; and soon all the unpleasant feelings occasioned by the skinning of the goose were forgotten.

It was only in 1524 that Luther laid aside his monk's cowl, and appeared in church, for the first time, in proper clerical robes, made of cloth presented by the Elector.

Anno 1546, a case in law was related to Luther: — A miller had an ass, which went into a fisherman's boat to drink. The boat, not being tied fast, floated away with the ass; so that the miller lost his ass, and the fisherman his boat. The miller complained, that the fisher, neglecting to tie his boat fast, had lost him his ass; the fisher complained of the miller for not keeping his ass at home, and desired satisfaction for his boat. Query: what is the law? Took the ass the boat away, or the boat the ass? Luther said, "Both were in error: the fisherman, that he tied not fast his boat; the miller, in not keeping his ass at home."

There was a miser, who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water, which he was to spit out on his return, to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion, whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered: "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question, another half mile farther on, and getting the same answer, he said: "Let's give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast!"

Dr. Gomer related, that a monk, who had introduced a girl into his cell, on quitting her in the morning for matins, rubbed his face with holy water. The girl, thinking to follow his example, daubed her face over with ink, which, in the obscurity, she mistook for water. On his return, the monk, seeing her visage all black, thought 'twas the devil he had brought there, and, struck with fear, yelled out at the top of his voice, and with his cries collected the whole convent, so that his intrigue was discovered.

There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example: I remember his sitting with his legs out of the window, pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long, round-about phrases. Stiegel, who chanced to pass under, for sport, suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's leg, and frightened him horribly — the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off.

An idle priest, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet, and then say, "O, my God, take this alphabet, and put it together how you will!"

A certain honest man, at Eisleben, complained to me of his great misery. He had bestowed on his children all his goods, and now in his old age they forsook and trod him under their feet. I said, "Ecclesiasticus gives unto parents the best counsel, where he says, 'Give not all out of thy hands while thou livest,' &c,; for the children keep not promises. One father, as the proverb says, can maintain ten children, but ten children cannot, or at least will not, maintain one father.

There is a story of a certain father, that having made his last will, locked it up safe in a chest, and, together with a strong cudgel, laid a note thereby, in these words: 'The father who gives his goods out of his hands to his children, deserves to have his brains beat out with cudgels.' Here is another story: A certain father, that was grown old, had given over all his goods to his children, on condition they should maintain him; but the children were unthankful, and being weary of him, kept him very hard and sparingly, and gave him not sufficient to eat. The father, being a wise man, more crafty than his children, locked himself secretly into a chamber, and made a great ringing and jingling with gold crowns, which, for that purpose, a rich neighbor had lent him, as though he had still much money in store. When his children heard this, they gave him ever afterwards good entertainment, in hopes he would leave them much wealth; but the father secretly restored the crowns again to his neighbor, and so rightly deceived his children."

As Luther's wife anointed his feet, by reason of some pain he felt, he said to her, "Now thou anointest me, but in former times the wives were anointed by their husbands: for this word, in Latin, *uxor*, comes from *unguendo*, 'anointing'; for as the heathen saw that many rubs and hindrances were in the state of matrimony; therefore, to prevent such misfortunes, they used to anoint both the legs of the new-married women."

I have oftentimes noted, when women receive the doctrines of the gospel, they are far more fervent in

faith — they hold to it more stiff and fast, than men do, as we see in the loving Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter.

There is no gown or garment that worse becomes a woman, than when she will be wise.

I am a great enemy to flies: *quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum* — "because they are the symbols of the devil and heretics." When I have a good book, they flock upon it, and parade up and down upon it, and soil it. 'Tis just the same with the devil: when our hearts are purest, he comes and pollutes them.

The stone of Thrace is found on the borders of the Euxine and on a river in Scythia. It burns in the water, but is extinguished when oil is thrown on it. This property has not been given to it without reason: 'tis an image of the hypocrites, who burn with the ardor of an accumulation of good works, and flame all the more, the more they are sprinkled with the water of human traditions and ceremonial practices; but, on the contrary, when oil is poured over them — that is, the Word of God — they lose their disorderly fury. Dioscorides and Nicander mention this stone.

Dr. Luther one day heard a nightingale singing very sweetly, near a pond full of frogs, who by their croaking seemed as though they wanted to silence the melodious bird. The Doctor said: "Thus it is in the world. Jesus Christ is the nightingale, making the gospel to be heard; the heretics and false prophets the frogs, trying to prevent his being heard."

A certain very learned English gentleman, at Wittenberg, was much conversant with Luther at his table; but the gentleman had not the German tongue very familiarly, so Luther said to him, "I will give you my wife for a school-mistress. She shall teach you German readily; for she therein far surpasses me. Yet, when women are ready in speaking, it is not to be commended. It becomes them much better when they keep silence and speak little."

Dr. Justus Jonas told Dr. Martin Luther of a noble and powerful Misnian, who, above all things, occupied himself in amassing gold and silver, and was so buried in darkness, that he gave no heed to the Five Books of Moses, and had even said to Duke John Frederick, who was discoursing with him upon the gospel: "Sir, the gospel pays no interest." "Have you no grains?" interrupted Luther; and then told this fable: — "A lion, making a great feast, invited all the beasts, and with them some swine. When all manner of dainties were set before the guests, the swine asked: 'Have you no grains?' Even so," continued the Doctor — "even so, in these days, it is with our Epicureans: we preachers set before them, in our churches, the most dainty and costly dishes — as, everlasting salvation, the remission of sins, and God's grace; but they, like swine, turn up their snouts, and ask for guilders. Offer a cow a nutmeg, and she will reject it for old hay. This reminds me of the answer of certain parishioners to their minister, Ambrose R——. He had been earnestly exhorting them to come and hear the word of God — 'Well,' said they, 'if you will tap a good barrel of beer for us, we'll come, with all our hearts, and hear you.' The gospel at Wittenberg is like unto the rain,

which, falling into a river, produces little effect; but descending upon a dry, thirsty soil, renders it fertile."

Some one asked Luther for his Psalter, which was old and ragged, promising to give him a new one in exchange; but the Doctor refused, because he was used to his old copy, adding, "A local memory is very useful, and I have weakened mine in translating the Bible."

Anno 1536, Luther wrote upon his tablets the following words: *Res et verba Philippus; verba sine re Erasmus; res sine verbis Lutherus; nec res nec verba Carolostadius;* that is, "What Philip Melanchthon writes has hands and feet — the matter is good, and the words are good; Erasmus Rotterdamus writes many words, but to no purpose; Luther has good matter, but the words are wanting; Carlstadt has neither good words nor good matter." Philip Melanchthon coming in at the moment, read these criticisms, and turning, with a smile, to Dr. Basil, said, "Touching Erasmus and Carlstadt, 'twas well said; but too much praise is accorded to me, while good words ought to be reckoned among the other merits of Luther; for he speaks exceedingly well, and has substantial matter."

"A Jew came to me," says Luther, "at Wittenberg, and said he was desirous to be baptized, and made a Christian, but that he would first go to Rome to see the chief head of Christendom. From this intention, myself, Philip Melanchthon, and other divines, labored to dissuade him; fearing lest, when he witnessed the offences and knaveries at Rome, he might be scared

from Christendom. But the Jew went to Rome, and when he had sufficiently seen the abominations acted there, he returned to us again, desiring to be baptized, and said, 'Now I will willingly worship the God of the Christians; for he is a patient God. If he can endure such wickedness and villany as is done at Rome, he can suffer and endure all the vices and knaveries of the world.' "

Dr. Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg, related a fearful thing that befell at Rome. Pope Gregory, who confirmed celibacy, ordered a fish-pond at Rome, hard by a convent of nuns, to be cleared out. The water being let off, there were found at the bottom more than six thousand skulls of children, who had been cast into the pond and drowned. Such were the fruits of enforced celibacy. Hereupon Pope Gregory abolished celibacy, but the popes who succeeded him re-established it. In our own time, there was in Austria, at Nienberg, a convent of nuns, who, by reason of their licentious doings, were removed from it, and placed elsewhere, and their convent filled with Franciscans. These monks wishing to enlarge the building, foundations were dug, and in excavating there were found twelve great pots, in each of which there was the carcass of an infant. How much better to let these people marry, than by prohibition thereof to cause the murder of so many innocent creatures.

Germany is like a brave and gallant horse, highly fed, but without a good rider. As the horse runs here and there, astray, unless he have a good rider to rule him, so Germany is also a powerful, rich, and brave country, but needs a good head and governor.

This constant change in the fashion of dress will produce also an alteration of government and manners. We attend too much to these things. The Emperor Charles frequently says, "The Germans learn of the Spaniards to steal, and the Spaniards learn of the Germans to swill.

Bembo, an exceedingly learned man, who had thoroughly investigated Rome, said, "Rome is a filthy, stinking puddle, full of the wickedest wretches in the world; and he wrote thus: —

Vivere qui sancte vultis, discedite Roma;
Omnia hic esse licent, non licet esse probum.

"Ye who would holy live, from Rome depart;
Ye may be all things there, excepting pure in heart."

In the time of Leo X. there were, in an Augustine convent at Rome, two monks who revolted at the horrible wickedness of the Papists, and in their sermons found fault with the Pope. In the night, two assassins were introduced into their cells, and next morning they were found dead — their tongues cut out, and stuck on their backs. Whoso in Rome is heard to speak against the Pope, either gets a sound strappado, or has his throat cut; for the Pope's name is, *Noli me tangere* — "Touch me not."

"When I was at Rome," says Luther, "they showed me, for a precious holy relic, the halter wherewith Judas hanged himself. Let us bear this in mind, and consider in what ignorance our forefathers were."

Germany would be much richer than she is, if such store of velvets and silks were not worn, nor so much spice used, nor so much beer drunk. But young fellows without their liquor have no mirth at all. Gaming makes not merry, nor does lasciviousness; so they apply themselves to drinking. At the princely jollification lately held at Torgau, each man drank, at one draught, a whole bottle of wine; this they called a good drink. Tacitus wrote, that by the ancient Germans it was held no shame at all to drink and swill four-and-twenty hours together. A gentleman of the court asked, "How long ago it was, since Tacitus wrote this?" He was answered, "About fifteen hundred years." Whereupon the gentleman said, "Forasmuch as drunkenness has been so ancient a custom, and of such long descent, let us not abolish it."

A curious account of Luther's journey to Wittenberg from Wartburg Castle, is given by one of the historians, viz.: —

"John Kessler, a young theologian of Saint Gall, on his way, with a friend, to Wittenberg, to finish his studies there, fell in one evening, at an inn near the gates of Jena, with Luther, who wore a riding-dress. They did not know him. The horseman had a little book before him, which, as they saw afterwards, was the Psalter in Hebrew. He saluted them politely, and invited them to seat themselves at his table. In the course of conversation, he inquired what was thought of Luther in Switzerland. Kessler replied, that some did not know how to laud him enough, and thanked God for having sent him on earth to exalt the truth; while others, and especially the priests, denounced him as a heretic, who was not to be spared. From something

which the innkeeper said to the young travellers, they took him to be Ulrich von Hutten. Two traders came in. One of them drew from his pocket, and put on the table by him, a newly-printed work of Luther, in sheets, and asked if they had seen it. Luther said a few words about the indifference towards serious matters manifested by the princes at that time assembled at the Diet of Nuremberg. He also expressed his hopes, 'that the gospel truth would have more fruit in succeeding generations which should not have been poisoned by the papal error.' One of the traders said, 'I am unskilled in these questions; but, to my mind, Luther must either be an angel from heaven, or a devil from hell; at all events, I will spend the last ten florins that I have saved up in going to confess to him.' This conversation took place during supper. Luther had settled beforehand with the hostler to pay the reckoning of the whole company. When the party broke up, Luther shook hands with the two Swiss (the traders had been called away by their business), and begged them to bear his remembrances to Doctor Jerome Schurff, their countryman, as soon as they reached Wittenberg. When they inquired whose remembrances it was they were to bear, he replied, 'Simply tell him, that he who is to come salutes him. He will be sure to understand from whom the message comes.' When the traders returned, and learnt that it was Luther with whom they had been talking, they were in despair that they had not known it sooner, that they had not shown him more respect, and had spoken so sillily before him. The following morning they were up betimes, on purpose to see him before he left, and to tender him their most humble excuses. Luther only owned to its being himself by implication."

Melanchthon one day told the following fable at Luther's table: — "A man had caught a little bird, and the bird, desiring its liberty, said to him, 'O, my good friend! let me go, and I will show you a beautful pearl, worth thousands of florins.' 'Thou art fooling me,' said the man. 'O, no! — place confidence in me, and I will show it thee.' The man lets the bird go, and it perches on a tree, and begins to sing: 'Trust little, keep what thou hast, trouble not thyself about what is irrecoverably lost.' Now, was not that a beautiful pearl!"

At the Diet of Augsburg (A. D. 1530), as the Bishop of Mentz was looking over the Bible one day, one of his counsellors happened to come in, who said to him, "Gracious Lord! what does your electoral Grace make of this book?" To which he replied, "I know not what to make of it, save that all I find in it is against us."

Dr. M. Luther was very much concerned about, and spoke with regret of, the future misery which would befall the church, because of the want of faithful ministers. "For the people want to have them perfect," said he, "and they treat them badly. For this reason, you will see that our churches will suffer."

Hans M—— having boasted, that he could get ten excellent preachers instead of one, "Alas!" said Dr. Martin, "truly, he could scarcely get one for ten places. There will not only be a want of learned, but also of common and ordinary, preachers."

In the year 1533, September 25th, Luther again complained of the future state of the church, saying, that

"in a short time there would be a great want of honest, pious, and faithful ministers; because they have to encounter dangers, sorrow, and labor, and to leave their widows and orphans helpless, and no one taking care of them."

During the summer months, Luther was occasionally invited by the pastor or the squire of a village to dinner, and whenever his health permitted it, he willingly accepted the invitation, and preached also a sermon. But he always caused his food to be prepared in his own house, lest he should be the cause of any one going to much expense and extravagance. Thus he carried his own food, and took with him whosoever felt inclined so to do amongst his own table-companions. But he never forgot his music, and as soon as the meal was ended and thanks were returned, he enjoyed for half an hour or longer his music.

During meal-time, at home or abroad, Luther would not permit any one of the company to be gloomy or lost in meditation. "For," said he, "our Lord God loves a decent and honest cheerfulness, of which the devil envies men, saying, 'Would it not be very good, if men were at all times solitary and cast down?' Hereby the devil oftentimes seeks to lead men into bad thoughts and melancholy; for," said he, "melancholy is '*Balneum Sathanae*'" (Bath of Satan).

Oftentimes when there was a great party assembled, and Luther's friends, old and young, wished to have their sport, he was never displeased to see them enjoy their games. On the contrary, he played with them,

and at times caused a bowling-place to be erected. Sometimes he would take the first stand, and the others must follow him. Then he would throw the first ball, the others following. And whilst the balls were rolling, now backwards, now to the side, or again into a corner, they would laugh at each others mistakes. "Hereby," Luther would say, "my dear Quirites," as he used to call them, "learn a lesson. When, in after-life, you shall get into office — one as a burgomaster, another as a chancellor, and yet another as a preacher or schoolmaster — then remember this game of ninepins. Now every one sees his neighbor's faults, and thinks he could hit all the pins at once. But when his turn comes, he misses them all. So also many can see the faults of a burgomaster, chancellor, or preacher, very well; but as soon as they come to such an office, they may make blunders far more ridiculous than those at which they now laugh, and think they could do it better. Therefore, let no one be presumptuous, but have patience, one with another; and though one may think himself to be wiser than his neighbor, he himself may err, unless God especially govern him with His spirit."

On his way from the Wartburg, Luther stopped at a tavern in Erfurt. At dinner-time, they began to speak about Luther. Among others, a priest commenced violently to revile Luther, and narrated how much misery and dangerous error he had caused in the churches. Whilst they thus conversed, Luther requested the priest to give him a report about Luther's doctrines; he being a poor nobleman, and occasionally hearing people talk about Luther, should like to know something about matters and things. The priest offered to show at least

a hundred errors in Luther's doctrines; and, at Luther's request, he commenced to enumerate them. But he was stopped by Luther, who said, "Though I am but a knight, I have learned in my youth to read and write; and having read several of Luther's books, I find everywhere that he draws his arguments from the Holy Scriptures, and that he particularly quotes the Apostle St. Paul very often." The priest not being able to reply to this, felt no inclination to continue the disputation. The horses were saddled, and Luther and his servant rode off.

Once upon a time, George, Duke of Saxony, invited the celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach of Wittenberg, to come to Dresden, there to execute some paintings. Whilst he was painting Duke Hans, the Duke asked him, what that runaway monk of Wittenberg was doing. "He writes, reads, and preaches," answered Lucas Cranach. "My dear Sir," says Duke Hans, "I understand he expects much good from me, and hopes to find more mercy with me than with my father; but when you return to Wittenberg, tell him, that he will find no mercy with me. My father has been too lenient towards him; but as soon as I ascend the throne, he shall suffer for the harm he has done to my father." When Lucas informed Dr. Luther of this, the latter smiled, and said, "Will you go up to Dresden, Mr. Lucas?" who having answered affirmatively, Luther says to him, "Dear Sir, take this message to Duke Hans: God has hitherto protected me from his father's wrath, so that no harm could be done to me, however ungraciously he conducted himself towards me. Therefore, I fear Duke Hans much less. But this reply the monk sends to him: because he waits for his father's

death and government, he is not worthy to live and see his father die, much less to ascend the throne. This answer give him, in my name."

When Master Lucas arrived in Dresden, Duke Hans wished to know what answer Dr. Luther had given to his message. But Lucas, fearing lest the Duke should get angry at the answer, begged the Duke not to ask him for it. But when the Duke insisted upon knowing all, Lucas told him what Luther had said; whereupon the Duke became frightened and speechless, so that he could not answer a word. Not long after this, what Luther had predicted was fulfilled — Duke Hans dying before his father, Duke George.

Although Duke George was violently inimical to Luther and his adherents, he was still friendly to Lucas Cranach, the painter. On a certain occasion, Luther's treatise, "Soldiers also may be in a State of Grace," fell into the Duke's hands. In the first edition of this book the author's name, the place where it was printed, and the preface, were left out. It was this edition which the Duke read, and showed to Cranach, who was painting some pictures for him. He praised it highly, and said, "See here, Lucas, you are always lauding Luther, your monk at Wittenberg, as though he alone were learned, and nobody else could write good German books; but you are mistaken in that, as well as in other things. Just see here! I have a book which is as good, and better, than Luther could ever write." He handed him the book. Cranach happened to have a copy which had Luther's name as the author. He drew it out of his pocket, and showed it to the Duke, with the assurance that Luther was the author of it. Full of amazement, and mortification also, the

Duke observed, "Well, it is a burning shame, that the perverted monk should write so good a book!"

In the fall of the year 1540, when the first volume of Luther's works was about to be published, Grynæus of Basel said, with a sigh, to his disciple, John William Reiffenstein: "I desire much to see Luther's books printed, but I fear very much that he will not live long enough, after he has once begun, to revise his writings. For I see that the holy fathers, Augustine, Jerome, and others, have done the same before their life's end, that their books might be usefully transmitted to posterity. But would to God that I could die for this man! — that he might live only five years after my death. What a precious death would this be for me, and how useful could he be in the churches of Christ!" Soon afterwards Grynæus of Basel died, five years previous to Luther, who at length died gently in Christ, at Eisleben, February 18th, A. D. 1546.

Not long before Dr. Luther's last departure from Wittenberg to Eisleben, several students had caused a clock to be erected in the place where his domestics lived. Thus it happened that once, about midnight, a loud sound, as of a heavy fall, was heard in the clock. When they looked at it in the morning, they found all as usual, and nothing injured. When they told Luther about it, he said: "My dear Quirites," (for thus he used to call his domestics,) "fear not. This fall signifies that I shall soon die. I desire not to live longer in this evil world. Pray our Lord God, that he may graciously grant to me a happy death. When I return to Eisleben, I will lie down in a coffin, and give to the worms a fat doctor to eat, and I will tell them to eat

my flesh. The world is my enemy, and I am tired of it. Thus we may part the more cheerfully, as a traveller parts from a mean tavern, in which he has been staying long enough."

Pope Adrian, being raised to this dignity by the Emperor Charles, whose instructor he had been, did not reign long. He was of humble parentage, the son of a citizen of Lyons.

There was once a cardinal in England, the son of a butcher, concerning whom one expressed himself thus: "Thanks be to God, that we have such a cardinal! If he should become Pope, we will be permitted to eat meat during Lent and other fast-days. For St. Peter, being a fisherman, forbade the eating of meat, that he might sell his fish at a higher price; but this one, being a butcher's son, will go in for meat, in order to make money by this trade."

Pope Adrian had a picture of two cities engraved on one plate. One of these cities was his native place; the other Lyons, where he had taken the degree of Master. Under the one was written, "I have planted;" under the other, "I have watered." But below the two cities was the image of the Emperor, answering — "I have bestowed upon it the increase." To this somebody wrote, with chalk, "Here, then, God has done nothing!"

In Italy there was a strange order of monks, calling themselves *Fratres Ignorantiæ, i. e.*, "Brothers of Ignorance." They used to bind themselves by oath, not to understand nor to learn any thing, and answered all questions by saying, *Nescio* — "I do not know." But this is the proper title and name for all the cloisters

and monks. They know how to read and babble, and that is all they care for — but understanding is out of the question. For they say, "Though you do not understand the words you speak, yet the Holy Ghost understands them, and the devil flees." This was the foremost proposition and opinion among the monks, and therefore they were opposed to all the fine arts and other accomplishments. For they argued thus: "Suppose this friar studies and becomes a learned man, the consequence will be, that he wants to become our superior; therefore, put the sack around his neck, and let him go begging from house to house, in the town and country."

Dr. Luther said: "There would be, in a short time, a great want and scarcity of pastors and preachers; that men would dig honest preachers out of the ground, if they could get them — then the Papists, as well as our peasants, will find out what they have brought about by tormenting the preachers. For there will always remain a sufficient number of physicians and lawyers to rule the world; but we ought to have nearly two hundred pastors in a country where one lawyer would be enough. If there were but one lawyer at Erfurt, he would suffice. But it is not so with regard to preachers. Every village and borough must have its own pastor. My most gracious lord, the Elector of Saxony, for his country and people, has enough with twenty lawyers; whilst he should have at least one thousand eight hundred pastors. Meanwhile, it will come so far, that we shall be obliged to make pastors out of lawyers and physicians. You will see."

But, how does the world support the ministry? Dr. M. Luther, at Eisleben, shortly before his death, discussing this matter, said: "They now deal strangely with the poor preachers; for if there is connected with their parsonage some wood, fine meadows, lands, or vineyards, all these things are squeezed out of their possession. They deal with them like the one in the fables of Æsop, who made a contract with Mercury, according to which he promised to give to Mercury the half of whatever he might find. Having one day found a bag of dates and almonds, he seized it; and having pared the almonds, he put the shells, together with the kernels of the dates, on one side, but the kernels of the almonds and dates on the other side. Thus he gave to Mercury half of the shells and of the kernels of the dates, keeping the kernels of the almonds and dates for himself. Such is, also, the part which the peasants give to their poor preachers and pastors — nothing but empty shells, chaff, cockles, and other mean things."

Dr. Luther said: "He had had a boarder, at Wittenberg, named Matthias de Vai, from Hungary, who, having returned to his native country, became a preacher, and as such got in a quarrel with a papistical preacher. The Papist informed against him before Monk George, brother of Woida, who was then the Governor of Ofen. Now, at the trial, when they condemned each other, and the monk could not bring about an agreement between them — each pretending to be in the right — he (Monk George) said: 'Stop awhile — I will soon decide the matter between you, and put an end to your quarrel.' Thereupon he sends for two casks of gunpowder, and having placed them

in the market-place at Ofen, he said, 'Whichever of you will defend his doctrine, proving it to be correct and the true word of God, let him sit down on one of these casks, and I will put fire under it. And he who remains alive, and unhurt, after the explosion of the powder, is in the right, and his is the true doctrine.' All of a sudden, Matthias de Vai sits down on one of the casks, but the Papist refused to take a seat on the other. Then the monk said, 'Well, I see now that Vai's faith and doctrine are true; but that yours, and the religion of the Papists, are false. Punishing, therefore, the papistical priest, together with his abettors, with a fine of 4000 florins, and the maintenance of 200 soldiers for a certain length of time, he permitted Matthias de Vai to preach the gospel before the public.'

Towards evening, two birds came flying into the Doctor's garden, where they were building a nest, from which, however, they were frequently scared away by persons passing by. The Doctor observing it, said, "Ah, dear little bird, do not fly! — from my heart, I wish thee well, if thou couldst but believe me. Likewise we, also, do not trust and believe the Lord our God, notwithstanding he grants us every blessing. Truly, He will not kill us — having given for us His Son."

In the year 1538, Dr. Martin heard that a certain peasant had brought to a city a quantity of grain, which, because he demanded too high a price, no one would buy. Then the peasant said, "I will not lower the price — rather will I carry the grain home again, and feed the mice with it." When he afterwards went

out to look at his crop, he found it all destroyed by the mice, while that of his neighbors was unhurt. To this Dr. Martin remarked: "If it is true, it is certainly an exhibition of God's wrath and punishment, in order to give the ungrateful world a proof of his displeasure."

Some one remarked to Dr. Luther, he should like to know the devil. Luther answered him, saying: "As the Lord our God is the thesis of the decalogue, so is the devil the antithesis of the decalogue. Whosoever now wishes to see a true representation or picture of the devil, let him but look at the ten commandments. The devil's head are all the vices and infamies against the first commandment, such as not to believe in God; not to fear, nor to trust, nor to love Him. The sins of the second commandment, such as blaspheming God, murmuring against Him, and profaning His name, are the devil's mouth and tongue. The transgressions of the third commandment, such as not hearing the Word of God, blaspheming, despising and persecuting the same, and suffering the ministers to starve, and to disregard the service of God altogether — these are the devil's neck and ears.

"On the other table of the ten commandments, the body of the devil is truly represented and described. For the fifth commandment shows us the breast of the devil, by dishonoring parents, and disobeying the magistrate; by not assisting parents, and by being ashamed of them; also by causing insurrection against the government. The sixth commandment, such as killing, being angry, hating our fellow-men, and having an evil disposition towards mankind, being envious, and inclined to injure others — this is the devil's heart. The seventh commandment, such as adultery and for-

nication, living after the manner of the Sodomite, being lascivious by looks, words and manners — this is the devil's belly. The eighth commandment — assisting no one, stealing, robbing, practising usury, or violating contracts, seals, &c., selling adulterated goods, withholding well-deserved wages — these are the hands of the devil. And then, in the ninth commandment, slandering our neighbor, calumniating and bringing him into disgrace and infamy — this is the devil's will.

"Such is the amiable representation of the devil. If you wish to know him well, imagine before your eyes a desperate, ungodly and most wicked fellow, who has a bad conscience, and lives a vicious life — then you see at once the devil bodily. The Lord describes this rogue, the devil, in a few words, John viii. 44, calling him a liar and murderer. On the first table of the commandments he lies, seducing the Christians to heresy, error, false doctrine, and wrong worship; and the more pious these men are, the greater are also their temptations.

"Moloch's idolatry had a magnificent and hypocritical appearance, by which the devil enticed the people to kill and sacrifice their own dear children, in order to obtain, by such an act, a high degree of sanctity. It was the same in the Popedom: in order to be the most pious, and the best Christian, parents had to send their children to the cloisters and convents, that they might become monks and priests. But on the other table, the devil is a murderer; for daily experience bears witness what murder, misery and calamity he brings about in this world."

On one occasion, when Eck vehemently maintained that Christ had allowed the sacrament *in two kinds, i. e.* the bread *and* the wine, only to the priests, and not to

the laity, a prince present quoted the text, "Drink ye *all* of this," and insisted on it that *all* the disciples were commanded to partake of both kinds, as afterwards the church at Corinth received the bread and wine from St. Paul. The prince quoted the Latin text, in which the word *omnes* signifies *all.* But Eck persisted in maintaining that the word *omnes* (all) was to be restricted to the Romish priests. The prince replied: "Well, then, if the word *omnes* in the gospel means a priest, then this text also refers to them alone, 'Ye are clean—but not —*the priests* (*vos ertis mundi, sed non* OMNES)."

Luther's exposition of the Lord's Prayer was translated into Italian, but without his name. A priest read it, and exclaimed: "Blessed is the man who wrote this book, who published it, and who reads it."

When the Bishop of Saltzburg saw the Commentary on the Second Book of Pliny, published at Wittenberg, he said: "There are many learned adventurers at Wittenberg; if we wish to cope with them, we must also establish good schools, for I have my fears that we shall not be able to conquer them by force and the sword."

Cardinal Cajetan openly said, in the Diet at Ratisbon: "We must educate the people better, and get up schools, for in these things the Lutherans far excel us. We have many stupid people in Germany; why, even when our king once spoke Latin with a Bohemian abbot, he could not say anything more than *sic* and *ita* (*yes* and *so*). Alas! we have many stupid ecclesiastics in these monasteries."

Duke George once asked a written opinion of Erasmus on some church question. When that slippery and cunning gentleman gave an ambiguous and perverted reply, the Duke said: "Dear Erasmus, you want to wash my cloak without making it wet! I must give credit to the Wittenbergers, who are not mealy-mouthed, but boldly speak out what they think."

When Dr. Creuziger reported the speeches of Melanchthon and Eck, at their public discussion at Worms, and at the same time pointed out the false positions of Eck, the President remarked: "The Lutherans have a Secretary who is more learned than all our papists."

When Dr. Justus Jonas had translated the book of Tobit, he attended Luther therewith, and said: "Many ridiculous things are contained in this book, especially about the three nights, and the liver of the broiled fish, wherewith the devil was scared, and driven away." Whereupon Luther said: "'Tis a Jewish conceit; the devil, a fierce and powerful enemy, will not be hunted away in such sort, for he has the spear of Goliah; but God gives him such weapons, that, when he is overcome by the godly, it may be the greater terror and vexation unto him. Daniel and Isaiah are most excellent prophets. I am Isaiah — be it spoken with humility — to the advancement of God's honor, whose work alone it is, and to spite the devil. Philip Melanchthon is Jeremiah; that prophet stood always in fear; even so it is with Melanchthon."

Dr. Luther was asked whether the history of the rich man and Lazarus was a parable, or an actual fact. He replied: "The earlier part of the story is evidently his-

torical; the persons, the circumstances, the existence of the five brothers — all this is given in detail. The reference to Abraham is allegorical, and highly worthy of observation. We learn from it, that there are abodes unknown to us, where the souls of men are; secrets into which we must not inquire. No mention is made of Lazarus' grave; whence we may judge that, in God's eyes, the soul occupies far more place than the body. Abraham's bosom is the promise and assurance of salvation, and the expectation of Jesus Christ; not heaven itself, but the expectation of heaven."

Some one asked how happened it St. James had been at Compostella. Dr. Martin replied: "Just as it happens that the papists reckon up sixteen apostles, while Jesus Christ had but twelve. In many places, the papists boast of having some of the milk of the Virgin Mary, and of the hay in which Christ lay in the cradle. A Franciscan boasted he had some of this hay in a wallet he carried with him. A roguish fellow took out the hay, and put some charcoal in its place. When the monk came to show the people his hay, he found only the wood. However, he was at no loss. 'My brethren,' said he, 'I brought out the wrong wallet with me, and so cannot show you the hay; but here is some of the wood that St. Lawrence was grilled upon.'"

A gentleman being at the point of death, a monk from the next convent came to see what he could pick up, and said to the gentleman: "Sir, will you give so and so to our monastery?" The dying man, unable to speak, replied by a nod of the head; whereupon the monk, turning to the gentleman's son, said: "You see your father makes us this bequest." The son said to

the father: "Sir, is it your pleasure that I kick this monk down stairs?" The dying man nodded as before, and the son forthwith drove the monk out of doors.

They once showed here, at Wittenberg, the drawers of St. Joseph, and the breeches of St. Francis. The Bishop of Mayence boasted he had a gleam of the flame of Moses' bush. At Compostella they exhibit the standard of the victory that Jesus Christ gained over death and the devil. The crown of thorns is shown in several places.

When Wolsey, who was the son of a butcher, was made a cardinal, a merry fellow said: "Please God he come to be pope, for then we shall have meat on fast days. St. Peter, because he was a fisherman, prohibited meat, in order to raise the price of fish; the butcher's son will do the same for fish."

They show, at Rome, the head of St. John the Baptist, though 'tis well known that the Saracens opened his tomb, and burned his remains to ashes. These impostures of the papists cannot be too seriously reprehended.

Albert, Bishop of Mayence, had a physician attached to his person, who, being a Protestant, did not enjoy the prelate's favor. The man seeing this, and being an avaricious, ambitious world-seeker, denied his God, and turned back to popery, saying to his associates: "I'll put Jesus Christ by for a while, till I've made my fortune, and then bring him out again." This horrible blasphemy met with its just reward; for next day the miserable hypocrite was found dead in his bed, his

tongue hanging from his mouth, his face as black as a coal, and his neck twisted half round. I was myself an ocular witness of this merited chastisement of impiety.

Philip Melanchthon, on the authority of a person who had filled an important post at the court of Clement VII., mentioned, that every day, after the Pope had dined or supped, his cup-bearer and cooks were imprisoned for two hours; and then, if no symptoms of poison manifested themselves in their master, they were released. "What a miserable life!" observed Luther. "'Tis exactly what Moses has described in Deuteronomy: 'And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!'"

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks on women, that "such will not go unpunished. If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects women have, we must check them for in private, gently, by the word of mouth; for woman is a frail vessel." The Doctor then turned round, and said, "Let us talk of something else."

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times, with great applause. He was called to the dig-

nity of deacon; but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying, she would not be the wife of a minister. It became a question, What was the poor man to do? — which was he to renounce, his preachership, or his wife? Luther at first said, jocosely, "Oh! if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But after awhile he resumed, severely, "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill woman — nay, the devil incarnate! to be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her, 'Wilt thou follow me — Aye, or No? Reply forthwith.' And if she replied, 'No!' I would leave her, and take another wife."

Luther said: "The student of theology has now far greater advantages, than students ever before had. First, he has his Bible, which I have translated from Hebrew into German, so clearly and distinctly, that any one may readily comprehend it. Next, he has Melanchthon's Common-Place Book (*Loci Communes*), which he should read over and over again, until he has it by heart. Once master of these volumes, he may be regarded as a theologian, whom neither devil nor heretic can overcome; for he has all divinity at his fingers' ends, and may read understandingly whatever else he pleases. Afterwards, he may study Melanchthon's Commentary on Romans, and mine on Deuteronomy and on the Galatians, and practise eloquence. We possess no work wherein the whole body of theology — wherein religion, is more completely summed up, than in Melanchthon's Common-Place Book. All the Fathers, all the compilers of sentences, put together,

are not comparable with this book. It is, after the Scriptures, the most perfect of works. Melanchthon is a better logician than myself: he argues better. My superiority lies rather in the rhetorical way."

Virgerius, the Pope's Nuncio, passed through Wittenberg, with a retinue of twenty-one horses and one mule. He expressed a desire to see Luther next day, who sent for his barber at an early hour, and as the latter uttered his surprise, Luther said, "I must appear before the Pope's Legate, and hence it is necessary to brush up and appear as young as possible; so that the Legate will think, 'The mischief! if Luther is yet so young, and has already stirred up such a muss, what may we not expect hereafter!'" When he and Dr. Pomeranus got into the carriage to drive to the Legate's, Luther said, laughing, "Here go the German Pope and Cardinal Pomeranus, who are mighty instruments in the hands of God!"

"I saw a dog," says Luther, "at Lintz, in Austria, that was taught to go, with a hand-basket, to the butchers' shambles for meat. When other dogs came about him, and sought to take the meat out of his basket, he set it down, and fought lustily with them; but when he saw they were too strong for him, he himself would snatch the first piece of meat, lest he should lose all. Even so does now our Emperor Charles, who, after having long protected spiritual benefices, seeing that every prince takes possession of monasteries, himself takes possession of bishoprics, as just now he has seized upon those of Utrecht and Liege."

Medals and Inscriptions.

Up to 1706, over two hundred medals, in gold, silver, copper, and lead, had been struck in honor of Luther and in commemoration of his work; and since that time many more have been added. All those struck previous to the date above mentioned are figured and explained by Juncker, in his "Goldene und Silberne Ehren Gedächtniss des M. Luthers." The inscriptions of some of the most remarkable of them we shall here copy: —

1. In commemoration of his birth. One side represents Luther in his official robes, with the words in the circular edge, *Doctor Martinus Lutherus Islebensis* The other side contains the following, *Lutherus theologus in Saxonia vir pius et Elias ultimi sæculi natus est Islebii, vivax et fortis* — "Luther, the Saxon theologian, a pious man and the second Elias, was born at Eisleben, courageous and strong." The date of his birth (1483) is designated by enlarged letters of the inscription; as, M. C. L. X. V. IJJ.

2. In commemoration of his opposition to Tetzel there are two. One has a likeness and his name; the other side represents an altar with an open Bible upon it — a heart, surmounted by a cross, lies on the Bible, which is illuminated by the sun. The words, *Vir multa struens* — "A man who builds up much" (an anagram on his name) — are engraved on the edge.

Huss and Luther are represented on two others, with this inscription on one side: *Centum annis revolutis, Deo et mihi, respondebitis. Voticiniam Joannis Hussii,*

Anno 1415, *combusti* — "After one hundred years, ye shall give an account to God and me. The prophecy of John Huss, who was burned in 1415." On the inner edge stand these words, *His lapsis, Dr. M. Lutherus ad reparandam doctrinam cœlestem a Deo excitatus, Anno* 1517 — "After the lapse of these hundred years, Dr. M. Luther was raised up by God to restore the heavenly doctrine, in the year 1517."

The first portrait of Luther, by Lucas Cranach, was painted in 1520, in the monastic habit in which he went to Worms to appear before the Diet. Below the likeness is inscribed:

> Æterna ipse suæ mentis simulacra Lutherus
> Exprimit: at vultus occiduos cera Lucæ.

"Luther himself drew the never-fading likeness of his own mind; but the pencil of Lucas painted the mortal face."

Four medals commemorative of his journey to Worms were struck, one of which, it is said, was got up by Luther himself. It has his bust on one side, with his name; and on the other, in Latin, "In Memory of the Restoration of Civil Rights and Christian Liberty."

One of the others has his bust, and on the edge these words, in Latin, "If Luther is guilty of heresy, then Christ is guilty of the same crime." The obverse side has, Christ holding a large cross in his left hand; at the right foot there stands a chalice with the Host, and at the foot of the cross a writhing serpent, and the words, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father, but by me."

On one of the medals ordered by the Elector Frederick, illustrative of the Reformation, the words, *Verbum Dei manet in æternum* — "The Word of the Lord abideth forever" — were placed on the edge. This passage of Scripture was subsequently adopted as a motto by the Princes of the Reformation, and the first letters of the words, V. D. M. I. Æ., were worked on the sleeves of their liveried servants, which was made the occasion of much profane ridicule by the Romanists. The Archbishop of Saltzburg jeered Philip the Landgrave of Hesse, whose attendants' sleeves were also thus embroidered, by saying: "Your Highness perceives, *Verbum Dei manet in ærmel*" — *ærmel* is the German for *sleeves*. The Landgrave retorted on this profane jeer by saying: "Your Reverence does not understand the initials; we read them thus: *Verbum Diaboli Manet in Episcopis*—"The word of the devil abideth in the Bishops." His Reverence was silent.

Among four medals furnished by the Elector Frederick, there is one small and beautiful one, with Luther's likeness on one side, and on the other a cross, with the letters C. C. N. S., and on the circle, *Crux Christi Nostra Salus* — "The Cross of Christ is our Salvation."

In 1537, the Emperor ordered a meeting of Protestant divines at Schmalkald, a frontier town of Hessia and Thuringia, to consider the disputed doctrines. Melanchthon playfully called the place *Chalcis*, because, like that ancient city, Schmalkald contained rich iron mines. Luther had there a violent attack of his old complaint, calculus, and was compelled to leave. The Elector John Frederick had him conveyed to Witten-

berg in his own carriage. When he had passed the gate of the town, he turned round and said: *Impleat vos Deus odio papæ* — "May God fill you with hatred to the Pope." When he arrived at Tambach, he was much improved, and hence called the place *Phanuel.* In dating a letter to Melanchthon: "*Tambach, the place of my blessing; this is my Phanuel, where the Lord appeared to me.*" During this journey he wrote some beautiful Latin verses to Spalatin, who entertained him.

At the corner of a street, near the market-place, leading to the castle, there stands a house, with the following words in German, cut in a slab of white marble, over the door: — "In this house assembled the Evangelical Princes and Theologians, while preparing the Schmalkald articles, in the year 1537."

Of the several medals commemorating this event, one has Luther's likeness, and the words: "Dr. Martin Lutherus, the prophet of Germany:" on the other side, a rose, with a heart in the middle of it, and lying on it a cross; two angels supporting the shield, and the words, Isaiah xxx. 15: "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Several medals, containing the likeness of Melanchthon, with appropriate inscriptions, and of Luther and Melanchthon, were struck about the year 1530, and several also subsequently in honor of his wife, Catharine de Bora.

Some singular stories are related of several of the portraits of Luther. It is said of one in the church at

Rossla, that on several occasions it was covered with perspiration! and that this was not occasioned by rain, nor by the proximity of the picture to the wall! The simple peasants believed it to be supernatural.

Several of his likenesses are said, also, to have been unconsumed, and even taken out of the ruins of a conflagration, when everything else in the house was burnt to ashes!

On a medal of 1617, when the centennary of the Reformation was celebrated, the letters V. D. M. I. Æ. were stamped — *Verbum Dei manet in æternum.* A papist thus explained: *Ubi Doctor Martinus? in ærumnis* — "Where is Dr. Martin? in misery." It was replied to him, that they might be also thus interpreted: *Ubi Dr. Martinus? jubilate æternum* — "Where is Dr. Martin? he rejoices eternally."

The designs of the many medals which the artists of that day prepared, were very expressive. Some of them represented the Elector holding a sword in one hand, and with the other pointing upwards to the name Jehovah, surrounded by a halo. On the left stands Luther, who holds in his right hand a burning light; with the left he points to an open Bible lying on a covered table. One of the inscriptions is: "To God alone be the glory; First Jubilee of the Reformation from Popery, through Dr. Martin Luther."

Another has the name "Jehovah" on a cloud, between a burning furnace and a serpent elevated on a cross. On the inner edge are the words: "Egypt and Israel;" on the outer, in German: "As Moses led Israel out of Egyptian slavery, thus has Martin Luther

led us out of the darkness of Popery. In the year of Jubilee, 1617."

Another has the two Electors on one side, with an inscription; and on the reverse a table, covered with a cloth embroidered with the arms of the Elector. On it stands a burning light, from which an angel is lifting a "measure," thus letting the light throw its rays all around. Luther stands on the other side of the table, and points to the light streaming forth. Above is the Hebrew word Jehovah, and in the edge the words: *Fulgeat æternum* — "Let it shine forever."

Another, with one side similar to the above, has on the other: "Glory to God. Luther has brought to light God's Word out of thick darkness. Thank God, ye Christian people, for He has preserved this light one hundred years, and may He preserve His church forever."

Another, on the reverse side, represents the Elector standing on a rock; in his right hand is a sword; in the left a balance; in one scale, which weighs down, is seated the infant Christ, and under it the word "Omnipotence;" in the other scale a serpent, and under it the word "Reason." On the edge, the words: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Another has the Elector and Luther drawing a splendid curtain aside, and exposing to view a burning lamp, with the inscription on the edge: —

> "The brilliant light that was concealed,
> Martin Luther has now revealed."

The other side has a swan swimming in pure water, crowned by a wreath from a hand extending out of the clouds. The inscription is: "A white swan swam in pure water. First centennary of the Reformation. 1617."

There are many others, representing Luther with a light in one hand, and a Bible in the other, on one side; and a swan on the other; but with different inscriptions, as the following: "Luther's doctrine is the Word of God, and hence it will never perish." "This swan is unconquerable, because of the Divine virtue dwelling in it."

There is one which has a bust of Luther, and on the margin: "Martin Luther, the second Elijah." On the reverse there is a room with a long table; on it a burning lamp and open book; *under the table* a measure, or bushel, and on the margin the words, in Latin; "Now the light shines for all, since the measure has been cast away."

One has a picture of Sampson tearing the lion's jaw, with the words, Judges xiv. 6: "*Obstravit os leonis*—He rent the mouth of the lion. 1517" The reader will hardly fail to observe the appropriateness of this to Luther, when he remembers that *Leo* was on the papal throne when the Reformation began.

One issued at Worms has an open Bible, with a burning lamp standing on it; a hand from a cloud points to the light, which a hissing serpent is trying to extinguish; on the edge are the words: "*Lumen Evangelii perenna, Deus noster*—Our God, let the light of the gospel perpetually shine." On the reverse there is a light-house, reaching to the clouds, which directs vessels at a distance to the proper haven. In the centre of the tower there is a cross, and on the margin the words: "*Turris fortissima nomen Domini*—The name of the Lord is a strong tower."

These are but a few of the numerous medals commemorating the Reformation. Figures of all can be seen in Juncker's book, alluded to in the beginning of this article.

Sicknesses of Luther.

The first attack of sickness of which we have any account occurred during his journey to Rome, in 1510, whither he was sent by the Superior of his order, to submit some of their difficulties to the adjustment of the Pope.

On his way, he reproved some monks whom he saw eating meat on Friday, who were much incensed against him, and determined to "put him out of the way," but he was warned by the porter of the monastery, and made his escape to Padua. He was here seized with violent pains in the head, but was relieved by some medicine given him by the landlord. He thence proceeded to Bologna, where he was attacked by a most distressing roaring in the ears and headache, so that he was apprehensive he would die.

We hear nothing more of sickness, until the year 1516, when he writes to the Prior of the Augustinian convent at Erfurt: "A remarkable circumstance has occurred, which has thrown me into a fever. Pray for me, that God's blessed will may be done in me."

In 1518 he was summoned to appear before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg, and he thus writes to Spalatin: "We arrived here on St. Mark's day, but very much fatigued, and I almost died on the way from a disease of the stomach; but I am now better."

In 1521 he was confined at Wartburg Castle, and there suffered from various attacks. Soon after he was

placed there, he was seized with obstinate constipation. In a letter to Melanchthon, he describes it as almost intolerable. He endured pains which racked his whole system, and sorely depressed his mind. He was not relieved sometimes for four days in succession.

In another letter to Melanchthon, he writes: "It is now nearly eight days that I have neither written, nor prayed, nor studied; partly, because I am burdened with temptations of the flesh, and partly with other grievances. If I do not soon get better, I shall openly go to Erfurt, where I shall either see you, or you see me; for I am resolved to consult the physicians. I can no longer endure this evil, and I would rather suffer ten severe wounds, than this disorder. And, perhaps, God is visiting me with this pain, that He may lead me out of this wilderness among the people."

On the 15th of July, he thanks Spalatin for having sent some medicine: — "I have received everything safely, and have taken the pills according to the directions, and soon after I was relieved, without pain or loss of blood. Send me more pills."

On the 6th of August, he writes: "The difficulty of digestion still continues. I am only relieved once in four or five days."

On the 9th of September, he writes: "I am comfortably located here; but I am depressed, cold, and wretched in spirit. This is the sixth day since I have had relief, and I almost died under it. I sit here full of pains, wounded, and bleeding, and to all appearance I shall have no rest to-night. Thanks be to God! who does not let me go without bearing the dear cross. I would be free from all suffering, if only my digestion were good. I do not write to awaken your sympathy, but that you may pray that I may be fervent in spirit.

It is high time to pray with all power against Satan: he is meditating a dreadful tragedy against Germany, and I fear that God will permit him to succeed. I am still indolent in prayer and resisting Satan, to such a degree that I am much distressed, and am a burden to myself. Perhaps, because I am alone, and you do not help me. Let us watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation."

Finally, God delivered him out of these troubles, and on the 6th of October, 1521, he writes to Spalatin: "I thank you for the things you sent. My bowels and I have became reconciled, so that I have no further need of medicine. I am, thank God! quite well again, as formerly."

In 1523 he was attacked with fever, which he ascribes to bathing. He thus writes to Spalatin: "I have caught a fever from bathing. Oh, that the Lord would send death from some other quarter, and deliver me, a wretched man, out of this evil world!" Yet it does not appear to have continued long, as may be seen from a letter to Nicolas Hausman: "I now feel quite well, as far as the body is concerned; but I have so much to do, that the spirit almost succumbs. Pray for me, that I may not be overcome by the flesh."

In 1525 he had a sore leg, as appears from a letter to Amsdorf. He thus speaks: "I cannot go to Melchior Mirissus' wedding, and you will please to tell him. I am suffering from a sore leg; but, besides this, I am well. Neither have I any money, that I might send him a wedding-present, and when any comes in, I use it for my family."

The year 1527 was rendered remarkable by one of the severest physical and mental attacks that he had until then experienced. Bugenhagen writes to Pomeranus: "Our dear father, Dr. Luther, has been attacked with a severe spiritual temptation, such as is often mentioned in the Psalms. He had frequently suffered in like manner, but never so grievously as in this instance, as he himself acknowledged to me and others. . . . He was apprehensive that our Lord Jesus Christ would now call him away, and hence he sent his servant Wolf, with a message to me, that I should come to him as soon as possible. I hastened to his house, and found him, in his usual appearance, standing by his wife. . . . But to proceed: I asked him, for what purpose he had sent for me. He replied, 'Not for a bad purpose.'

"As we now went up stairs, and had both proceeded to a particular spot, he commended himself and all that he had, with great earnestness, to God. He began to confess his sins—and the master desired the disciple to comfort him with passages from the Scriptures, and to pronounce absolution from all his offences. He exhorted me, also, to pray for him, which I also desired of him. . . . I was quite amazed at his remarks. But when, in the evening, I observed that he was very sick, I really apprehended he would die.

"During the day he had been prevailed on to dine with some strangers at a hotel, hoping that the agreeable society would dispel his gloom. He was quite cheerful in conversation, and remained several hours. On returning, he invited Dr. Jonas and his wife to supper, who went to Luther's residence about five o'clock. When they arrived, Catharine informed them that her husband had lain down; for he had come home very weak, and required rest. It was not long,

however, before he rose, but complained of an unusual and distressing roaring in the left ear, which, the physicians say, usually precedes apoplexy. As this painful sensation became more violent, he remarked, that in consequence of his infirmity he could not continue with them, and immediately retired to his chamber. Dr. Jonas followed him; but Luther had scarcely crossed the threshold, when he was seized with a fainting-fit, and with all his strength exclaimed, 'Oh, Dr. Jonas, I feel very badly! — Water, water! or any thing you have, or I shall die!' Jonas, much alarmed, seized a pitcher of water, and dashed it partly into his face and partly on his back.

"In the mean time, Luther had begun to pray: 'Dear heavenly Father! if thou wilt that this shall be my last hour on earth, Thy gracious will be done.' He continued, with uplifted eyes and deep devotion, to recite the Lord's Prayer and fifty-first and sixth psalms. His wife now entered. When she observed that he was really dead, as she presumed, she became vehemently excited, and screamed for the female servants. Luther had consciousness enough left to request that his outer garments might be removed; which Jonas immediately did. He then laid down, and complained of exhausting weakness. They rubbed his limbs, and gave him such remedies as they thought good, until the physician came."

Shortly after, he began again to pray, and said: "Lord God, who art dear to my heart! Thou knowest how cheerfully I would have shed my blood for the sake of Thy word; but I am not worthy of that honor, and Thy will be done. If Thou pleasest, I will cheerfully die. Only let Thy holy name be glorified, whether I live or die. But, Lord, if it were possible, I

would desire to live longer, only for the sake of Thy holy elect people. But if the hour has come, do as it seems right in Thy sight, for Thou art Lord over life and death. Thou hast led me into the cause of the reformation; Thou knowest it is Thy word and truth. Do not elevate nor rejoice Thine enemies, so that they may not triumphantly ask of us, Where is their God? but glorify Thy holy name, to the confusion and shame of the opponents of Thy saving truth. O, my blessed Lord Jesus, Thou hast graciously vouchsafed to me a knowledge of Thy most holy name. Thou knowest that I believe in Thee, together with the Father and the Spirit, as one true God; and comfort myself with the precious doctrine, that Thou art our Mediator and Redeemer, who hast shed Thy blood for our sins; stand by me in this trying hour, and uphold me with Thy Holy Spirit!"

Some time after, he thus continued: "Lord, Thou knowest there are many who have shed their blood for the gospel's sake. I hoped that I should also be called upon to die for Thy name's sake; but I am not worthy of it, and Thy will be done!"

He now thought of his physician, and asked whether Doctor Augustin would soon come? He soon after arrived, and covered him with many warm pillows and cloths, and administered other remedies. He comforted him with the hope that his case was not immediately alarming. Dr. Pommer, the city pastor, now entered. Luther, recovering a little, said to those around him: "Oh! dear friends, pray earnestly for me." Pommer, who was much alarmed, replied: "Dear Doctor, do you pray for us, that you may remain longer with us, for our consolation, and that of many others." Luther said: "For me to die would be gain, but to live longer

would be necessary for many others. Father in heaven, Thy will be done."

He now turned towards Pommer and Jonas, and said: "As the world delights in lies, many will say that I have recanted my doctrines before my death; I earnestly desire that you should now be witnesses of my confession." He then devoutly recited the several doctrines of the Christian faith, and declared his unalterable attachment to them. He continued praying, and reciting passages of Scripture, until he was quite exhausted.

Not long after, he addressed the most endearing and consoling words to his wife, affectionately exhorting her to resignation and steadfastness.

Turning to Pommer again, he remarked: "Many blame me for being harsh and severe when I write against the papists and factionists, and rebuke their false doctrine, ungodly deeds and hypocrisy. Yes, I have been occasionally violent, and have severely assailed my opponents; but I have never regretted it." He continued, by maintaining that his only design was to promote the spiritual welfare of those whose errors he opposed.

Thus several hours were passed in praying, and pious conversation, the physician in the meantime diligently applying his remedies. After warm cloths and pillows had again been applied to his breast and feet, and his body had been rubbed, he said: "Thank God, I feel better. If I could only perspire, I think the danger would be over." Dr. Augustin remarked: "We will now leave him alone, that he may have rest." They bid him good-night, and left the chamber, with the strict injunction to those who remained with him, to keep perfectly silent.

After some time Dr. Augustin went into the room, and soon returned with the agreeable report that the patient had perspired freely, and he hoped all danger was now over. The next morning the symptoms were decidedly favorable, though he still complained of the roaring in his ears. In the evening he rose from bed, and was able to sit at the supper table with Jonas and Pommer. To these he observed: "I must mark yesterday. I went through a very severe trial. The Lord bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. 1 Sam. ii. 6." He further remarked, that the spiritual temptation which he had experienced yesterday was more severe than the bodily attack, and added: "He killeth and maketh alive, for He is the Lord of life and death."

He reported the circumstance to Spalatin, and wrote: "Yesterday I was seized with a severe fainting spell so suddenly, that I thought I should die in the midst of my family and friends. But the Lord had mercy on me, and soon restored me. Pray the Lord that He may not abandon me, a poor sinner. July 10, 1527."

In 1529, he suffered from an inflammation of the breast, and severe coughing, so that he could scarcely speak. On the 6th of June he writes to Jonas: "I am reading lectures on Isaiah, but I have not yet preached, because the catarrh has not yet left me."

In August he was also sick, as appears from a letter to Spalatin: "I would have written more, but my bodily weakness will not allow it."

From a letter to Melanchthon, written at Coburg on the 29th of April, 1530, it appears he must have sprained his ankle on his journey to that place. He says: "My ankle is slow in getting well. I presume

it will suppurate, which I do not wish to prevent; but yet I do not exactly know. I have written to Dr. Caspar about it."

Besides this accident, he was also much troubled with head-ache, and the old complaint of roaring in his ears. On the 12th of May, he writes to Melanchthon: "My head begins to roar like thunder. If I had not ceased to labor, I should have fainted. I have not been free from the apprehension of this for the last two days. For three days I have not been able to look at a book. . . . Hence I am quite idle, and take holiday. Now, the tumult in my head has ceased somewhat, after I have taken some medicine."

Of his recovery, he thus writes to his wife: "Since Lawrence day, I have been nearly well, and have felt no ringing in the ears. This has made me quite industrious in writing, for hitherto that has prevented me."

After this, he was attacked with violent tooth-ache. He complains of this to Melanchthon, on August 28th: "Last night I suffered terribly from tooth-ache. . . . If I cannot read or write, yet I can think, pray and fight against Satan; after that I can sleep, and enjoy myself in playing and singing.

"Written in a earth full of devils, but where Christ reigns in the midst of his enemies."

It is well known that Luther attributed many of these attacks to Satanic influence. John Mannlius, a writer of that day, reports, when Luther was at Coburg, it occurred four successive times, that after the apparition of three flying torches at night, he was attacked with severe head-ache. When he felt it coming on, he called his servant, who dropped oil of almonds into his

ear, and oil of nutmeg, and often rubbed his feet with warm cloths. He would then order the servant to read the Epistle to the Galatians, during which he fell asleep. When the danger was over, he would say: "Come, let us sing the Psalm, 'Out of the Depths, in four parts,' that we may drive the devil away."

In the early part of the year 1532, he had a severe attack. Seckendorff thus reports it: "In January, 1532, Luther felt as though he would soon, it might be in a few months, be seized with severe sickness. But it was not delayed that long, for, on the 22d, he became extremely sick, so that he was obliged to keep his bed all day. In the morning, at 4 o'clock, he had most painful roaring in the ears, which occasioned deep depression of heart. He sent for Melanchthon and Röer. When they remarked: "If he were to die now, the Papists would certainly triumph," he cheerfully replied: "I shall not die this time, I am certain; God will not strengthen the hateful cause of the Papists by my death now. He will not give them occasion to rejoice. Satan would be glad to see me dead; he is constantly treading on my heels, but he will not be gratified, and God's will alone must be done. He controls all things." "Yes," said Philip, "of that we have certain proof, for the very hairs on our heads are numbered." The physician was also present, who, after examination, remarked: "That apoplexy was to be apprehended, and he would hardly recover." When Luther heard this, he observed: "I cannot think that my sickness is natural. Satan is jealous of me, and hence I am not much concerned about it."

Luther said of this sickness: "You cannot conceive what an oppressive and troublesome thing this vertigo,

this ringing and roaring in the head, is. I dare not now write a letter without stopping; I can scarcely read two or three lines in the Psalter; I cannot look on any object for any length of time, or even think steadily on anything, for soon there ensues such a roaring in my ears, that I often sink down on the chair."

In the years 1533–4, he did not suffer severely, although he sometimes complains of catarrh and coughing. In one of his letters of 1534, he says: "As my infirmities will not permit me to write a commentary on all the Psalms, or any other entire scriptural book, I will just expound this single Psalm, the 45th."

In 1535, he suffered much from an attack of *calculus*, which he says was so common in his days, that it might be designated *the disease of the Germans.*

In 1536, he writes to Bucer: "Dear Bucer, I can write but a very few lines, because for two weeks I have been confined to bed with almost intolerable pains in my hip joint, and have scarcely begun to get better."

The year 1537 was memorable in the life of Luther for an attack of *calculus*, at Smalcald, which almost cost him his life. It was so important and remarkable an event, that a cotemporary author wrote a distinct book on the subject, minutely describing the progress and changes of the disease, the conversations of those present, the prayers which were offered, the letters written in relation to it, and the names of the numerous visitors.

Luther was on a journey, and was compelled to stop at Smalcald, where for some days he endured indescri-

bable sufferings. Among many other distinguished men who visited him was John Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, whose edifying conversations with the patient are reported in the book alluded to above. Luther himself did not expect to recover, and was ready to die. When the Elector left him, among many other consoling words, he said: "If it be God's will to remove you out of this world, be not concerned about your family. Your wife and your children shall be mine."

Luther was gratified to hear that all Christians, far and near, were fervently praying to heaven for his recovery, and uttered many of his peculiarly strong sentiments, which excited the admiration of his friends, though accustomed, on other occasions, to hear his extraordinary conversation.

Many physicians visited him, and never before did the sickness of any man excite such a general interest and alarm. At length, he was able to travel, and the Elector furnished him with his own carriage, and had a wagon loaded with coal, and other apparatus, to accompany him, so that, in case of necessity on the journey, a fire might be kindled on the spot to warm him.

After his recovery, a good friend asked Luther what remedy he had used for the stone? Luther replied: "*Prayer;* for in all Christian congregations they fervently prayed for me according to the direction of the Apostle, James v. 14, 15."

After his sickness at Smalcald, a report arose among the Papists, *that Luther was dead.* A messenger from a distant place arrived at Luther's home, and stated it was commonly reported in that part of the country that Luther had died, and that his epitaph was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin letters. This report had distressed many pious souls, and the messenger was re-

quested to bring back with him a copy of the epitaph; "but," added he, "as I find your Reverence still living. I beg of you to furnish me your epitaph in your own handwriting, that I may convince these distressed people that you are still alive." Luther laughed heartily at this, and observed that he had never written any thing about his own death; but he finally wrote the following: "I, Dr. Martin Luther, make known by this, my own handwriting, that I am by no means of the same mind with the devil, the Pope and my enemies; for they would have rejoiced at my death, and from my heart I would have afforded them pleasure, for I would willingly have died at Smalcald, but God would not allow them that gratification. But He will do it sooner than they think, but not to their joy, for they will at once say, 'O, that Luther were only alive again!' This is my epitaph, in German, Greek, Latin and Hebrew."

The year 1538, Luther designated *as an evil and perilous year*, which will occasion much sickness, naturally, probably because of the conjunction of Saturn and Mars, and spiritually, because of the many sins of the people.

On the 20th of July, he was very sick of diarrhœa. He also suffered from an affection in his feet, which rendered it difficult for him to walk even with a cane. In August, he was seized with pains in his arm; and in the same month he was confined to bed with a fever.

In 1539, he writes to the Provost in Berlin: "I must be very brief in writing, on account of the weakness of my head."

Although it appears that, during this year, he did suffer much bodily sickness, yet his spiritual temptations were very severe. Of one attack he says: "I have been so furiously assailed of the devil, that my body is consumed; I almost lost my life, and nobody could comfort me. Every person to whom I complained said: 'I know nothing of such temptation.' But I was not the only one who has been compelled to suffer the spirit of heaviness. Look at King David; he also endured this temptation.

In 1540, he was still annoyed with the old complaints of vertigo and roaring in the ears. Cyriac Spangenberg gives this account of it: "When Luther, in 1540, had suffered terribly and for a long time from vertigo, he thought that apoplexy would ensue, and then he exclaimed: 'Strike, Lord, dear Lord Jesus, strike; I am ready, for Thy word absolves me, and I am nourished by Thy flesh and blood: come, dear Lord!'"

When some one complained to him that he was so much troubled with a cutaneous disease, that he could rest neither day nor night, Luther replied: "If I could do it, I would exchange with you, and you might take my vertigo, and I would take your disease, and I would cheerfully give you five florins to boot."

In 1541, he was severely afflicted, and was constantly engaged in preparing for death, although he lived five years longer.

In the beginning of the year, he suffered from a boil on the neck, which so alarmed the Elector, that he sent

his own physician to him; which favor Luther acknowledged in a letter full of gratitude and resignation to the Divine will.

Matthesius says: "During this year, our dear Doctor was very infirm. At one time he suffered so severely, that he was deprived of hearing. But whenever he recovered a little, he took no leisure."

After Easter, he was so sick, that for two weeks he neither ate, nor drank, nor slept.

In November, he was again troubled with the stone.

His health, in 1542, continued to fail. It was in this year that he finished his will. On one occasion, whilst he was administering the Lord's Supper in the church, he was so violently attacked, that he was compelled to desist.

In 1543–4, he complains of increasing infirmities, and longs for a speedy dissolution.

In 1545, although he endured much suffering, yet he was strong in the faith, and as industrious as his growing weakness permitted. In the beginning of the year, he was confined by an attack of cardialgia, of which Manlius gives us the following account: "Luther one morning sent for me as early as two o'clock. When I came, and asked what ailed him, he replied: 'O, I am suffering intolerable pains.' I enquired: 'Is it the stone?' 'No,' he answered, 'it is something much worse than that.' I felt his pulse, which was good, and remarked: 'Your pulse is not alarming, and there is no indication of apoplexy.' 'I feel great oppression about the heart, and yet I do not feel that the heart itself is affected.' I concluded, from this, that it could be nothing else than the secretion of an acid from the stomach which occasioned this severe oppression, which

disease is designated cardialgia. Luther attributed it to a cold he had contracted. I ordered warm cloths, and had his breast and back rubbed, and soon after allowed him to take a hot soup."

At the end of May, he was again attacked with the stone. Dr. Brück thus reported it to the Elector: "Dr. Luther, that godly man, has suffered much these eight days from the stone." The physician of the Elector prescribed for him, and he recovered so far, that he could again walk to church, to the lecture-room, and even ascend the pulpit, which he had not been able to do for some time without assistance.

Last Days, Death, and Burial.

In 1545, Luther proceeded to Mansfield, to settle some difficulties between the counts of that province and their subjects, arising out of their hereditary furnaces and other possessions. But he was unsuccessful in his arbitration, and returned. He went a second time, in December, accompanied by Melanchthon; but he accomplished nothing. Soon after this, the Counts of Mansfield again thought of negotiations, and despatched their chancellor, George Lauterbach, to Luther, in order, by kindly and plausible representations, to inspire the latter with the hope, that if he should once more submit to the trouble of coming, the peace would be established.

Luther also suffered himself to be persuaded, although he at that time wrote to his friend, Jacob Probst, at Bremen: "I write to you, my Jacob, as an old, decrepit, dull, weary, cold, and now also one-eyed man, who might have hoped that, being now exhausted, I would have been permitted to enjoy the rest which, it seems to me, I have well deserved; but, notwithstanding this, I am so engaged with writing, speaking, labors, and business, that it would seem as if I had never performed, written, spoken, or done anything. Christ, however, is all, and in all! He gives strength to perform. His name be praised forever. Amen."

On the 23d of January Luther set out, being accompanied by his three sons, and his servant, Ambrosius Rudfeld; and on the 25th, at 8 o'clock in the morning, arrived at Halle, where he took up his lodging with Dr. Jonas.

During the 25th, 26th and 27th of January, he remained at Halle, being prevented by high water from proceeding further, as he also wrote to his wife: "Grace and peace in Christ. Dear Kate! to-day, at 8 o'clock, we arrived at Halle, but did not proceed to Eisleben; for we were met by a great Anabaptist, with waves of water and masses of ice, who deluged the land, and threatened us with rebaptism. Nor would the Mulda, on the other hand, permit us to return; so that we were constrained to keep quiet at Halle, between the waters. Not that we longed greatly to drink of them, for we took good Torgau beer, and approved Rhine wine instead: with these we refreshed and comforted ourselves the while, waiting till the Saale would abate its rage. For, as the people, and the boatmen, and ourselves also, were fearful, we did not venture to cross the water, and to tempt God; for the devil hates us, and dwells in the water, and it is better to be safe than to be bewailed; nor is it necessary that we should prepare a fool's joy for the Pope and his imps. I would not have supposed that the Saale could rage so; dashing away at this rate over rocks and everything. Nothing further now; only pray for us, and be pious. I conceive, that, if you had been here, you would also have advised us to do as we have done; and thus we would also once have followed your advice. Herewith adieu. Amen."

On Thursday, the 28th of January, he left Halle, accompanied by his three sons and Justus Jonas, crossing the water in a boat, though not without danger, so that he himself said to Dr. Jonas: "Dear Dr. Jonas, would it not afford the devil great joy, if I, Dr. Martin, with three sons and yourself, should be drowned in the water?"

On the borders of the territory of Mansfeld, he was received by an escort of one hundred and thirteen horsemen. On the road, quite near to Eisleben, he became so weak, that his life was considered in danger. He had, namely, gone on foot, beyond his strength, and having perspired, had thus become chilled in the carriage. Having, however, at the lodging, been rubbed with warm cloths, he ate and drank in the evening, was contented, and did not complain any more; but previously, in the carriage, when he was taken sick, he said: "This the devil always does: when I undertake, or am to accomplish anything great, he previously vexes me thus, and assails me by such a temptation."

Concerning his being burthened with this vexatious dispute, which was altogether foreign to his pursuits and genius, and unsuited to his age, he complained greatly, in his first letter to Melanchthon, on the 1st of February, and wished that he might at least have the latter with him: he, however, added, that he nevertheless perceived it to have been well, on account of Melanchthon's health, that he had been suffered to remain at home.

On the 7th of February, he wrote to his wife: "Grace and peace in the Lord. Do thou, dear Kate, read St. John and the smaller catechism, of which you once said: 'Really, everything in this book is applicable to me.' For you want to care for your God, precisely as if He were not Almighty, and could create ten Dr. Martins, if this aged one should perish in the Saale, or in the oven, or on Wolf's bird-decoy. I pray you do not disturb me with your cares, for I have one that cares for me better than you or angels can. He lies in a manger, and hangs on the breast of a virgin: but is also seated at the right hand of God, the Father

Almighty. Therefore be unconcerned. Amen." So he likewise wrote, on the 10th of February: "To the devout, care-ridden lady, Catharine Luther, Zulsdorf, at Wittenberg, my gracious, dear wife. Grace and peace in Christ. Most devout lady! We most sincerely thank you for your great anxiety, which would not permit you to sleep; for, since you have been caring for us, the fire made attempts to devour us, quite close to the door of my room; and yesterday, no doubt, in virtue of your anxiety, a stone came very near falling upon our head, and crushing us like in a mouse-trap.

"For, in our secret apartment, it for several days rattled with lime and mortar over head, till we engaged some men to examine into the matter, who merely with two fingers touched a stone, when it fell down, as large as a long pillow, and of the thickness of two good-sized hands: it had designs of returning thanks for your holy care, if the blessed angels had not prevented it.

"I am apprehensive, that if you do not cease your cares, the earth will at last swallow us up, and all the elements will pursue us. Do you thus teach the catechism and the creed? Do you pray, and suffer God to care; for it is written: 'Cast your care upon the Lord, for he careth for you;' Psalm lv., and in many other places.

"We are, thanks to God, in good health; only the affairs disgust us, and Dr. Jonas was determined to have a sore thigh, by accidentally injuring himself against a chest: so great is the envy of man, that he begrudges me the privilege of having a sore thigh alone. Herewith adieu. We would gladly be set free here now, and return home, if God would permit. Amen. Amen. Amen. On the day of Scholastica,

1546. Your holiness' willing servant, Martin Luther."

During the three weeks that Luther was at Eisleben, he every evening, about 8 o'clock, or earlier, left the table in the large room, and proceeded to his own private room. His servant Ambrosius, Dr. Jonas, his two sons, and one or two other servants, were with him in the chamber, and, because of his weakness, warmed the pillows for him. Of Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius, both of whom often assisted him to bed, he every evening during these three weeks joyfully took leave, often with these words: "Dr. Jonas and M. Michael, pray to our Lord God, that his church affairs may prosper, for the council at Trent is very angry." He also every evening stood before the window for a considerable time, praying to God so earnestly and diligently, that the bystanders, if they were quiet, often heard several words, and were surprised. Then he turned away from the window, and commonly conversed with them for some minutes, and then retired to bed.

On Sunday, the 14th of February, Luther could, at length, inform his wife, that he hoped, by the permission of God, again to return home during that week; for God, he said, had richly granted his grace, that the counts had, through their counsellors, arranged nearly everything; and he intended, on that day, to invite the two brothers, Count Gebhard and Count Albrecht, to dine with him, that they might again speak to each other, for till then they had been mute, and had greatly exasperated one another by written communications. At the same time, however, he prayed Melanchthon to see that a messenger would be despatched to meet him; and if it were on the road, with some of the caustic

remedy which he was accustomed to apply to his thigh, for the wound which had been opened for him at Wittenberg had wholly healed up, and Melanchthon knew, he said, how dangerous this was: that they had nothing of it here, but his Kate knew where this necessary remedy was to be found in his room.

Dr. Ratzenberger had, namely, as he himself relates, because of Luther's continued giddiness, opened an issue on his thigh; and as long as Luther kept this issue open, he experienced alleviation of the giddiness and other bodily weakness. "Having now," says Ratzenberger, "subjected himself to much useless trouble and labor at Eisleben, in connection with the vexatious Mansfield disputes, and all the negotiations proving in vain, this prolixity so grieved him, that he was not able to pay the proper attention to his own health, and with the above mentioned remedy, per *lapidem causticum* (lunar caustic), to keep the issue open. That, amidst such daily troubles, he became subject to great melancholy, and the issue on his side healed up; and it was to be feared that the most intense mental excitement, combined with the stoppage of the injurious fluids, had caused his death."

At the negotiations, which were once continued for two or three days in succession, Luther was at times present for an hour, at others for an hour and a half; on Wednesday, the 17th of February, however, the lords and counts, and all the rest, had prayed Luther not to come into the large room, to the negotiations, before noon, but to rest. He accordingly lay in his little room upon a leather bed, at times also walked about in the room and prayed: he was, nevertheless, all the while joyful, and at times, too, made a

passing remark, as: "Dr. Jonas and M. Michael, I was baptized here at Eisleben; how if I should remain here?" He still, however, did not dine in his own room, but in the large room below, making many remarks concerning beautiful passages of Holy Writ. In the evening, previous to supper, he began to complain that he experienced an oppressive sensation on his breast, though not at his heart, and desired them to rub him with warm cloths, after which he said he felt some relief. He also took supper below, in the large room, saying: "Being alone does not afford pleasure." He ate with considerable relish, and was cheerful even to pleasantry, also making many important remarks concerning death, and the future eternal life. Not long after these words, as Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius state, in their reports concerning Luther's departure, he arose and went to his room, his two little sons, Martin and Paul, and M. Cœlius, soon following him. As was his custom, he reclined himself in the window in his room, for the purpose of offering up his prayer; upon which M. Cœlius went down again, and John Aurifaber Vinariensis, coming up, the Doctor said to him: "But I again experience an oppressive sensation on my breast, as before." John replied: "I observed, when I was preceptor to the young lords, that, when they experienced pain on the breast, or felt otherwise unwell, the Countess gave them a preparation of the fossil bone of an extinct animal to take; if you wish it, I will go and bring some;" to which the Doctor said: "Yes." John, before going to the Countess, hastily ran down, and called Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius, who had been below stairs but a few minutes, and hastily ran up.

When we came up, he complained greatly about oppression on his breast. We forthwith (as he was accustomed to do at home) rubbed him well with warm cloths, so that he experienced relief, and said that he felt better.

Soon Count Albrecht himself came running with M. John, bringing the medicine, and the Count said: "How do you feel, dear Doctor?" To which Luther replied: "There is no danger, gracious lord; I begin to feel better." Then Count Albrecht himself prepared the medicine for him, and the Doctor finding himself improving, he departed again, leaving one of his counsellors, Conrad von Wolframsdorf, besides Dr. Jonas, M. Cœlius and John Ambrosius with him; then, at the Doctor's desire, they twice administered to him of the medicine, in a spoonful of wine, Conrad von Wolframsdorf having himself previously taken a spoonful, that the Doctor might feel less reluctance. Upon this he, about 9 o'clock, laid himself upon his couch, and said: "If I could sleep for half an hour, I trust all would be well:" then, for an hour and a half, till 10 o'clock, he slept gently, and naturally; we, Dr. Jonas, and M. Michael Cœlius, with his servant Ambrosius, and his two little sons, Martin and Paul, having remained with him. But when, precisely at the stroke of 10, he awoke, he said: "Behold, are you yet sitting here? might you not retire to bed?" We replied: "No, dear Doctor, now we are to sit up, and wait upon you?" Upon this he desired to arise, and rising from the couch, he went into the chamber, which communicated with the room, and was secured against all draft from the windows; and though he did not complain then, he, nevertheless, on stepping over the

sill of the chamber, said: "In the name of God, I retire to rest. *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, redemisti me Domine Deus veritatis* — 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Lord, thou God of truth.'"

On retiring to bed now, which was well prepared with warm bolsters and pillows, he laid himself down in it, reached his hands to us all, and bidding us good-night, said: "Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius, and the rest of you, pray for our Lord God and his Gospel, that it may prosper; for the Council of Trent and the pernicious Pope are very much enraged against it." During the night, Dr. Jonas, his two sons, Martin and Paul, his servant Ambrosius, and other servants, remained with him in the chamber. During these twenty-one days, light was kept burning in the chamber all night; that night, however, the little room was also kept warm; he slept well, breathing naturally, till the clock struck one, when he awoke, and called his servant Ambrosius to warm the room for him; but as this had been kept warm the whole night, Dr. Jonas, when Ambrosius, the servant, had returned, asked Luther whether he experienced weakness again. To which he replied: "Oh, Lord God, how ill I feel! Alas, dear Dr. Jonas, I believe I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized." To which Dr. Jonas and Ambrosius, the servant, replied: "O reverend father, God, our Heavenly Father, will afford help, through Christ, whom you have preached." Then he, without assistance or support by the hand, passed through the chamber into the little room, and on stepping over the sill, he again, as he had done on retiring to bed, repeated these words: *In manus tuas commendo*

spiritum meum, redemisti me, Domine Deus veritatis. He also passed up and down the room once or twice, then laid himself on the couch, and complained that he felt very great oppression on his breast, but that it still avoided the heart. Then, at his request, and as his custom was at Wittenberg, we rubbed him with warm cloths, and warmed the pillow and bolster for him, for, he said, that keeping him warm was grateful to him.

Previous to all this, and when the Doctor had now laid himself upon the couch, M. Cœlius hastily came from his chamber, which was close to ours, and soon after him John Aurifaber: we then, in great haste, called up the host, John Albrecht, the town clerk, and his wife, as also the two physicians of the town, who all, as they lived near, were present in the space of a quarter of an hour. First came the host with his wife, then M. Simon Wild and Dr. Ludwig, the physicians; soon after, Count Albrecht and his wife, the Countess bringing with her various spices and restoratives, with which she, without intermission, most diligently endeavored to quicken and to refresh him: but amidst all these things, the Doctor said: "Oh, merciful God, I feel very ill and distressed; I pass away; I shall now certainly remain at Eisleben." Then Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius comforted him, and said: "Reverend father, call upon your dear Lord Jesus Christ, our High Priest, the only Mediator: you have perspired very freely; God will grant his grace, and will restore you to health." But the Doctor answered, and said: "Yes, it is the cold sweat of death; I shall yield up my spirit, for the illness is increasing." Then he proceeded, and said: "Oh, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou God of all consolation,

I thank thee, that thou hast revealed to me thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom I have loved and preached, whom the pernicious Pope and all wicked men dishonor, persecute and blaspheme; I pray thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul into thy care. O, Heavenly Father, although I must leave this body, and be torn away from this life, I nevertheless know to a certainty that I shall be with Thee forever, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands." He also further said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him might not perish, but have eternal life." And the words from the 68th Psalm: "Our God is the God of salvation, and God the Lord delivers from death."

The Magister now employed one or more very precious remedies, which he always had with him in his pocket, and of this the Doctor took a spoonful; but he again said: "I pass away; I shall yield up my spirit;" and then hastily, three times in succession, said: "*Pater, in manus tuas, commendo spiritum meum, redemisti me, Deus veritatis.*" Having now commended his spirit into the hands of God, his Heavenly Father, he was quiet: we shook him, rubbed him, and called him; but he closed his eyes, and made no reply. Then Count Albrecht's spouse, and the physicians, applied to his pulse all manner of strengthening fluids, which his wife had sent him, and which he himself was accustomed to employ. But as he now lay there thus quiet, Dr. Jonas and M. Cœlius loudly called to him: "Reverend father, do you die in firm adherence to Christ, and the doctrines you have preached?" and he, answering so that all could distinctly hear him, said:

"Yes." Upon this, he turned himself over upon his right side, and slept nearly a quarter of an hour, so that we began to entertain hopes of his recovery. But the physicians, and all present, said that it was a treacherous sleep, and we continually held lights in his face, to observe him. Meanwhile, Count John Henry, of Schwarzenburg, with his wife, also came up; after which the Doctor grew quite pale in his face, his feet and nose became cold, and once more breathing deeply, though gently, he yielded up his spirit, calmly and most resignedly, so that he did not move a finger or leg any more, and no one (this we testify before God, and upon our consciences) could perceive any inquietude, torment of the body, or pain of death; but he fell peacefully and gently asleep in the Lord, as Simeon did.

When he had thus departed in the Lord, and Count Albrecht, his spouse, the Count of Schwarzenburg, &c., together with us, were terrified, still exclaiming that the rubbing and the application of quickening remedial agents should be continued: everything was done that human skill could devise, but the body grew only more cold and deathlike. And when the dead body had thus, for some three-quarters of an hour, lain upon the couch, they formed an underbed, with three layers of featherbeds, alongside of the couch, and lifted him into it, hoping that God (as we all wished and prayed) would yet restore him.

Then, before it was day, about 4 o'clock, there came Prince Wolf, Prince of Anhalt, Counts Philip and George, also the brothers, Count Vollradt, Count John, Count Wolf, Counts and Lords of Mansfeld, and other lords and noblemen.

The body was permitted to lie upon the bed from 4 till after 9, that is, five whole hours, and many honorable citizens came, and amidst fervent tears and much weeping, beheld the dead body: after that they clothed it in a new white Suabian gown, placed the corpse in the chamber upon a bed of straw, till a leaden coffin could be cast, into which they laid it. Many of the nobility, who, for the most part, had known him, male and female, some several hundred, and a great number of the people, came and beheld him as he lay in the coffin. During the 18th of February, the corpse was permitted to remain in the lodging, the house of Dr. Trachstet. Meanwhile, Dr. Jonas had given the Elector information concerning Luther's happy departure, having dictated the letter to the secretary of Count Albrecht.

On the 19th of February, the corpse, according to Christian usage, was with great solemnity, and amidst spiritual singing, borne to the chief parochial church, that of St. Andrew. Princes, counts and lords, among the rest also Count Gebhard, with his two sons, the Counts George and Christopher, together with their ladies, and an exceedingly large number of people, accompanied and followed it. The procession having arrived here, and the corpse being now set down in the choir, Dr. Jonas, amidst ardent tears, delivered a sermon concerning the passage, 1 Thess. iv. 13.

On the 19th of February, in the evening, they received the letter of the Elector of Saxony, who had (on the 18th), replied that this news had exceedingly grieved and distressed him; but that, because it had thus come to pass, it was to be left to the omnipotence of God, who controlled all things. He declared it as

his wish, that the body should be brought from Eisleben to Wittenberg, there to be interred in the castle church, wherefore he desired the counts to cause the corpse to be sent, and also to be conducted and brought as far as Bitterfield. The counts complied, but at the same time said: "We had hoped that your Electoral Grace would have permitted the corpse of the Doctor to remain, inasmuch as he was both born and baptized here at Eisleben, and has also here, to the great grief of all Christian men, been called away by the Almighty from this vale of tears to eternal life." Therefore, on Saturday, the 20th of February, another sermon was preached, which was delivered by M. Michael Cœlius, concerning the passage, Isaiah lvii. 1, 2: "The righteous perisheth," &c. Upon this they, between 12 and 1 o'clock, with all solemnity, and with Christian ceremonies and singing, conveyed the corpse from the town of Eisleben; the aforesaid princes, counts and lords again, as before at the procession to the church, following after it, and together with a large number of people, and amidst many tears and much weeping, conducting it till without the outermost gate.

Previous to all this, two painters had taken the likeness of the dead countenance, the one from Eisleben, when the corpse yet lay in the room upon the bed; the other, the artist Lukens Fortennegell, of Halle, when it had already laid in the coffin one night.

On the way from Eisleben to Halle, the bells were rung in nearly all the villages, men, women and children running out from the villages, and exhibiting signs of sincere grief. After 5 o'clock, they arrived before Halle. When they approached nearer to the

town, the citizens, male and female, came out to a great distance over the paved road to meet the corpse; and when they had arrived with it at the gate of the town, there came to meet it the two pastors of St. Ulrich and Moritz (for the superintendent, Dr. Jonas, rode after the corpse, in a carriage), and all the ministers of the gospel, likewise the honorable Council of Halle, the whole school, the school-teacher with all the boys, with the usual funeral ceremonies and singing; also a great collection of people, among whom there were many honorable citizens, matrons, young women and children, all with such loud lamentation and weeping, that it could be heard behind in the last carriage. When near St. Moritz, they proceeded into the street up the old market, as well as when they were upon the bridge and in the gate, there was such a press about the hearse, that they were often obliged to halt in the street, and upon the market, and very late, nearly half-past 6 o'clock, arrived at the Church of our Lady. All parts of the church were crowded with people; and the psalm; "From deep distress," &c., was there sung amidst sobs and tears, with mournful, broken voices. If it had not been so late, a sermon would have been delivered; but as it was, the corpse was hastily borne into the sacristy, and there guarded by several citizens.*

On the following morning, Sunday, the 21st of February, about 6 o'clock, the corpse, amidst the ringing of all the bells, and with an honorable Christian procession of the whole Council, of all the preachers and schools, as on the evening previous, was brought out before the gate of the town, in order to be conveyed to Bitterfeld.

Towards noon the corpse, together with the two Counts, and those that had conducted it, was received on the borders, and in the town itself, by the commissaries of the Elector, they being the Captain Erasmus Spiegel, of Wittenberg, Gengolf von Heilingen, of Düben, and Dietrich von Saubenheim, of Brehna; and this evening conveyed as far as Kemberg, where, as also at Bitterfeld, it was received and honored with the usual Christian ceremonies.

At Wittenberg, the information concerning Luther's death had been received on the 19th of February, through the letters of Dr. Jonas to the Elector, and to the pastor of the parochial church, Dr. John Bugenhagen.

On the 21st of February, the students had, through a public notice of the rector, been called upon to attend the funeral, which it was supposed would be after the middle of the day: about this time, however, letters were received, which stated that the corpse would not yet arrive on this day, but on the next day, about 9 o'clock. When, therefore, on Monday, the 22d of February, the Counts of Mansfield, Hans and Hans Hoier, who had ridden from Eisleben, with about forty-five equipped horses, brought the corpse before Wittenberg to the Elsterthor, there were assembled there, as the Elector had directed, the rector, the magisters and the doctors, and the whole university, the honorable council, the whole congregation, and all the citizens.

The ministers of the Gospel and the school preceded the corpse, with the usual Christian singing and ceremonies, from the Elstergate, through the whole length of the town, to the castle church. In advance of the

corpse there rode the aforesaid commissaries of the Elector of Saxony, and the two young Counts of Mansfeld, in all about ninety-five horsemen. Next after the carriage upon which the corpse was conveyed, the wife of the Doctor, Lady Catharine Luther, together with several matrons, rode in a small carriage; then followed his three sons, John, Martin and Paul, his brother, Jacob Luther, citizens of Mansfeld, his sister's sons, George and Cyriacus Kaufmann, also citizens of Mansfeld, and others of his relatives. Then came the Rector Magnificus, of the university, Dr. Augustine Schurf, with several young princes, counts and barons, who prosecuted their studies at Wittenberg; then Dr. Gregorius Brück, M. Philip Melanchthon, Dr. Justus Jonas, Dr. John Bugenhagen, Dr. Kaspar Cruciger, Dr. Jerome Schurf, and others of the oldest doctors of the University of Wittenberg; then all the doctors and magisters, the honorable councils, together with the counsellors; then the whole number of the students; and, finally, the citizens, matrons, young women, and the children of many honorable people, amidst loud weeping and lamentation. In all the streets, and also upon the market, the crowd was so great, that the like had never before been seen at Wittenberg.

The corpse having been brought into the castle church, it was set down opposite the pulpit. Then they, firstly, sung Christian funeral hymns; afterwards, Dr. Bugenhagen ascended the pulpit, and in presence of several thousand people, delivered a sermon from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

After this sermon by Bugenhagen, Melanchthon delivered a Latin funeral oration.

When the oration was concluded, several learned magisters, who had been appointed for the purpose, took up the corpse, and let it down into the grave; and thus, that dear instrument of the Holy Spirit, the body of the revered Dr. Martin, was committed to the earth, in the castle church at Wittenberg, not far from the pulpit, in which, during his life, he had delivered many a powerful Christian sermon, in the presence of the Electors and princes of Saxony, and of the whole church; and, as St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xv.: "Being sown in weakness, that it may arise on that day to eternal glory."

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